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Per. 3977 e. 205/5-2

THE

METROPOLITAN

MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII.

MAY TO AUGUST.

LONDON:

KENT AND RICHARDS, 51 & 52, PATERNOSTER ROW;

BELL & BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH; SMITH & SON, GLASGOW;
AND E. MILLIKEN, DUBLIN.

1848.

London:
Printed by Ward and Griffith,
Bear Alley, City.

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THE

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

MARMADUKE HUTTON;

OR,

THE POOR RELATION.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXVI.*

WHETHER it was a part of Sir Clarence Mildmay's policy to make the remainder of Walter's stay at Courtenay as unpleasant as possible, or the excited state of the latter's feelings made it appear so, we can hardly decide; but within a week of the baronet's arrival, Walter's situation had become so distasteful to him, that he determined to leave as early as possible, although it cost him more than one bitter struggle to leave poor Madeline to the wretched fate that seemed to await her.

He was returning home one evening just as it grew dusk, when turning a corner of the walk, he came suddenly upon a

* Continued from page 339, vol. li.

group of gentlemen, none of whom, with the exception of Sir Clarence, he had seen before, and all of whom had in fact arrived on a visit to Sir Charles, since Walter's departure in the afternoon, and were going to stay until after the ball.

As was very natural, the eyes of all the strangers were turned upon our hero's advancing figure, with the eager look of men who expected that an introduction was about to follow, and Sir Clarence's neighbour, a tall, military-looking man, touched his elbow and whispered something in his ear, in which all the rest seemed instantly to acquiesce. Walter had by this time arrived within a few yards of the group, when suddenly Sir Clarence, with a muttered oath, lifted his glass to his eye, and with a flushed and angry face, and a sarcastic sneer curling his under lip, surveyed Walter with vulgar audacity, from head to foot.

A suppressed titter burst from the baronet's companions as this little scene was acted; and then with a well-bred shrug of the shoulders, the majority turned round and walked away; whilst Walter with a face crimson with anger, and every limb quivering with excitement, was walking slowly on, when Sir Clarence bawled out in a commanding tone:

"Halloa, you sir! if you are going to Courtenay, you will, perhaps, send that rascal of a groom of mine to me, d'ye hear?"

"You can go upon your own errands, sir," answered Walter, in a husky voice, whose passion almost choked his utterance, and he continued upon his way.

"You're a saucy puppy, sir, and that's what you are, to answer a gentleman in this way," cried Sir Clarence, haughtily, "a confounded puppy, sir."

"Will you be kind enough to repeat that, sir?" said Walter, as calmly as his quivering lips would permit him, as he confronted Sir Charles and his friends; grasping the riding whip he generally carried, so tightly in his hand that the silver-cord upon the handle almost cut to the bone; "will you repeat what you have just said, Sir Clarence?"

His antagonist looked for a moment perfectly petrified at Walter's menacing look, but instantly recovering himself, he drew himself up with an air of defiance, and said with his sneering laugh, "Yes, sir, if you choose I will repeat it, so that not only yourself, but these gentlemen who are friends of mine, shall hear it as well; I repeat, you're a saucy puppy, and much too nice for your station, sir."

"Then I insist, sir, before these friends of yours," retorted Walter, fixing his dark, determined eye upon his opponent, and opposing his slight but well-knit and muscular frame to that of Sir Charles, "that you instantly retract that dastardly epithet, and ask my pardon as well."

"You're certainly a very pretty fellow, Mr. Mordaunt; and modest, withal!" retorted Sir Charles, with another sneer; "and what if I decline your modest request?"

"Then it will be my unpleasant office to chastise you, sir, for your impertinence," was the stern rejoinder.

A murmur of mingled approval and astonishment ran through the group, as Walter said this with perfect coolness, which stung Sir Clarence to the quick, and with a loud laugh he laid a huge hand upon Walter's breast, and ordered him to be gone; Walter, however, had no such intention, and scarcely knowing what he did, with a half suppressed cry, such as escapes the tiger when leaping upon his prey, he sprang forwards and grappling with Sir Clarence, both presently fell to the ground.

"For shame! for shame, gentlemen," cried a very handsome young man, who had not joined in the laughter on Walter's appearance. "Mr. Mordaunt,—excuse me if I mistake your name, but I have only just arrived,—pray desist until we can arrange this extraordinary business."

"Nonsense! nonsense, Courtenay," cried two or three eager voices in a breath, "can't you let them alone?"

"Will you apologise for your insulting behaviour, sir?" demanded Walter, whose blood was now fairly aroused, and who stood completely encircled by the byestanders, confronting Sir Charles; "as the insult was public, so shall the apology be; these gentlemen all heard your speech."

"And they shall all hear what I have further to say, sir," retorted Sir Clarence, who grew red and white by turns; "you're a fool, sir!"

"Then take that, and that, and that!" muttered Walter between his set teeth, as a shower of blows fell upon the shoulders, and back, and breast, and legs of Sir Clarence Mildmay; "beware, every one of you gentlemen, how you venture to interfere; there! there! there! as you love your lives, stand back and give us room! Will you apologize or shall I thrash you within an inch of your cowardly and lying life? speak!" and the young man's breast heaved, and his eyes flashed, and he felt the strength of ten men raging within him, as he stood with one hand grasping the coat collar of Sir Clarence, whilst the other held the whip, now divested of its thong, above his head; and then flinging him from him with a stern frown, which made even the boldest tremble, he turned on his heel and walked slowly away.

Many young men of our hero's age would after such a victory as this, have felt quite elated with what they had achieved over so much older an antagonist as Sir Clarence Mildmay; the feelings that stirred Walter's breast as he walked

slowly away, were the most bitter he had ever experienced in his life, for the insult he had just expiated, had struck him, and filled his soul with the bitterest loathing. He was poor and friendless, and unknown, and it was on this account that Sir Clarence had dared to taunt him with his poverty; it was for this that he had to suffer the gibes and half suppressed sneers of a host of high-born, pampered sons of wealth and rank; and in spite of himself, as he walked hurriedly on, striving to calm down his excited feelings and reason himself into repose, his anger and detestation only grew more strongly upon him; until, at last he felt the scalding tears coursing each other swiftly down his burning cheeks, without the slightest power of controlling their career.

Thus he walked on, at one moment with his arms clasped tightly across his breast, as if he would fain still the angry beatings of his heart beneath; at the next, lifting his hat from his burning brow, and pausing for a moment in a bewildered whirl of thought; then he would walk on again more swiftly than before, scarcely recognizing as he passed, the various objects around him, with which his stay at Courtenay had familiarised him; then a deep sob would escape his overcharged breast, as he strove to recall some incident of the adventure, which was already becoming indistinct from the reaction in his mind; and still, through all the angry, and bitter, and wounded emotions that crowded his burning brain, he pursued his way until his ear detected some one running behind him on the path.

It was no part of his plan to avoid observation, even were Sir Clarence, himself, in pursuit, and so he stood still and turned his gaze up the path he had traversed; the night had now, however, closed in so rapidly, that it was not until his pursuer had reached him, that he was able to recognize the gentleman whom he had heard addressed by the name of Courtenay.

"Do you want me, Mr. Courtenay?" said Walter, in no very pleasant tone.

"Excuse me, Mr. Mordaunt," said the young man, laying one hand kindly on the poor fellow's shoulder, in a friendly manner, "I have run on to say a few words to you, if you will allow me, upon your present position; will you take them in the kind way they are offered, from one young man, who knows already what it is to smart under injustice, to another?"

"I shall be only too happy to hear you," said Walter, taking the disengaged hand, for he felt, though he could scarcely see the handsome features, that the dark eyes of his associate were full of pity and of admiration, "and if you can believe what an utter stranger has to say ——"

"We are not strangers now, I feel as if we had known each other for a lifetime," said John Courtenay, with impetuous warmth; "the way you punished that dastardly villain—now don't start, for I like Mildway no better than yourself, and owe him a grudge as well, which shall one day be repaid in pretty much the same way—made my heart warm towards you, as if I had found a brother; Mildmay's behaviour from first to last was disgraceful, and perfectly ungentlemanly; as you approached, Mostyn desired him to introduce you, as we were all aware from Sir Charles' description that you were equally a guest with him, as ourselves; Sir Clarence,however, to wreak some petty spite—why or wherefore I know not—declined doing this, and to add insult to injury, took upon him to make you his flunkey, into the bargain. I can only say, that he richly deserved the chastisement he received."

During this speech, John Courtenay's arm had unconsciously linked itself with that of his new companion, and they were walking at a good stout pace onwards; Mordaunt, however, was scarcely aware how rapidly they did walk, and when he began to speak, his voice was so husky that his companion could scarcely understand what he said.

"It is only within this last few minutes," said he after a pause, "that I have found a clue to this madman's behaviour. Is not Sir Clarence engaged to Miss Courtenay, sir?"

"To Madeline!" ejaculated John Courtenay, griping his arm so tightly that Walter almost cried out with pain, "with Madeline, sir; my cousin!"

"Yes, Miss Courtenay."

"Not that I am aware of; there was some old story about it—they were betrothed when my cousin was a mere child, but that is all over now," cried John Courtenay, frankly.

"Nevertheless, such I can assure you, Mr. Courtenay, is the fact," said Walter, stoutly; "believe my story or not, Sir Clarence is the accepted lover of Miss Courtenay.—Now pray don't gripe my arm quite so tight," he added, as John gave incipient symptoms of another pinch; "and when I say the accepted lover, I mean accepted by Sir Charles and Lady Courtenay; Madeline, I believe, would rather die than make herself the wife of such a man!"

"Oh, that alters the case!" cried John Courtenay, with a sigh of relief, "if Madeline won't have him; but what are we talking about? your affair is so much more urgent than my cousin's, that we must confine ourselves entirely to it for the present. Will you excuse one, who was an utter stranger half an hour ago to you, Mr. Mordaunt, if he asks you what you intend to do in the present aspect of affairs?"

"Farther than that my present intention is to return to Courtenay, and having dispatched my trunk to Hereford, take a kind farewell of Sir Charles, and then turn my face southward in search of fresh adventures, I know not," returned the young man, with a burst of bitter feeling; "I have no home to receive me, no tie to bind me to one particular spot."

"So far you are fortunate," rejoined John Courtenay, "and I applaud your determination to meet no longer beneath the same roof with that rascal; but here we are at the door; shall I go with you to Sir Charles?"

"If you please," rejoined Walter, who understood and appreciated the kindness of the offer, "otherwise, even, he might scarcely believe my story."

"Oh, as for that, he's one of the finest old fellows in all the world," said John, bluntly, "and would scorn to think ill of any man without certain proof. Come, I'll take you up to his study if you've no objection," and still keeping hold of Walter's arm, John Courtenay led the way across the vestibule to Sir Charles's library, where they found the old gentleman giving audience to his steward.

"How d'ye do, gentlemen? come in, pray, for I've something important to ask you," was their first salute, "I want you to give me your opinion about this affair of the supper; Simpson tells me, he's afraid he can't get ice enough, and that will be a confounded pity. Look, here's a plan of the supper room; these green lines are the tables, and the pink are the rout-seats. I'll have another door broke through just were that cross is;" and the old gentleman continued to talk with increased volubility until his nephew stopped him by saying:

"I'll listen to all you have to say, uncle, afterwards, but just now Mr. Mordaunt has come to bid you goodbye!"

"Goodbye! why this must be a sudden freak, indeed," cried Sir Charles, throwing himself back into his chair, and surveying the two young men with a bewildered stare; "Mr. Mordaunt going to leave us, and just at the very time too, when he'll be most needed! My dear sir, can you not defer your departure for a few days?"

Walter shook his head, and persisted in saying he must say goodbye; he really had stayed too long already, and circumstances had just occurred which had determined him to leave that night.

"Circumstances! what circumstances?" inquired Sir Charles.

"An affair which, however slight in itself, would only endanger the good understanding of your guests by my remaining," said Walter, firmly; "Sir Clarence Mildmay and I have just quarrelled."

"Well! and what has that to do with driving you away, Mr. Mordaunt?" demanded Sir Charles, eagerly; "are you not my guest equally as much as he is? I'll be bound for it, it was the rascal's puppyism that caused the disturbance, eh, John, was it not?"

"That it certainly was!" rejoined John Courtenay, with emphasis.

"Whatever was the cause," replied Walter, eagerly, "it cannot alter my determination; I shall meet a friend at Hereford to-night, with whom I intend to go on to London to-morrow. Sir Charles, will you make my excuses to Lady Courtenay and your charming niece? believe me, I shall never forget the pleasant time I have spent in your house, and your own kindness to so perfect a stranger as I was to you, will never be effaced from my heart."

"John," said the old baronet, in a husky voice, as he rejected, with a kind gesture, Walter's proffered hand, "just tell Simpson to send us up a bottle of that champagne; tell him he'll find it in the lowest binn, in the right hand corner; we can't let Mordaunt leave us without drinking a parting cup with him."

John disappeared in a moment, and presently returned, followed by the grey-headed old butler, with a bottle of the rare old wine, completely crusted over with cobwebs, which he brushed off with a lingering regret; Sir Charles, in the meanwhile, sate with a very rueful countenance, apparently buried in thought, glancing abstractedly once or twice from his nephew to Mordaunt, who, on his part, felt quite as much pained by the idea of their speedy separation, as either of his companions.

"Here's your very good health, my dear lad!" said Sir Charles, in a fervent voice, as he tossed off a glass of the wine.

"I cordially second that motion, Mordaunt," added John Courtenay, shaking Walter's hand; "and now come, it's getting late, and if you are bent upon going, you had better set off at once."

Thus admonished, Walter wrung Sir Charles by the hand, and promising to write, whenever he had time to do so, the kind-hearted baronet suffered him to depart, pressing him heartily to return, whenever he felt inclined to do so; an invitation which Walter very readily accepted.

Walter's light portmanteau was soon packed, and desiring a man servant to bring it with him in a dog-cart, to Hereford, next day; he left the house, accompanied by his faithful ally, who offered to see him a mile or two on his way to Hereford.

Little or no conversation passed between the two young men, until Madeline Courtenay's name happened to be mentioned

in connection with that of Sir Clarence Mildmay; when John Courtenay, with more of seriousness than he had yet displayed, desired Walter to detail all that had occurred between his cousin and himself, with reference to her antiquated admirer.

Walter accordingly did so, describing in glowing terms, the rides and drives they had had through the woods surrounding Courtenay, their walks by moonlight through the gardens, and particularly the scene on the terrace, when Madeline had displayed so much wretchedness and despair; with the latter circumstance, John Courtenay, who was really a sensible, sterling, generous-hearted fellow, seemed very much struck; and, then, almost insensibly, he went on to reveal to Walter, how he had loved Madeline ever since they had been children together, and how this passion had grown with their growth, or rather with his growth, he said, correcting himself, for after all, he could not tell whether Madeline loved him in return or not!"

Walter said he really could not tell whether she did or not; of one thing, only, he was certain, that she detested Sir Clarence.

"There was some comfort in that," John said, and then he relapsed into silence.

"But why should you not ask herself?" demanded his companion, after a long pause; "In my poor opinion this beautiful cousin of yours is the very soul of truth: and if she really liked you, she would not be long in confessing it; if she did not, why the sooner you get the notion put out of your head, the better."

John confessed that this was the best advice he could have had given him, and yet it would be so dreadful to discover that he was really indifferent to Madeline after all, that he had not nerve to risk the discovery.

Walter laughed at the notion, very heartily; and then glancing at Courtenay's strong, well-knit figure, and handsome face, made bold to tell him that he thought no young lady who had ordinary discretion, would venture to reject such a handsome young fellow.

"Well; I think I'll venture, after all, Mr. Mordaunt," rejoined John Courtenay, with a smile, as he held out his hand to Walter, before he returned. "At the very worst, she can only refuse me, and even that is better than enduring the suspense I now suffer."

"I wish you luck!" said Walter, grasping his hand with a friendly grip; "and if Madeline does refuse you, why she's a different girl from what I thought her; so, good bye! and if you can cut Sir Clarence out, why do so, by all means te ll

Miss Courtenay, I shall often call to mind the pleasant hours we have spent together, and now once more, good bye!" and without turning his head again, Walter strode manfully forward on his way to the quiet old city of Hereford.

When he reached the top of an adjoining hill, he turned round once more, and descried his late companion still lingering near the spot where they had parted; he waved his hand once more in token of farewell, and again strode on amidst the gathering twilight, his mind unconsciously recalling the scene which had so recently occurred, and which had so suddenly sent him forth a wanderer upon the world.

By the time he reached Hereford, it was quite dark; thoroughly exhausted with fatigue, and in no enviable frame of mind, he bent his steps to the Granby, which wore still the same rosy look of plenty and prosperity it had done of yore, when it was wont to be visited by our old friend Dick Burton; and ordering a private room, eat his solitary supper, and then turned into bed, eager to escape for a few hours the lonely and melancholy thoughts that oppressed him like a nightmare.

He was awoke the next morning by a pretty loud and authoritative rap at the door, which continuing to increase in intensity the more it was prolonged, at length caused him to jump out of bed, and open the door to admit his impatient visitor; a loud burst of laughter, which sounded more like the roar of a wild beast than anything else, was closely followed by the apparition of a tall, strapping, broad-chested fellow, into the room, who griping him roughly by the hand, roared out with stentorian vigour.

"Here's a pretty go, Wat! who'd have thought of falling in with you my lad, on our wedding trip? od, but I'm glad, man, and so will Lucy be, when she hears you're here, ha, ha, ha!" and Dick Burton, for it was no one but honest Dick, shook Walter's hand until he nearly wrenched it off, and then threw himself into a chair, and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"And where did you fall from, Dick?" demanded Walter, after his first feelings of astonishment at this unexpected meeting were over. "I only came here last night and haven't seen a soul I know since I put foot within the Granby; in fact, I was so worn out by fatigue, and something worse, that I was in no humour to mix with any one, and least of all with the heterogeneous company one usually meets in the bar."

"Drop from! why, where, Wat, should Lucy and I drop from but the church, to be sure? we got spliced yesterday, my lad, and now we're on our wedding jaunt, and Stephen's here too, and Bab as well—the silly fool would come so far, but we part

company with her here, and then her husband will take her home to-night."

"Is Barbara married?" demanded Walter, laughing.

"Married! ods, to be sure she is; Sol Cash and her have been man and wife this month or more; but they do make as rum a couple as ever went together. But put on your clothes, man, and come down to us and get some breakfast; now it only needed this, Wat, to make me as happy as a lord, I'll just run down to see that they've the breakfast all ready for us, but I won't say a word, even to Lucy, about your being here; ods, but it will be a surprise to see you walking into the room as natural as life; we're in the Star, and you can easily find your way there; Bab will stare like the town's clock at you," and with a suppressed chuckle, which made his huge chest heave convulsively, Dick strode out of the room, after adjuring Walter to hurry down as soon as he could, or he would not answer for the consequences.

CHAPTER XXVII.

One might have known, from the rosy look of everything about the old Granby on that particular May morning, that a wedding party had arrived over night, and were at that moment enclosed within its venerable walls. The dapper waiters, as they flitted about from room to room, had a spruce and jaunty air about them that was absolutely wanting in the ordinary routine of affairs, and the jolly landlady, with her white satin topknot, and her huge bunch of keys depending from her waist, had a more than usual air of importance and pride as she bustled about from bar to pantry, keeping every one about her in a perpetual flutter, lest the breakfast should not be everything it should be, or that the spatch-cock should be broiled to a cinder, or the muffins be heavy, or the eggs get cold before they were touched.

We would fain linger for one moment over that pleasant breakfast table, and bring before your eyes the three or four people who filled up the canvass. At the head of the table,

gentle, and self-possessed, and pretty as ever—prettier than ever, we meant to say, for was she not a newly-made bride, and what bride ever did look uninteresting or ugly?—sat gentle Lucy Harding, the quiet, sweet-tempered, pretty wife of Richard Burton, presiding at the board with a bewitching grace and sweetness that almost made honest Dick, prosaic as he was, fall down and worship her, even before Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Cash, who were eating and drinking away for bare life, in a manner which must be very disgusting to folks whose married life is scarcely twenty-four hours old; farther away sat Stephen Harding, who was apparently just as disgustingly hungry as Solomon and Barbara.

"Dear me, Dick, do you intend to stare at Lucy in that silly way all your life?" cries the shrill-voiced Barbara, attacking the crispy brawn with a vigorous arm; "for dear sake, man, get your breakfast, and behave like a sober, sensible person: I'm sure Solomon never stared at me in that outrageous way."

"That I'll be bound he didn't, Bab," retorted Dick, laughing; "he'd be a precious fool to waste so much eyesight on ye,—Stephen, my lad, I'll just trouble you for an egg."

"If Mr. Cash had any spirit in him, he'd not stand such insults, offered his wife in that manner" said the amiable Barbara, hysterically; "but he has'nt the soul of a tomcat, or he wouldn't stand it,—its—its too—too bad!" and Barbara even went the length of squeezing a tear out of the corner of one eye, the further to aggravate poor little Solomon.

"Come, come, Bab, that won't go down with me, old girl," retorted Dick, with another good-humoured chuckle, "so dry your eyes and look cheerful, or you and I'll quarrel, my dear, that's all."

"You're a beast, Dick," screamed Mrs. Solomon Cash, in a furious voice, just at the very moment when the door opened, and Walter appeared.

"Mordaunt, by all that's wonderful!" ejaculated Stephen Harding, starting up; "dear Wat, how glad I am to see you, and at the very moment when we most needed your presence."

Solomon's help-mate, judging by her rueful countenance, did not join in the latter part of Stephen's welcome; and she made him a very stiff curtsey, too, when he came to shake hands with her, being evidently determined not to receive him into her favour on any pretence whatever. As for the little pedagogue, his withered atomy of a face quivered with some mysterious emotion, which communicated itself even to his pigtail, as he shook Walter by the hand, declaring as he did so, that he never should have known him, he was so much altered, and had become quite a fine gentleman, and had improved so much in

looks and so forth, encomiums which our hero could very well have dispensed with indeed.

"And now sit down and get your stomach filled, Wattie," cried Dick, thrusting him down into a chair beside himself; "these daft folks are enough to deafen us with their clatter, my lad, and ye'll be very hungry, I'll be bound: Lucy, lass, give Watt a cup of coffee—Stephen, cut a round of that brawn at your elbow, man—waiter! some more hot rolls and eggs, this instant! odds, what's the use of getting married, if one hasn't to spend a bit of money and make one's friends happy, eh?"

"Fools and their money are soon parted," muttered Barbara, sneeringly.

"Come, come, fall too like a sensible man, Wat," reiterated Dick, kindly, turning his shoulder from his sister and patting his wife's fair cheek with a huge, rough hand as he spoke; "od's, but it does one's heart good to see the likes of you about one, Wat; manys and manys the time Stephen and I have cracked for the hour on the stretch about you,—and to see you turning up in this way at last—come, eat, man, and be hearty!"

"Walter's been among such fine people of late," interposed Mrs. Cash, in a sour tone, "that he cannot take up all at once with our coarse fare."

"Haud your tongue, you sour-tempered jade," roared Dick, in a voice of thunder, as he stood up in his seat with flashing eyes and distended nostrils; "has one always to ha' your tart, saucy speeches breeding ill-will between one's friends? if ye say another word, good or ill, I'll gar that little doddery man of yours whip ye off pretty quickly to your own hoose; so think of that, my bonny doo, or it'll, maybe, fare worse with ye."

"Pretty language, this, indeed, to use to your own flesh and blood, Richard," cried Barbara, who could not restrain her temper, even when she was as terrified by Dick's passion as she was now; "but its no use speaking here, I see, and so I'll just hold my tongue, and let matters mend if they may."

"It'll be better for ye, my lass," retorted Dick, significantly.

"You're a brute, Dick, and nothing else," retorted Barbara, shivering with passion.

"Then I know who made me so," responded the jolly bridegroom, with a sonorous chuckle; "but od's alive, we're not going to quarrel in this way, Bab, the very day after I'm married, and Wat here, too, to the fore: come, come, let's all be friends, and as soon as Walter has satisfied his hunger, he shall tell us his adventures since he left old Hutton."

"I have very little to tell you, I'm afraid," rejoined Walter, whose mouth was full of egg and muffin, and who was therefore by no means in a loquacious mood, "more than that I have

never quitted the good friends I encountered on leaving you, and that my time has passed very pleasantly during its lapse, and has left a sadder feeling behind,—I really have nothing to communicate."

"That certainly isn't much then, Wat," rejoined Dick, in rather a dissatisfied tone; "why, even Lucy and I might give you a better."

"That you might; and now that you have heard all that has happened since I left you, let me hear what is your destination, as I presume you intend to take a pretty extensive wedding-trip."

"That we do, eh, Lucy?" cried Dick, tapping his wife's cheek; "i'faith, we intend to see a few of the wonders of the world afore we turn our faces homeward. We're bound for London, Wat, my lad, and if you intend turning your face south, why, say the word, and we'll all make one party; that is, I mean you, and Stephen, and ourselves,—Solomon and Bab go home to day again."

"Some people might treat their own sisters, I think, when they do take a jaunt," said Barbara, scornfully.

"And so they would, Bab, but then that doddery goodman of yours cannot spare the time, my lass," answered Dick. He's never happy if he isn't flaying and thrashing them poor gamerils of his once or twice a day, and so as thou's married schoolmeaster, why, thou must e'en stick till him, my lass, and bide the consequence."

"I don't see why Mr. Cash's employments should deprive me of the pleasure of a trip, Richard," persisted Barbara, angrily. "I really think both Solomon and I are old enough to take proper care of ourselves, without being always tied to the other's apron-strings."

"You're just owre ould, Bab," retorted Dick, with another loud laugh, "and that's just the upshot o' it. If I took you wi' me, ten to one but you wad be 'loping away with some randy, dandy fellow or other, you picked up in some sly corner or another, and then a pretty tale I'd have to bring home to schoolmeaster aboot ye. Or maybe, schoolmeaster might pick up a duplicate Mrs. Cash in your absence, and then there would be the very deuce to pay amongst ye all; so ye'd better both gan home and help schoolmeaster to shoot the young ideas: he can turn the flogging part over till ye, at any rate, and I know you're a gay hand at that, Bab."

Barbara gave a nervous titter at the conclusion of this speech, which seemed to glue poor little Solomon to his chair, outright, whilst Dick, ringing the bell, ordered the bill to be got ready, and the chaise to be brought round to the door.

"The chaise, Richard!" screamed, rather than said, Barbara, at this juncture; "you're surely not going to take the chaise on with you?"

"But I am, though, Mrs. Cash, and I should like to know who'll hinder me, ma'am."

"Oh, nobody, of course: but how are Mr. Cash and me to get home again?"

"As you can, ma'am. I didn't ask you for your company, I believe."

"No, you certainly did not; but Solomon and myself only thought it a proper regard to appearances to come so far with you—that's all."

"Bother the appearances," growled Dick. "Then if you ask me how you're to get back, ma'am, why, if you're not too fine, and too delicate, you must walk, and if your appearances won't allow of that, why, you must hire a dog-cart, and get home that way—only you know Solomon cannot drive, and there are such things as broken necks, ma'am, even yet."

"But you'd far better let us have the chaise, Richard, and take places in the coach," persisted Barbara, who didn't wish to give up her point. "Just consider the expense you'll be at,—really men are so extravagant when they get married, although they're nice and niggardly beforehand, as I've learnt to my cost."

"Once for all, Mrs. Cash, allow me to tell you," retorted Dick, who really did look angry for once, "that in my own domestic affairs I will not allow of any interference, and particularly from you; my own good and gentle wife," patting Lucy's shoulder, "henceforth shall be my only monitor, and from her only will I permit of any interference. For the future, you will confine your meddling mind in your own affairs, and rest assured that I shall resent any dictation in mine; so now good bye—waiter! bring the bill this instant," and Dick rose up, and then sat down again, staring very hard at Barbara all the time, as if he fully meant what he said, and was resolved to stick to it, too.

"Well really, Richard," said Barbara, with a sharp cough, which she manufactured at this juncture to give her time to consider what to say, "you really do—I'm sure I *am* quite surprised to hear you talking in this way; I'm sure a cannibal couldn't have addressed a victim at the stake more fiercely, just a moment before he set fire to the faggots that were to roast him into—really I never remember hearing what those people call human beings after they're cooked—do you, Solomon?—but however, it's no matter, and as I was saying, this speech of yours, Richard, has astonished me, and all I can say is, as our company isn't required, why, we won't inflict it longer upon you."

"Thank you, Barbara," retorted Dick, in a firm voice.

"And as for you, Lucy," continued Barbara, in a commiserating voice, turning to the new-made Mrs. Burton as she spoke, "I do pity you being tied to such a wretch as your husband is; he'll worry your very life out, my dear, before you're done with him. I know him, my love, as who should know him better, that's had to do for him this fourteen years or more; and as you'll find out to your cost, he's the most aggravating, unconscionable ruffian that ever woman was plagued with. And now, Solomon, we'll go to your sister Judith's to dine," and with a solemn shake of the hand all round, in which leave-taking she even included the recusant Richard himself, she suffered herself to be led from the room in a condition so nearly bordering upon hysterics, as to terrify Solomon well nigh out of his senses.

Somehow, when Barbara and her faithful squire had departed, the very atmosphere of the place seemed to grow lighter and airier to those who remained. At any rate, they all became much merrier, and more talkative; a condition certainly more befitting a wedding party than the noisy altercations they had been regaled with during Barbara's stay.

"We shall just be a comfortable little party," said Stephen, after Dick had paid the bill. "That roomy old chaise of yours, Dick, will easily hold the whole four."

"It would hold a dozen, you mean," cried Dick, with a loud chuckle. "Odds, but I'd like to see any six that couldn't get into it, aye, and sit down cozily, too, were they all as fat as Daniel Lambert."

"Why did you not bring dear little Dinah with you, then, if it is so roomy?" asked Walter, who had not had courage to pronounce her name whilst Barbara was within hearing, and who turned very red even now as he pronounced her name.

"Have you not heard—do you not know?" inquired Lucy, whose placid countenance changed in an instant,——

"Heard!" repeated Walter, as a cold shiver ran through his frame, "what should I have heard?"

"Did Stephen never write to you?" continued Lucy, with the same disturbed look, "Walter, dear, dear Walter, did you never hear——?"

"For the love of God, Lucy, do not torture me," ejaculated Walter, who felt all his strength forsaking him, "whatever has happened tell me, unless you wish to see me drop down at your feet: Dinah is not—I—I cannot say the word," he cried, with a groan that shook his chest, convulsively,—"she is not——"

"Not dead," said Lucy, with the same disturbed look.

"Nor married?" inquired Walter, scarcely less agitated.

"Oh no—she is, we trust, in London."

"Thank God! I will go with you to seek her."

THE LION OF THE PUNJAUB.

Written on reading the intelligence conveyed in the following extract from the Delhi Gazette, some seven years before the late grand climax in the annals of Runjeet Singh's kingdom, when bequeathed to the mismanagement of his successors.

BY TIPPOO KHAN THE YOUNGER.

"The Maharajah later in the day became very ill, and at the idea of parting from all his worldly wealth, ordered his treasures and jewels to be brought forth. . . . . The surpeich and string of pearls received from the Governor General were given to Pundit Mudsoodun, because of their being so very precious. . . . . The corpse was washed by the Koonwar with the water of the Ganges, and placed on the splendid bier; Rajahs Ohian and Heerah Sing, Khooshal Sing, Ajeit Sing, Sundhanwalla, the vakeels of Aloo walla, of Ladlah, of Tehara, Hursum Doss, and others, threw shawls on the bier, and it was carried in procession to the garden of Dholekote, situated in the Fort, near the Huzooree adjoining to Gooroo Lorijin's residence. . . . . Having arrived at the funeral pile made of sandalwood, the corpse was placed upon it. Ranee Koondun sat down by its side, and placed the head of the deceased on her lap, while the other three Ranees, with seven slave girls, seated themselves around, with every mark of satisfaction upon their countenances. At ten o'clock, nearly the time fixed by the Brahmins, Koonwar Khurmek Sing set fire to the pile, and the ruler of Punjaub, with four Ranees and seven slave girls, was reduced to ashes. . . . . "

WHAT sound of lamentation now breaks from the city walls,
What wail of woe is bursting o'er the Punjaub's palace halls?
Yon pallid minions, why do they with wary footstep tread?
Such wariness befits alone the mansion of the dead.
Alas! alas! ambition, then, has limit to its lust:
The Lion of the Punjaub he is merging into dust!

The Maharajah, Runjeet Singh, sat on his bed of death;
He felt himself to be the poor dependent on a breath:
He knew the dull, cold touch of him whose all-comprising span
Takes Jew and Heathen, both alike, or Frank and Turcoman;
Yet, ere the spirit left the home which once it own'd in health,
It lingered sickly, gloating o'er a mass of worldly wealth.

"Approach!" said he, in broken voice, as, rising on the bed,
He saw that to his couch of death a well-known form was led.
"Take this: I have no need of it, since life is on the wing
And Pundit Munsoodun beheld of pearls a costly string,
Which in his out-stretched eager hands the Maharajah placed,
Then turned aside,—his weeping sons their dying lord embraced.

See, see, the spirit flickers now: mortality decays:
Now, now, 'tis past;—the Lion's deeds are deeds of by-gone days.
The voice inciting thousands to the Juggernaut of Fame
Lies hushed beneath that mighty wheel, which spares alone the name;
The sword, which flashed with eagerness to work its wielder's will,
Within its scabbard sinks again, to slumber and be still.

And who are these, with locks unbound, who wander to and fro,
Awaking, in each watchful eye, the tear of bitter woe?
The Maharajah's queens are they—so constant womankind,
That life, without that monarch's smile, is counted as the wind.
Your task is done! that lordly brow with hand of death is seared:
No longer may ye rest that head, nor smooth that grizzly beard.

A dreary pile of sandal-wood is rising rapidly;
A torch is lit; a cloud of smoke, ascending, seeks the sky;
The clay-cold form, in shawls arrayed, is set upon the bier;
They bear it onward; now they halt—its resting-place is here:
The Ranee, she is happy now, and, with a joyful smile,
She looks upon, and moves toward, and sits beside the pile.

The lifeless chieftain's hoary head is raised from off the knees
Of her whose utmost skill no more could yield its wonted ease;
The limbs are stretched upon the wood; with seven sister slaves,
The Ranees four await the doom which love from custom craves.
There is a pause, as though despair had hastened there to see;
A struggling smoke, a crackling blaze—love, glory, what are ye?

Lament, Lahore, lament, bewail your Lion-chieftain gone;
But let not anguish chill the heart, that it should turn to stone.
The Maharajah's blood is yet alive within the land—
Oh, may it cheer the warrior's heart, and guide the warrior's hand!
Rest, Lion, rest: and lest the branch prove traitor to the stem,
The sire's renown, to sons re-sung, *must* give new life to them!

Characteristics of the Present Age. By Johann Gottlieb Fichte. Translated from the German by William Smith.

We have read this work through more than once, with earnest attention and deep reverence. It is not a book to be read lightly and cursorily; it requires patient and diligent study; we think no one can rise from a careful perusal of it, without the consciousness of a greater elevation of thought and feeling. Its teachings are of the high, and beautiful, and true. We have here evidence of that earnestness of purpose, of that unceasing and unswerving love, and pursuit of *truth*, of that inherent reverence for the beautiful, which characterise all Fichte's writings, and life—for his philosophy was not of the lips only; his life was the true exposition of his stoic teachings; the one was but the reflex of the other.

In the present work we have a philosophical history of the human race. Fichte commences with drawing a distinction between a bare chronicle of events (which too commonly is miscalled history), and true history; which we quote, as giving some idea of the true and earnest spirit with which he enters upon his undertaking. "A philosophical picture of the Present Age, is what we have promised in these lectures. But that view only can be called philosophical which refers back the multiform phenomena which lie before us in experience, to the unity of one common principle; and on the other hand, from that one principle, can deduce and completely explain those phenomena. The mere empiricist who should undertake a description of the age, would seize upon some of its most striking phenomena just as they presented themselves to casual observation; and recount these without having any assured conviction that he had understood them all, and without being able to point out any other connexion between them, than their co-existence in one and the same time. The philosopher who should propose to himself the task of such a description, would independently of all experience, seek out an idea of the age, (which, indeed, in its own form,—*as idea*,—cannot be apparent in experience,) and exhibit the mode in which this idea would reveal itself under the forms of the necessary phenomena of the age; and in so doing he would distinctly exhaust the circle of these phenomena, and bring them forth in necessary connexion with each other, through the common idea which lies at the bottom of them all. The first would be the *chronicler* of the

age; the second would have made a *history* of it a possible thing."

The able translator of Fichte most truly remarks, in his preface to the volume, that "one great purpose of this work is to exhibit the absolute nothingness of the individual life, when separated from, or opposed to, the all-embracing source of life." Fichte appears to have been raised above humanity, in his freedom from the passions and littlenesses of human nature, in his utter forgetfulness of self; his thoughts and aspirations are for the whole race, not for the individual; his ambition is for humanity, mingled with no desire for self-aggrandizement. The following beautiful passage embodies his conception of the true religious philosopher. "It is the sweetest reward of philosophy that, looking upon all things in their mutual dependence, and upon nothing as isolated and alone, she finds all to be necessary, and therefore good; and accepts that which is, as it is, because it is subservient to a higher end. Besides, it is unmanly, to waste in lamentation over existing evil, the time which would be more wisely applied in striving, as far as in us lies, to create the good and the beautiful. But individuals disappear altogether from the view of the philosopher, and are lost in the one great commonwealth. His thought embraces all objects in a clear and consequential light, which they can never attain amid the endless fluctuations of reality. Hence it does not concern itself with individuals, and never descending to portraits, dwells in the higher sphere of idealised conception. No one is farther than the philosopher from the vain desire, that his age should be impelled forward to some obvious extent through his exertions. Everyone, indeed, to whom God has given strength and opportunity, should exert all his powers for this end; were it only for his own sake, and in order to maintain the place which has been assigned to him, in the ever flowing current of existence. For the rest, time rolls on in the steadfast course marked out for it from eternity, and individual effort can neither hasten nor retard its progress. Only the co-operation of all, and especially of the indwelling Eternal Spirit of ages and of worlds, may promote it."

Again, in lecture 9th, on the "Origin and Limits of History," his delineation of the historic philosopher is very good and just. Though long for extract, we must give it as evidencing Fichte's high claims to be placed foremost in that rank. His thorough integrity of mind, his clear and far-sighted views, pre-eminently qualified him for the task he undertook. "The philosopher, who in his capacity of philosopher meddles with history, follows the *a priori* course of the world-plan, which is

clear to him without the aid of history at all; and the use which he makes of history is not to prove any thing by it, for his principles are already proved independently of history; but only to illustrate and make good, in the actual world of history, that which is already understood without its aid. Throughout the whole course of things, therefore, he selects only the instances in which humanity really advances towards the true end of its being, and appeals only to these instances, laying aside and rejecting everything else; and as he does not intend to prove historically that humanity has to pursue this course, having already proved it philosophically, he only points out, for the purposes of illustration, the occasions on which this has been visible in history. The mere collector of facts indeed proceeds, and ought to proceed, quite differently. But his business is not to be despised on account of this opposition to philosophy; it is, on the contrary, highly honourable if properly pursued. He has absolutely no support, no guide, no fixed point, except the mere outward succession of years and centuries, wholly irrespective of their significance: and it is his business to declare all that can be discovered historically in any of these epochs of time. He is an annalist. Does any thing of this kind escape him?—then he has transgressed the rules of his heart, and must endure the reproach of ignorance or carelessness. Now in each of these epochs—which he distinguishes only by their succession in time, but not by means of their essential nature,—there lies, as only the philosopher can tell him, or the annalist, himself, if he be a philosopher may know, the most diverse elements in immediate contact and intermixture. The remnants of original barbarism, or of an original culture, which has passed away without communication; remnants, or else foreshadowings of all the other four epochs of culture, and finally the actually present and progressive culture itself. The merely empirical historian has to collect faithfully all these elements just as he finds them, and to place them in order beside each other; the philosopher who uses history for the purpose which we have here in view, attaches himself only to the latter element,—the actually living and progressive movement of civilization,—laying aside all the rest; and thus the empirical historian, who should judge him according to the rules of his own art, and conclude that he was ignorant of that which he had no occasion to produce, would be at fault; for it is specially to be expected of the philosopher, that he should not bring forward on every occasion all that he knows, but only so much as bears upon the purpose in view. To make the distinction clear at once: the philosopher employs history only so far as it serves his purpose,

laying aside everything of which he can make no use; and I announce freely, that in the following inquiry I shall employ it in this way.

Such a proceeding, which would be highly culpable in the mere empirical study of history, and would indeed subvert the very nature of this science, is quite justifiable in the philosopher; for he has already, independently of all history, proved the principles for the illustration of which he makes use of history. He should, indeed, deserve blame, did he assert as fact that which had never taken place; but he relies upon the results of historical inquiry, of which results he employs only the most general; and it would be a great misfortune to historical inquiry itself, if so much as this were not clearly established; but he deserves no blame if he is only silent with respect to somethings, which may nevertheless have taken place. He endeavours to understand the true significance and meaning of such historical events as are of universal importance; and with regard to them he only calls to mind the *fact* of their occurrence, the *manner* in which they took place; which, doubtless, implies many other facts he leaves to the empirical historian. Should he find, that with his limited knowledge of historical details, he may yet be able to understand and explain a fact in its connexion with the whole world-plan, much better than he who possesses a more extensive acquaintance with such details, he need not be surprised at this, for only on this account is he a philosopher. In short, it is necessity which guides our race; not by any means a mere blind necessity, but a living consciousness, and intelligent necessity of the Divine Being: and only after we have come under this gentle guidance can we be truly free, and interpenetrated with life; for beyond this, there is nothing but illusion and unreality. Nothing is, as it is, because God wills it so arbitrarily, but because he cannot manifest himself otherwise than as he does. To acknowledge this guidance, humbly to acquiesce therein, and in the consciousness of this identity with the Divine Power, to obtain true blessedness, is the business of all men; to comprehend in clear intelligence whatever is universal, absolute, and eternal, in this progress of the human race, is the business of the philosopher; to set forth the actual phenomena of the inconstant and ever-changing spheres, over which this progress holds its sway with steadfast course, is the business of the historian, whose discoveries are only incidentally employed by the former."

In the 13th and 14th lectures, Fichte traces the progress of Christianity from its early dawn, and its influence upon the world. The manifestation of Christianity, he considers to be the true principle of the whole history of Modern Times.

"Christianity has never yet attained a general and public existence in its purity and truth, although it has at all times attained a true life, here and there in individual minds. But it has had, nevertheless, an active and efficient life in history, in preparing the way for itself, and in bringing about the conditions necessary to its public existence. It was Christianity which assembled together the social elements of a new age, and wrought out their spiritual regeneration; it was the administrators of this Christianity, now become a politico-spiritual, central power, who upheld the new state, now broken up into a Republic of nations, in this condition of separation, who ordered the reciprocal relations of individual states, and even constrained them by outward motives, to coalesce into one active power; and under whose protection each particular state enjoyed and exercised its independence, and the liberty of developing its own resources, and of acquiring new strength."

We do not think Fichte magnifies the importance and influence of Christianity to, and upon, the world; and we freely concur with him, in his views upon this subject. To those, and we fear there are many, who regard Fichte's philosophy as "lifeless, godless, and unholy," and his religion as "material pantheism," to those we would say: read his works, study his life, both will afford ample evidence of the calumny of such assertions. Fichte's religion was pre-eminently the religion of Christianity—Christianity in its widest and deepest significance.

In his 15th lecture, "On Public Morality of the Present Age," we have some admirable remarks in reference to criminal legislation, which we, English people of the nineteenth century, ought to blush in reading;—blush, that we should sanction by our silence and apparent indifference, a practice, a thousandfold more barbarous and degrading than the bull baitings of Spain. "The more certain it is that punishment will follow crime, and the more the manners of the nation are formed upon this certainty, so much the milder and more humane may punishment itself be made. This amelioration, however, is not on account of the transgressor, towards whom, as such, the state entertains no ulterior purpose; but it is on account of the race whose image he still bears in his person. He who is accustomed to consider this matter, not superficially, but in its profounder aspects, will unquestionably admit that an individual may become so dangerous to society, that it is impossible for the state thoroughly to protect society from his agressions, without removing him from the world. It will, however, be likewise admitted—unless, indeed, we were to proceed upon the barbarous Mosaic principle—'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,'—it will, I say, be admitted that the state ought to

adopt this method, only in cases of extreme necessity, and where there is actually no other course available; for the transgressor still remains a member of the race, and as such, possesses the right to live as long as he can, for the purpose of self improvement. But admitting this course to be necessary in particular cases, yet for the government to employ a pompous ceremonial in the execution of the condemned, to sharpen the agonies of death by torments, to expose the remains of the dead in a disgusting public spectacle; is at most, only to be justified where the great mass of the nation stand in need of such frightful exhibitions, in order that they may be rendered less prone to deeds of horror, upon other occasions. In a cultivated age, not addicted to bloodshed, it would, in our opinion, be sufficient if the death-judgment were only pronounced in public, but carried into effect in secrecy and silence, and thereafter the body left open to inspection, so that any one, who desired to do so, might convince himself that the sentence had been actually completed. In short, the more civilised a people become, the punishment of death, and generally all punishments, must become milder and less frequent among them." We think no one can demur to the *truth and justice* of the above paragraph. It is a disgrace to the English people of the nineteenth century, that they even tolerate the barbarous and demoralizing custom, of making executions a public spectacle; it is a disgrace to the English people of the nineteenth century, that they do not petition against this relic of a barbarous age; not once nor twice, but again and again, and unceasingly, till it is abolished.

Fichte's teachings are, in the true sense of the term, religious,—his aim is ever the developement of the true and real—the evolvement and progression of the spiritual portions of man's nature. We have not attempted an analytical review of the present work, we have merely by selection of passages endeavoured to convey to our readers a just notion of the philosophical and beautiful spirit which pervades these lectures,—the deep religious principle which animated Fichte's efforts. The following extracts, taken somewhat at random, will we think, justify us in placing Fichte, not only amongst the greatest of the world's philosophers, but in the van of the deep and earnest religious thinkers of his age. "Religion consists in regarding and recognizing all earthly life as the necessary developement of the one, original, perfectly good and perfectly blessed, divine life. Pure thought, in itself and by itself, is the first element of religion. True religion does not manifest itself outwardly, and impels man to no course of external conduct which he would not otherwise have adopted; but that it only completes his true inward being and dignity. It is neither an action, nor

an incentive to action, but a thought:—it is *light*, and the one true light, which bears within it all life, and all the forms of life, and pervades their innermost substance. Once arisen, this light flows on spontaneously for ever, spreading itself forth without term or limit; and it is as idle to *bid* it shine, as it would be to address such a command to the material sun, when it stands in the noonday heavens. It does this without our bidding; and if it shine not, then has it not arisen. At its uprising, darkness and the brood of spectres and phantasms which are born of darkness, vanish of themselves. It is in vain to say to darkness, 'Let there be light;' no light can come forth from it, for there is none within it. As vain as it is to say to man, lost in the transitory and perishable, 'Raise thine eyes to the Eternal;' he has no eye for the Eternal,—his eye is itself transitory and perishable, and reflects only the transitory and perishable. But let the light itself burst forth, then the darkness becomes visible, retires, and draws off, like shadows across the field. The darkness is the thoughtlessness, the frivolity, the fickleness of men. When the light of religion has arisen, there is no longer need to warn men against these things, or to struggle against them; they have already vanished, and their place is no longer known. Are they still there? Then the light of religion has assuredly not arisen, and all warning and exhortation is in vain. The one thing truly noble in man, the highest form of the one idea which reveals itself within him, is religion; but religion is nothing external, and never clothes itself in any outward manifestation, but it completes the inward life of man; it is spiritual light and truth. The true course of action is now discovered of itself, for truth cannot act otherwise than according to truth; but this true course of action is no longer a sacrifice, no longer demands suffering and endurance, but is itself the manifestation and effluence of the highest inward blessedness. He who, although with reluctance and in conflict with internal darkness, yet acts according to truth, let him be admired, and let his heroism be extolled: he upon whom this inward light has arisen, has outgrown our admiration and our praise; there is no longer any doubt, hesitation, or obstruction in his being, but all is the one, clear, everflowing fountain of truth. In the darkness of mere earthly vision, all things stand divided from each other; each individual thing isolated by means of the cold and unillumined matter in which it is embraced. But in this darkness there is no unity. The light of religion arises, and all things burst forth and rush towards each other in reciprocal order and dependence, and float on together, as a united whole, in the one, eternal, and all-embracing flood of light. This light is mild, refreshing, and wholesome to the

eye. In the twilight of mere earthly vision, the dim shapes which crowd in confusion around us are feared, and therefore hated. In the light of religion all things are pleasing, and shed around them calmness and peace. In it all unlovely shapes disappear, and all things float in the glowing ether of love. Not that man devotes himself to the high will of fate, which is unchangeable and unavoidable; in religion there is no fate, but only wisdom and goodness, to which man is not compelled to resign himself, but which embrace him with infinite love."

This work must be acceptable to every deep thinker, as well as to every earnest seeker after truth. The revelations of every high and noble mind should be reverently received as *truths*. Great minds are the beacons of humanity, illumining its onward and upward path. M. T.

HOPE FOR THE BEST.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Yes, hope for the best, in the world's shifting scene,
Some changes and troubles must ever arise;
The smoothest of seas is not always serene,
And clouds will o'ershadow the loveliest skies:
But the sun sparkles forth and the clouds are dispersed,
The winds die away, and the waves are at rest;
Then why should we ever be dreading the worst,
When nature instructs us to hope for the best?

And even, if we really have cause for our fears,
And are likely in danger's deep waters to sink,
Would the trial be lessened, because through long years
We had mournfully shuddered and sighed on the brink?
Let our friends be untrue, and our fortunes reversed,
Of the wealth of the future we yet are possessed;
And none are so fitted to cope with the worst,
As those who have constantly hoped for the best.

Hope nerves the worn mind, and revives the weak frame,
It lifts us the world's petty malice above,
Removes the rough stones from the pathway of fame,
And plucks the sharp thorns from the roses of love;
Through walls it can pierce, and through chains it can burst,
It strengthens the feeble, it cheers the oppressed,
They bend to the tempest, submit to the worst,—
Then hope through new trials, and hope for the best!

PHARAOH:

A DRAMATIC POEM.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Hebrews.

Moses.
Joshua.
Rachel.
Tamar.
Miriam.
Chorus, etc.

Egyptians.

Pharaoh.
Menes.
Rameses.
Pheron.
Jannes.
Jambres.
Chephren.
Sethos.
Nitocris.
Thermeuthis.
Arsinoë.
Magicians.
Priests.
Officers, and others.

PART I.

GOSHEN.

Moses and Hebrews.

First Hebrew.—See, Moses stands, rapt in some heavenly vision.
Now has descended on his soul again
The spirit of prophecy; and his fixed eye
Seems as deciphering the book of life,
To us invisible.
Second Hebrew.—And mark you not
That light upon his countenance, the sign
Of converse with Jehovah?
First Hebrew.—Hark! he seems
About to speak.
Moses.—Three days the sun hath shone
On us, and not on Egypt. A thick darkness

That may be felt broods over all the land;
And fearful spectres glide before the eyes
Of the Egyptians. They sit motionless,
A mockery of life, like mummies, nitched
In the still chambers of the catacombs.
Hear me, ye elders of the tribes, and men
Of Israel. The God of Abraham
Hath not forgot his promise. See the signs
Which he hath wrought by me, and put to shame
Egypt's magicians, with their foul enchantments.
Nine plages have fallen on that devoted race,
Each heavier than the former. Now nine times
The hand of God hath smitten, to bruise them,
But not crush utterly: for I see light returning,
And the obscurity melting, as the mists
Roll from the mountain.
A Hebrew.—Moses, we believe
That thou art sent, a holy man from God,
Who at the destined hour will free his people.
But our augmented tasks press heavily,
And crush us till we faint beneath the burden.
Moses.—Fear not, for God is with us; and I feel
A holy premonition that ere long
The great deliverance will be fully wrought,
I AM hath promised. Pharaoh's stubborn heart
Yet will not soften. Plague succeeding plague
Still hardens him, till his appointed course
Is ended, and the last dread thunderbolt
Falls fatal on him. Children, think not then
Your lot most wretched, nor be envious
When, like a palm, the wicked flourish. Pharaoh,
Of his dark passions the blind slave and victim,
Shall glare a beacon to all future times;
And this our patient suffering, and our triumph,
Shall to the wounded and oppressed give comfort,
When Rameses and Pithom, those great cities
Built by your hands, have mouldered into dust.

CHORUS.

Infinite God!
Sole king ere worlds or time began,
Thou oft hast trod
The earth, and walked and dwelt with man.
On Canaan's trophied fields are seen
The tracks where Deity hath been;
And many a storied pillar stands
In pathways hallowed by thy feet,
Where, circled by thine angel bands,
Thou didst our wondering fathers meet.
Descend, Omnipotent! again descend!
When wilt thou bid our lingering bondage end?

What godlike forms on Hebron's plain
Mingled with Abram's princely train,
And unknown shared the patriarch's cheer!
But, when the parting hour drew near,
A glory round the strangers came,
And Mamre's seraphs rose in flame.
How bright, on La-hai-ro-i's wild,
An Eden in the desert smiled,
When shady palm, and bubbling well,
Rose 'mid the sands, a miracle,
And heaven came down at Hagar's piercing cry,
Nor left the famished fugitive to die.

O'er exiled Jacob's desert bed
What beauteous visions didst thou shed!
Pillowed on stones at close of day,
Asleep the lonely pilgrim lay,
Then down the gloomy vault of night
Streamed a broad path of golden light,
And, gorgeous as the clouds of even,
Thy fiery squadrons rushed from heaven.
Send down again that chariotry;
Kindle thy beacons in the sky.
We wait the meteor signals of thy power:
Is not thy triumph near, and this the hour?

Rejoice! rejoice!
Jehovah's armies, at his nod,
Avenge their God.
The swarming millions hear his voice;
Swift at his call from far repair
Wild legions of the earth and air:
Winds that in mountain caverns sleep;
Fires that in earth's dark entrails glow;
Spirits from Hades' gloomy deep;
Impetuous, rush upon the foe.
The dense battalions come, presaging all,
Egypt's dread doom, and haughty Pharaoh's fall.

THE GREAT SQUARE AT MEMPHIS.

A confused multitude conversing together in groups. Two Egyptians apart from the rest.

First Egyptian.—The world is at an end. These growing plagues
Have changed the course of nature, and will soon
Destroy all living things. 'Tis light again;

But I am yet scarce certain that I see,
Or feel, or breathe.
Second Egyptian.—Something must soon be done
To end these horrors.
First Egyptian.—Done! what can we do?
This dreadful God is irresistible,
And Pharaoh will not yield.
Second Egyptian.—Force him to yield!
We will no longer brook his tyranny.
First Egyptian.—But who shall lead us?
Second Egyptian.—Who but Amenophis,
Our rightful sovereign of the ancient race?
Egypt will rise in transport at his name.
First Egyptian.—Not to the injury of Pharaoh's son;
All Egypt loves him.
Second Egyptian.—Well! first down with Pharaoh,
And after choose the king that shall succeed him.
First Egyptian.—But where is Amenophis? Let me hear
The true tale of these rival families.
Second Egyptian.—Some ages since our lawful Pharaohs held
The throne of Egypt, when first Israel came,
But a few families, and dwelt in peace,
Favoured and honoured by all Egypt's sons.
A great one of their race, Joseph by name,
But called in Egypt Zaphnath-Paaneah,
In whom the spirit of the gods was found,
Was second in the kingdom. Israel grew
A mighty nation. Meanwhile came, and conquered,
And reigned o'er Egypt, this accursed race,
These Hycsos, shepherd-kings, who knew not Joseph.
Then all the tribes of Hebrews were made slaves.
For this their God has sent destroying plagues,
That wither up the kingdom. But the stock
Of Egypt's kings escaped, fled, as they say,
To Ethiopia, and lay long concealed.
And a strange tale has been of late reported,
That the true heir of Egypt's throne is here,
Brought up in Memphis; and Prince Amenophis,
Under some other name, waits but his time.
First Egyptian.—'Tis a strange tale. But where or who is he?
Second Egyptian.—I know not, but 'tis known to many nobles;
And, ere ten suns have risen and set, mark me,
Pharaoh will be dethroned.
First Egyptian.—What things will happen,
No living man can tell. Such wonders teem,
That prodigies alone are common things,
And common things would be the wonder now.
A week, a day, may work your purpose out,
And Israel's God may empty Pharaoh's throne,
Without your care.

Second Egyptian.—And empty Egypt too.
But let us mingle with these crowds, and learn
Their thoughts and purposes.

THE CATACOMBS OF MEMPHIS.

Egyptian Proselytes.

First Proselyte.—Once more amid these miracles we meet
To worship the true God. His wonders loud
Proclaim his deity, and proselytes
Daily increase. Even in the very palace,
Nobles and priests believe in Israel's God.
Second Proselyte.—Yes, but in secret, like ourselves. Pharaoh
Bears deadly hatred to the race of Israel,
And to their worship. Men have darkly hinted
That Asia, honoured and beloved by all,
The queen whose praises breathe from infant lips,
Whom wandering minstrels murmur in their songs,
Died under torture, though he madly loved her,
Confessing Israel's God. And since that time
Pharaoh has known no peace. There haunts him ever
The sad pale spectre of his murdered wife.
His deadly moods follow each other closer,
Till every terror is in that word, Pharaoh.
First Proselyte.—It is too true. He is the curse of Egypt.
At his approach men tremble; at his glance
Their spirits sink; if he but take a journey,
The road becomes a desert; villages
And towns are all forsaken, where he comes.
His frown is death. His smile is yet more dreadful,
For that is death with torture. In the morning
Men watch his first look, for 'tis ominous
Of the day's colour. Has his rest been broken?
Then death is busy.
Second Proselyte.—What is his present mood?
First Proselyte.—We know not. He seems stricken by a power
None can resist.
Second Proselyte.—All men are stricken with him.
The people murmur, and can scarce restrain
Their struggling thoughts that take part with the Hebrews.
First Proselyte.—Let them beware; or blood will flow in torrents.
Pharaoh brooks no resistance nor entreaty.
Second Proselyte.—But the magicians—
First Proselyte.—True, they often move him.
A dream, an oracle, omen, or soothsayer,

Will make him tremble. He has sent again
For the magician, Jannes, and his brother.
No man knows whence these wizards came. Some say
They are from Midian, of a race of prophets;
That they hold intercourse with unseen worlds;
Bring up the dead; read in the starry heavens
The fate of men and kingdoms; and have power
To move all nature. Pharaoh trusts in them.
I fear this message bodes no good to Egypt.

Second Proselyte.—It must soon end. Egypt is one wide ruin,
And death sweeps all before him. From the palace,
To the mud hovel of the meanest slave,
The land will be unpeopled.

First Proselyte.—There is hope
That Pharaoh yet will liberate the Hebrews.
Moses is held in honour. The task-masters
Are lenient, for they dare not exercise
Their former rigor. Israel has mighty friends
Within the palace walls. The good prince, Menes,
Himself a proselyte, and old Rameses,
High priest of Isis, and of royal blood,
Half won to Israel's worship, wait the time
To urge the Hebrews' right.

Second Proselyte.—See, Pheron comes:
And with him one unknown. His face is hidden,
But his high mien speaks him of noble birth.

Proselytes. Menes. Pheron.

Pheron.—I bring you, brethren, an illustrious convert
To the true worship,—Menes, heir of Egypt.

First Proselyte.—Most welcome, noble prince. Your presence here
Will give delight to many; to yourself honour
And happiness, greater than Egypt's crown
And throne.

Menes.—I am your brother in the worship
Of the Creator. Egypt by his hand
Is now a desert, as if burnt and trampled
By conquering armies. Not a blade of corn
Grows in our fields, nor leaf on tree or shrub.
The putrid carcases of man and beast
Choke up our streets, and o'er the blackened earth
Stern ruin and blank desolation reign.
But enter Goshen: nature wantons there
In beauty and abundance; blooming flowers
And bending corn, and the luxuriant trees,
From which no dewdrop has been roughly shaken,
All speak the presence of a mighty God
Who separates between his foes and friends.

First Proselyte.—The proofs are palpable; and happy they

Who make this God their refuge. But our time
Of sacrifice is come. Our brethren wait us
In the recesses of the catacombs.
Pheron.—Go on: we follow you.

Menes. Pheron.

Menes.—How dread and awful
This darkness of the tomb, which the dull torch
Can scarcely pierce; these endless ranks of dead
That stretch far in the gloom, like streets
Of some great midnight city! What metropolis
So vast and multitudinous as this?
O death! no monarch owns so many subjects!
I feel as I had passed the boundary
That separates from living men, and stood
In the world of spirits. What place is so fitting,
Thou Spiritual and Eternal, for thy temple?
Pheron.—And shall we serve the living God by stealth,
As if ashamed to own him?
Menes.—No, my Pheron.
We will confess his glorious name together
Before all men. We long have worshipped him
In secret. From our infant years, my brother,
Our hearts have been but one; our sports and studies,
Our thoughts and pleasures, all enjoyed in common.
Friendship, that blessed phœnix, that leaves heaven
Once only in long ages, saw us infants,
Cradled and sleeping in each other's arms,
And, hovering, stooped its bright and downy wing,
And lighted on us. We have loved through life,
And death will not divide us.
Pheron.—No! our faith
Makes the sweet bond eternal. But say, Menes,
Think you that Pharaoh is prepared to free
The Hebrews? This last blow must surely shake
His stedfast purpose?
Menes.—Some faint hope I have,
If that dark Jannes can be kept from court.
I fear that man. Deep, scheming, cunning, fraudful,
He lives in mischief. But 'tis time to join
Our brethren's worship.

THE QUARRIES OF THE NILE.

Jannes. Jambres.

Jannes.—I am perplexed. By what deep arts I know not,
This Moses overreaches us, and laughs
Our tricks to scorn. But shall the proud magicians,
The world-renowned of Egypt, be thus thwarted?
Whence comes his power? How does the grovelling slave
Outstretch our skill so far, bridle the hurricane,
And hang a curtain on the very sun?
Jambres.—How, I know not. But that his God is mighty,
Far beyond ours, his dreadful deeds speak plainly.
Jannes.—Gods? Idle dreams! Let women, children, dotards,
And slaves, groan under this ridiculous yoke,
I never use the word, unless to swear by.
Jambres.—And to give colour to our secret rites?
Jannes.—Ay, that of course. Idiots! how they devour
The marvellous tales of priests, prophets, and magi!
Credulous fools! they merit to be cheated.
Jambres.—Jannes, I am your partner in the frauds
By which we gain our wealth, and hold them lawful.
Sceptic I am in what concerns the gods;
But sceptic only: for I cannot yet
Shake off all lingering credence in the faith
That holds men's minds so strongly, And, if true
The common superstition, and not fable,
We play a fearful part; while the poor fools
We laugh at, and cajole, are wise at last.
Jannes.—Where see you proofs of Deity, or any power
Greater than man's?
Jambres.—Where? Do you then forget
The power of Moses' rod, when all confessed,
This is God's finger?
Jannes.—All confessed? Not I.
I stood alone, unawed, and unconvinced,
Before this Hebrew. I bid him defiance!
But I believe in Nature. She has influences
And powers, which whoso can discover
May work all miracles. Each plant contains
Within itself, each metal, and each stone,
Some secret virtue, some all-potent charm.
The sure specifics for all maladies
Lurk in the homeliest herbs, did we but know
Their residence and use. All nature sympathises
With every part. Worlds scattered wide throughout
Infinite space, are linked with distant worlds,

Forming one perfect whole. Each tiny star,
That scarcely twinkles visibly to man,
Is pregnant with his fate; and he may read it
In golden letters on the page of night.
Successive generations will grow wiser;
Pierce the abyss of nature: drag to light
Her darkest mysteries; separate and sift
Her finest elements and atoms; learn
Her powers medicinal, and be immortal;
Untwist the mazy dance of yonder orbs;
Divulge the system of the universe;
And man will be a god. But let us hasten.
Our business presses, and we must be prompt
To save our honour. I will move the king.
But see who comes here. Israel's peerless beauty.

Jambres.—Rachel? her charms, they say, have magic power
To move old age, to breathe life in the dead,
Or win the savage brute to tenderness.

Jannes (apart).—I have felt them deeply. This he does not know.
Jambres, let us retire; we may discover
Something of moment.

Rachel (alone).—It comes! it comes! the promised freedom comes
To Israel. God rides upon the storm,
And from his cloudy chariot frowns on Egypt.
Haste, Lord! why linger still thy thundering wheels?
Yet we, thy lowly people, live in thee;
And thou hast taught thy handmaid from the womb;
And I have heard and known thy voice, and loved
To hear. At midnight thou hast opened heaven,
And shown me the bright ranks around thy throne;
Till, filled with joy and terror, I exclaimed,
This chamber is God's temple. When thy spirit
Has hovered o'er me, breathing strains prophetic,
How glorious was the vision! Even here,
In these wild solitudes, I have prayed, and found thee.

(Sings.)

Lord of the heavens, whose glorious worlds are shed,
Like sands upon creation's farthest shore,
Through nature's infinite thy name is spread,
And all her myriad tribes own thee their Head,
For evermore.

Lord of the earth, whose love's perennial flow
Tints the gay cloud, the insect, and the flower;
Thy beauties in the noontide splendour glow,
The sparkling dewdrop, and the painted bow
That decks the shower.

Kind as a father to his child thou art,
Refuge of thy saints, while sinners die.
Thy voice, though tempests frown, and lightnings dart,
Breathes music sweet, and soothes the fainting heart,
When ills are nigh.

When Ocean on his mountain throne sat long,
Through the dark flood he saw thee haste to save;
Watched the lone ark those shoreless seas among,
And heard, enchanted, Noah's evening song,
O'er the world's grave.

When on foul Sodom's towers, and smiling fruitful plain,
Pregnant with death, the fatal morning rose,
Till Lot was safe, the bridled storm in vain
Muttered, impatient. Then the fiery rain
Burst on thy foes.

And thus we through the burning furnace go
Fearless, unhurt if, Saviour, thou art nigh.
Though the fierce heat with tenfold fury glow,
The conscious fires their Master's presence know,
And pass us by.

So, like that wondrous bush, whose hallowed light
Horeb's deep vales and rugged peaks illumed,
Begirt with flames, thy church is ever bright,
A glittering beacon in the world's dark night,
But not consumed.

Pheron. Rachel.

Pheron.—My dearest Rachel, are you still so calm
Amid these terrors?
Rachel—Wherefore should I fear?
No plague comes near me. Hailstones, lightnings, winds,
All know our sacred dwellings, nor dare cross
The viewless line that severs them from Egypt
Yet I have suffered, Pheron, for you suffer.
While sunshine smiled on Goshen, I still felt
That you were tortured with a living death,
A tenant of the tomb before your time.
Dear Pheron, leave, O leave this guilty land,
Lest you should perish.
Pheron.—Would it not be rash
To awake Pharaoh's fatal vengeance?
Rachel.—Our God is able to deliver. Think you
We live in safety, Pheron, because Pharaoh
Wills not our hurt? He has no power to injure.
Jehovah is our shield, and tower, and refuge.
O trust him fully.

Pheron.—I do trust him, dearest.
Show me but reason, I will go at once.
Rachel.—Oh for an angel's tongue! Are you a noble?
Blest Israel is the world's nobility;
A royal nation, whom the Almighty chose
To be his highest peers, his sons and daughters.
What golden coronet, blazing with gems,
Glitters like Jacob's? To the end of time
The seed of Abraham, God's eldest born,
Shall rank the noblest of the race of man.
And heaven is with us. Angels camp around
Our dwellings; God's own guards fill all the air,
Both day and night, and ofttimes are unveiled
To our anointed vision. The Divine Spirit
Rests on our seers; and living oracles
Walk up and down our streets; while in our midst
The Eternal dwells, and reigns, and holds his court.
Is not this blessedness? Is not this honour?
Think what delirium of bliss was felt
By those who walked, in the world's youth, with God,—
Enoch and Noah, Abraham and Isaac,
Now throned amid the loftiest cherubim:
Names that will rest embalmed in human hearts
Long as the earth continues. To be joined
In holy fellowship with souls like these,
Oh, is not this ambition that might fill
An angel's soul, and live in heaven itself?
Pheron.—No more! no more! I will leave all, and be
A servant of Jehovah, and a Hebrew.
Rachel.—And think, dear Pheron, what, should Pharaoh learn
That old Sethosis, on his dying bed,
Swore that the Pheron brought up as his son
Was Amenophis, Egypt's rightful king?
Pheron.—That hour would be my last. And yet I never
Will seek his throne while my dear Menes lives.
Rachel.—You are not safe in Egypt. All things urge
Your swift departure. Come this night to Goshen.
Pheron.—I will. Till then, farewell!

Jannes. Jambres.

Jannes.—Till then, farewell!
And longer yet, perchance. A rare discovery!
Jambres.—What were it best to do?
Jannes.—Let's give it thought,
And take a full revenge upon the traitor.

AN AUDIENCE-CHAMBER IN THE PALACE.

Officers of the royal household in waiting. Priests and magicians.

Chephren.—Our very gods
Refuse their aid. The air is not yet pure;
The sacrifices burn not; and my eyes
Have not their wonted use.
Sethos.—They say strange portents
Have lighted up the skies: armies engaged
In shock of battle; the chariotry of heaven,
Its hosts of bow and spearmen, all arrayed
In hostile squadrons.
Chephren.—Yes, and marvels, too,
Teem in the city. In our holy temple
A crocodile was found this morning, hid
Close by the stall of Apis. As I came
At noon, I saw two basking in the streets,
And near to Pharaoh's palace. Report, too,
Says that the graves give up their dead; and stiff
And sheeted corpses have been seen, ghost-like,
Gliding in the dull, cold, sepulchral air.
Sethos.—And have you heard that old Thermuthis has
This day been heard again to prophecy,
As if just risen from death? Full many a year
Like a stiff mummy, gummed and balsamed, stretched
On her couch, the sepulchre of the living dead,
She lay, her stony eye fixed. At this time
Her resurrection bodes new wonders. Far
Beyond a century she has lived. Her words
Are oracles.
Chephren.—'Tis strange. This Moses, too,
Is her adopted son, saved by her hand
From drowning, when an infant. Pharaoh comes.
I hear the softened murmur that precedes
The approach of kings. Moses will soon be here,
And Pharaoh's present purpose will be known.
Sethos.—The fate of Egypt hangs upon this hour,
And tens of thousands wait to hear the issue.

Pharaoh, on his throne. Menes, Rameses, Jannes, Jambres, Priests, Magicians, Nobles.

Pharaoh.—Nobles of Egypt, once more have I sent
For Moses, that the whole land may not perish.
My wise and reverend fathers, your enchantments
Have lost their virtue, and our gods have bowed

And fallen before the God of Israel.
Rameses.—O king, there is one only way of safety:
Submission to Jehovah, the Almighty.
Pharaoh.—Have I not yielded? Have I not said to Moses,
A three days' journey in the wilderness
Go, you that are men; only your little ones,
Your flocks, and herds, must all be left behind?
Who is Jehovah, that I should obey him?
And what are they but slaves? And yet our gods
Are vanquished; all our waters turn to blood;
Egypt lies desolate; city and country swarm
With frogs, lice, flies, and locusts. Fire, and hail,
And preternatural lightnings, dash and hiss
Around my path; my body has been spread
With loathsome boils; and three long days have seen
My gilded chambers turned into a tomb,
By an unnatural darkness that the hand
Could feel. By all the gods, it maddens me!
Let the slave do his worst: I yield no farther.
Rameses.—Let not the king be angry with his servant.
How long shall this man be a snare to us?
Egypt is now a desert, and our cities
Will soon become our tombs. For none can stand
Before this God.
Menes.—Oh, hear these words, my father;
Submission to a God is not dishonour.
Jannes.—Great monarch, suffer me to speak. Shall slaves
Who used to tremble at our whips, be able
To conquer Pharaoh? Never. Egypt's gods
Are able to deliver Egypt.
Menes.—Say then why
They did not, when their help was so much needed?
Your arts cannot resist this mighty God.
Witness, proud Jannes, far-renowned magician,
When Moses' serpent swallowed yours.
Jannes.—Never!
'Twas some deception of the sight, performed
By that arch-juggler, Moses. Only cowardice
Would yield to the impostor.
Menes.—Cowardice!
'Tis then a cowardice common to Egypt:
For, from old Memphis to Ethiopia,
Both man and beast have trembled. You yourself
Have sickened of the same disease, and at
The sight of Moses have turned pale. Where was
Your vaunted courage, when, all foul with boils,
For shame we durst not enter Moses' presence?
Where was your power when, three whole days and nights,
Thick darkness bound us like a chain, nor hand
Nor foot was moved?

Pharaoh. Peace, Menes! Jannes, peace!
Words will not move me. By the great Osiris,
We'll meet calamities with hardy front,
And welcome them with merriment. Menes,
This day your marriage shall be solemnized.
Rameses, let your daughter be prepared.
Go! give the needful orders through the palace;
We hold the marriage feast to-night. I have said.
Speak not a word in answer. (*Menes and Rameses go out.*)
Sethos (apart to Chephren).—Hark! a shout!
He comes! the very palace rocks and trembles
At the loud noise. Again! But see, he enters.

Enter Moses and Aaron.

Chephren.—Surely this man is more than human. Majesty
Is in his step; a godlike grandeur sits
Upon his brow.
Sethos.—All shrink beneath his glance.
Even Pharaoh's proud look changes, and grows troubled.
Moses.—Pharaoh, once more I stand before thee. Speak
Thy final purpose.
Pharaoh.—Go, and serve Jehovah.
But all your flocks and herds remain behind:
Into the desert take your children only.
Moses.—We must have offerings, Pharaoh, for our God;
Therefore will take our cattle. Not one hoof
Shall stay in Egypt: for we know not what
Jehovah will require.
Pharaoh.—Out of my sight!
Nor venture here again. Look to yourself!
For on the day you see my face, you die!
Chephren.—Moses is silent. Yet he moves not, neither
Does his look speak of fear.
Sethos.—Moses feel fear!
Mark you his flashing eye, that seems to wither
All men on whom it falls? The court, the king,
Are thunderstruck. Some fatal plague is coming;
Yet scarce more blasting than that awful brow.
Moses—Thou hast well spoken. I will see again
Thy face no more. Now listen my last message.
Thus saith Jehovah: At midnight will I walk
Through Egypt, and your first-born sons shall die,
All, from the heir of Pharaoh's throne to the
First-born of beasts. One universal cry
Shall rise from prince, and priest, and lowliest slave;
But peace shall be in Israel. Not a dog
Shall move his tongue against the holy race,
That you may know the difference between

Israel and the Egyptians. Then thy pride
Shall stoop, and these thy flatterers then
Shall come and crouch to me, and cry, Go out,
With all thy people. And I will go out.

(*Moses goes out, in great anger. The king retires. The assembly breaks up, confusedly. Jannes remains.*)

Jannes.—Cowardly fools!
How they all tremble! Certain there is much
About this Moses that I cannot fathom.
And Pharaoh's self must still be strongly urged:
For I perceive he wavers, and his cheek
Is superstition's colour, deadly pale.
That be my business. I who disbelieve
In all their gods, alike, can keep more cool,
To use the arguments on either side.
Yet Moses threatens, and he is wont to keep
His threat. Perhaps, what if it should be so?
And to that end the threat of midnight death,
That, struck with fear, we may be easier prey,
They plan an insurrection for the night.
Trust me, my doughty Hebrews, we'll prepare
For your kind visit. I and Pheron, too,
Must quit accounts. But meanwhile I must watch
That Pharaoh's purpose change not.

A ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF RAMESES.

Rameses. Nitocris. Arsinoe.

Rameses.—The assembly is dismissed, and Moses gone.
I haste to learn the event, but dread to ask.
Meanwhile prepare, and put on all your smiles,
To meet the prince. Pharaoh must be obeyed.

Nitocris and Arsinoe.

Arsinoe.—But sweet Nitocris, prithee, droop not now;
This is the day that seats you on the throne
Of all your wishes. You are now the envy
Of Egypt's highest born and fairest maidens.
Nitocris.—I know I am. Yet 'tis an awful moment.
The time suits not with marriage revelries.
Arsinoe.—Try, dearest lady, to collect your spirits.

What dreadful cause oppresses you thus sadly?
Nitocris.—Tell me, Arsinoe, what think you of dreams?
Believe you that the mind with unseen worlds
Has sometimes a mysterious intercourse?
That spiritual beings to our inward sense
May whisper knowledge; and that things to come,
When the freed mind has struggled from the bonds
Of its corrupter partner, lie unveiled
In sleep before us?
Arsinoe.—That dreams have come from heaven,
We may not doubt. In visions of the night,
When all around is still, the gods on men
Have poured their inspiration. Night and silence
Are fittest for the visitants of heaven.
But of our common dreams, the flimsy texture
Bespeaks a mean and earthly origin.
Nitocris.—But say that some wild, terrible impression
Of woe impending be upon the mind
Indelibly stamped, would you interpret this
The true index of fate?
Arsinoe.—'Tis the sign rather
Of a diseased mind. But why speak you thus?
Nitocris.—From these events some dreadful thing will happen.
A shapeless vision, ever boding ill,
Points to my dearest Menes, and cries death!
Oh, 'tis an awful time to celebrate
Bridal festivities. The dance and song
But ill accord with plagues, and woes, and deaths.
Arsinoe.—All wear a sadness foreign to their nature
In these sad times. Endeavour to look cheerful.
You will distress the prince
Nitocris.—Oh, I will rouse me.
I would not grieve the noble heart of Menes;
He is all goodness, far above my merit.
When he returned from the Ethiopian war,
With captive princes at his chariot wheels,
The conqueror moved godlike; and yet so meek,
And mild and modest, that he blushing heard
The shouts of multitudes who welcomed home
Their country's hero. But there was one eye
That more admired than all that noisy crowd.
And while I looked and loved, I wept, and felt
How poor Nitocris was compared with Menes.
Arsinoe.—My dearest lady, go to Isis' temple
With votive gifts, and costly sacrifice.
Perhaps the goddess may relent and bless you.
Nitocris.—Alas! what power has she, by Israel's God
Conquered and shamed? All gods and altars now,
And priests and oracles, have bowed and fallen
Before the God of Israel.

Menes. Nitocris. Arsinoe.

Menes.—My bride!
Dearest Nitocris, the long wished for day,
Our bridal day, at length is come.
Nitocris.—But come
At a sad season, Menes.
Menes.—I so joyed
When Pharaoh spoke the word, that Egypt's plagues
Were all forgotten. Israel must soon leave
Our country; Pharaoh soon must yield; and then
All will be happiness. And come what may,
With thee I can know only bliss.
Nitocris.—But Menes,
You worship not our gods. Should Pharaoh learn
Your secret, even your life would be in peril.
Where could you hide from his devouring anger?
Menes.—With the freed Hebrews in the wilderness.
Would you not go with me?
Nitocris.—To the world's end!
With you will henceforth be my happiness.
Menes.—Come, now you smile again. That look is better.
The bride who loves her lord should not be mournful.
Sad looks dishonour him, and tell the world
Of enforced vows, and painful sacrifice.
Nitocris.—Oh, you could not mistake me. My full joy
Too readily appears when you are present.

Menes. Nitocris. Arsinoe. Pheron.

Menes.—Pheron, congratulate me! I have reached
The summit of my bliss. You for my friend,
Nitocris for my bride. This world can give
Nothing beyond. But your looks are infectious.
Speak, Pheron, what dread thing has happened?
What evil has befallen you?
Pheron.—Not for myself,
Not for myself, dear Menes, do I sorrow;
It is for thee, my brother. A last plague
Hath been foretold by Moses, far more dreadful
Than all the past. At midnight God goes forth,
And slays all the firstborn of Egypt.
Menes.—And I shall be his victim. (*Nitocris faints.*) Dearest Pheron,
You have killed her. O sublunary bliss!
How vain thou art! One minute since, the earth
Held not a heart more joyous than mine own:
And now the world knows none more desolate.

GOSHEN.

Moses. Aaron. Hebrews.

Moses.—Children of Israel, your deliverance
Approaches. In a few more hours the men
Who were so late your masters, shall bow down
And ask you to be free; beseech you; nay,
With importunity shall thrust you out.
For on this night the God of Israel triumphs
O'er Egypt.
Let each household choose a lamb,
And kill it for the passover. Then take
A bunch of hyssop; dip it in the blood,
And on your doorposts, and upon the lintel,
Strike it. And then let none till morning move
Over the threshold. At the midnight hour
Shall the Destroyer go throughout the land.
But this your sacrifice shall be a sign
Between THE LORD and you; and when he sees
The blood sprinkled, you shall be left in safety.
Meanwhile remain within your doors, and eat
The paschal supper with unleavened bread,
Mingled with bitter herbs. Eat it in haste,
As men prepared to journey. Let your loins
Be girded, and let each man grasp his staff,
For your deliverance is near at hand.
As long as the posterity of Jacob
Shall live in the fair land that God hath promised,
This feast shall be observed among your sons;
And children's children shall rejoice when they
Shall hear of this your victory. Meanwhile,
Ask of the wealthiest every thing you need,
Garments, and jewelry of gold and silver.
Jehovah, in the sight of the Egyptians,
Will show you favour. All shall freely give.
It is the just reward of your long labour,
And that of all your fathers.

CHORUS.

Hail to thee, God of Israel, Lord of might!
Throned on thy car of clouds, and robed in light!
For thou art God alone;
And all thy numerous hosts obey
Thy sovereign sway.

Princedoms and powers on high
Stand bending round thine everlasting throne.
Or swiftly through the illimitable sky,
Heaven's winged couriers fly,
To make thy mandates known.
At thy command
Famine, and pestilence, and war,
Dart their envenomed shafts afar:
The fierce sirocco, with his poisonous breath,
Sweeps o'er the sand,
And heaps the panting wilderness with death.
Thy voice,
That from the teeming womb of chaos drew
Creation in its infant beauty,
Glistening like morning dew,
Or sparkling fire,
The smiling image of its sire:
That potent word
Which, by thy children heard,
Gently wins them to their duty,
And bids the holy tribes rejoice,
Is terror to thy foes,
And scatters through the nations plagues and woes.
Even now,
Thou heard'st our cry:
Our wail of misery reached thy temple high.
Then shook the frightened earth beneath thy frown;
And thou didst bow
Thy heavens, and camest down,
Riding thy cherub steed
With lightning's speed,
Borne on the wild wind's rushing pinions,
Through thy measureless dominions,
And, in thy dreadful ire,
On every side
Didst scatter wide
Plagues, tempests, hailstones, coals of fire.*
Lord of the skies,
Israel's Emancipator, hail!
Most wonderful, most wise!
Before thee bow
Thy foes, and at thy presence quail.
All glorious thou,
Leader of heaven's innumerable train,
More dazzling than the million million suns
That stud the midnight arch
Beneath thy feet,

* Psalm xviii.

Like dewy gems, or drops of golden rain;
The glowing pavement of thy march
More dazzling than the glorious ones
Around thy burning seat.
Hail to thee, God of Jacob, Lord of might!
Throned on thy car of clouds, and robed in light!

(*To be continued.*)

Belgium, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Holland: an Autumnal Tour. By J. S. Buckingham. 2 vols. London: Peter Jackson, late Fisher, Son, and Co.

Mr. Buckingham's character and claims are by this time, we trust, widely known. Few men, either at home or abroad, can better lay claim to the title of "guide, philosopher, and friend." Few men of equal worth have suffered equal wrongs. At the early age of ten, a prisoner of war; in 1813, by the breaking out of the plague, an unsuccessful mercantile adventurer at Valetta; a short while after, an unfortunate traveller, stripped, plundered of everything, left entirely naked, without food or water, in the midst of the desert, by a party of revolted Egyptian soldiers; expelled from India by the tyranny of the Bombay government; compelled to resign an opulent situation in the service of the Imaum of Muscat, because he could not bring himself to participate in the inhuman traffic in the life of man. Banished again from India by the temporary Governor General, who at the same time destroyed the newspaper which he had established, and which realised £8,000 a year, for no justifiable cause whatever; admitted by Lord John Russell to deserve compensation, and yet by Lord John Russell himself denied all chance of redress. The founder of an institution which sought to supply a great social want, and yet which broke up, for want of adequate support. Few men would have borne up, as Mr. Buckingham has done, against a sea of troubles; and still fewer would have laboured as he has, for the benefit and instruction of his fellow-man. Most men under the circumstances of the case would have grown misanthropical, and written of the world and its ways with a pen steeped in gall.

Our author, however, as if nothing had happened to annoy him, has for years been known and respected as a philanthropist, and has laboured that the world might be the better for his life. Of principles that have now been crowned with righteous success, he was the advocate, when those who held them were but few in number, and despised. The reforms for which he was sacrificed in India have one after another been introduced. Father Mathew has had a pension for life; twenty millions have been voted for the slave owners in the West Indies. After thirty years of tarnished fame, Lord Dundonald has been restored to the full enjoyment of his rights. Mr. Buckingham alone has been overlooked; his claims alone have been admitted, and often treated with neglect. Against the unjust judge his importunity alone has been of no avail. Though Lord John Russell, the chairman of the committee of the House of Commons, by whom Buckingham's case was considered, spoke of his great hardships and grievous losses; though Lord (then Mr.) Denman described Mr. Buckingham's expulsion from India as "one of the most cruel, oppressive, and unjustifiable acts which he had ever known to have been committed by a British governor, in the history of the colonies, bad as they were;" still we believe Mr. Buckingham will be what he has been for years, an injured man. Whigs can be generous and rhetorical when out of office; can mix with men of the people; even can take the chair at Exeter hall. But in office you have no hope from them, unless you can prove that your ancestor came in for a slice of church property under bluff king Hal, or was a pirate or free-booter when the Norman bastard landed on our shores. In the eyes of the whig minister, ancestry covers a multitude of sins. They tolerated Sheridan; they are compelled to be civil to Cobden; but Mr. Buckingham, no longer a member of parliament, not even the grandson of a lord, has not the shadow of a chance with them; not even if he waits till the House of Commons be completed, a thing as improbable as anything that can well be imagined.

So much for the whigs, by way of digression. Let us return to the "Autumnal Tour." It would be absurd to expect much novelty, for Mr. Buckingham has gone over the very ground with which Englishmen are most familiar. Nevertheless, he has collected an amount of information which the reader will gratefully receive. Belgium, the most populous, and perhaps the most prosperous of European states, with its fine old cities, and yet finer works of art, is first described. To some the following information may be new:—

"The government of Belgium is what is called a Constitutional Monarchy, consisting of a king, in the first instance chosen,

and his descendants holding the crown by hereditary claim; a senate, named by the monarch; and an elected house of representatives; being, in short, a very close imitation of the English model. There is one material feature of difference, however, which is this: that in Belgium, though a vast majority of the inhabitants, nine-tenths perhaps, are of the Roman Catholic faith, there is no predominant or exclusive state church, paid by the government, to the exclusion of all others. As here, all denominations of Christians are held to be equal in the eye of the law; and though the protestants are very few, they are perfectly free, are protected in the exercise of their worship, and their ministers of religion are paid out of the same treasury as the teachers of all other sects.

"Education is liberally supported by the government, and encouraged in every possible way, the public funds being devoted to the maintenance both of masters and schools, and the greatest benefit results from this. The punishment of death, even for murder, has been entirely abolished, and crimes are not believed to be increased thereby. All letters sent through the post are inviolable, and no secretary of state or other public functionary can pry into them himself, or authorize any other person to do so.

"The parliament holds its annual sittings in Brussels. The proportion of representatives to population is carefully observed, there being one member to every forty thousand inhabitants. Every citizen paying taxes to the extent of thirty shillings a year has a vote. Each member of the house of representatives is elected for four years; and as one half of the entire body resign their membership or retire every two years, and their places are filled by new ones, there is consequently a fresh infusion of new talent and independence every two years, and the whole body is thus never violently changed. The members are paid about £20 a month each; a sum not sufficient to make the situation attractive for its pecuniary reward, but yet enough to cover the actual expenses of each, and thus secure the services of many able and upright men, whose private fortunes are not large enough to enable them to incur the cost of an entirely gratuitous devotion of their time and labour to the business of their country, and who, by this open and honourable recompense, are saved from the temptation to make their political adhesion to the minister of the day dependent on their promise of a place, or benefit in some other shape, from the public funds. In England, from the long habit of choosing representatives from the wealthy classes only, with very few exceptions, it would no doubt be an unpopular measure to propose the payment of members; and yet no good reason

can be assigned against it, that I am aware of. The officers of the army and navy are not thought to be less zealous in the discharge of their duties, because of the liberal rewards of their appointments. It may be said, indeed, that all these classes devote the whole of their time and attention to the discharge of their several duties. But so ought every member of parliament who is faithful to the interests of his constituents; and perhaps no labour can be greater than that which such a trust involves, if it be honestly and zealously discharged. The result, undoubtedly, of the system of gratuitous service in representatives is this: that while it deprives the public of the intelligence and ability of many who are unable to serve them on these terms, it gives to those whom they elect, but do not pay, a perpetual excuse for all their deficiencies, whether for absence or inattention, and in the long run is likely to be found the most expensive, because the least efficient system of the two. The numbers of the Senate are made to depend upon those of the representatives, and these again upon the number of the inhabitants. Every increase of forty thousand in the population of any district adds a new member to the lower house, and for every two members in this, there is one in the Senate. The present number of the representatives is a hundred and four, and of the senators fifty-two. The senators are elected for eight years, and one half of these retire every four years; by which their changes are made to harmonise with those of the other assembly. These small bodies are certainly much more practicable for debate and business, than our unwieldy house of six hundred and fifty-six members; for though, practically, the average number present throughout all the sittings of our session does not exceed two hundred, yet on occasions of great excitement, when more than five hundred members crowd the benches from ten at night till two or three in the morning, each impatient at the speeches of the opposite party, and all anxious for a discussion, the scenes that are enacted and the sounds that are uttered, are anything but creditable to the dignity of a legislative assembly."

It is also required that each member be twenty-five at the time of taking his seat, and each senator forty; moreover, no placeman, or pensioner can hold a seat in either chamber. The chambers have the power to accuse the ministers and to bring them before the Court of Cassation for trial. So that upon the whole, the constitution of Belgium is as liberal as we can expect.

After describing very fully everything worthy of note belonging to Belgium, Mr. Buckingham passes on to Aix-la-Chapelle. "We were now," he observes, "in the first Prussian city of our route; and the contrast of many things around us, with similar

things in Belgium, was very striking. The language here was wholly German, instead of French and Flemish; the physiognomy of the people was more pleasing and cheerful, betokening great placidity and good temper; they were in general cleaner and better dressed among the lower orders, and not so gay or fashionable in their apparel among the higher. The streets were broader, and there were more fine modern buildings than in any of the Belgian towns, except Brussels. The greatest contrast of all, however, was in the appearance of the troops. In Belgium, the soldiers are small of stature, very loosely dressed with long frock coats, reaching almost to their ancles, apparently encumbered with their arms and belts, and awkward in gait and carriage, as if newly trained. The Prussian troops, on the other hand, were formed of a much finer race of men, larger in stature, and more masculine, and compact. Their uniform clothing fitted well to the limbs, and was sufficiently short and light in make, to present no impediment to their movements. There was no useless ornament, for mere decoration, about their dress; and they walked and moved as if they had been trained to military exercises from their infancy; in both countries the military are no doubt too numerous, and too important, as in addition to the great expense they must necessarily entail, and the taxation of the productive classes required to maintain them, the possession of a large army offers a constant temptation to the state to call them into action; and their presence in a civil community can never be favourable to the full exercise of liberty; besides which, in no instance are large bodies of men congregated in densely peopled cities, most of them unmarried, with good living, full of health, and much leisure, without their making fearful inroads on female virtue, and breaking the peace of many otherwise happy families."

With Cologne and its relics, not forgetting the bones of the eleven thousand British virgins, who there are said, (but we rather doubt the story ourselves,) to have met a barbarous fate; with Coblentz, Mayence, Frankfort, our readers must be as familiar as they are with ourselves. At Darmstadt, Mr. Buckingham had the good fortune to fall in with Jenny Lind. His account of her powers we omit, as those who have not been so fortunate as to hear the Swedish nightingale yet have read enough of critiques to understand in what lies her magic charm. His interview with her, he thus narrates:

"As I dreamt of the opera all night, my first impulse on awaking in the morning was to send a note to Mademoiselle Lind, to express my gratitude for the delight which her performance had afforded us, and to ask permission to pay our respects to her in person at the Frauler Hotel, where she had

apartments. A very gracious acquiescence was speedily returned, and soon after noon we waited on her. We were received with the most cordial welcome, and the utmost affability. At this near interview, we had a better opportunity of judging of her person, than under the disguise of dramatic costume. We found her not handsome, but most winningly interesting; of slender form, good figure, and middle stature, with pleasing features, light blue eyes, light brown hair, and a smile of indescribable sweetness. She was dressed as simply as a quaker, with a light morning dress of a dark olive colour, plain white collar and cuffs, and with neck and hands of the most delicate whiteness. She received the expressions of our admiration with great modesty; but when we spoke of the pleasure it must afford her to witness the effect of her powers on others, she said that no one could imagine the pain she suffered from apprehensions of failure: for while singing in one act, she was under frequent dread of failure in the next, and often trembled lest some unexpected accident should mar all the impressions she had made in the past. Her age appeared certainly to be under twenty, and yet she had the self possession and finished manners of one who had been in habitual intercourse with the best society. When I told her that, on being asked by Mrs. Buckingham what were my impressions, I had replied that I held her to be equal to Pasta in acting, and Grisi in singing, with more natural grace and exquisite sweetness than either, she blushed deeply, and her eyes were filled with tears. After a little pause, in which she evidently struggled hard with her feelings, she said that, the repeated calls made for her to come forward between the acts, were always painful for her to obey, and that she could be much more contented if she could be less noticed. All this was uttered with such a look of innocence and truth, as left no doubt on our minds of its perfect genuineness and entire sincerity. She added, that she did not feel happy on the stage, and hoped to leave it soon; to which we could not help rejoining, that though every one would hear with regret of any abrupt termination of her brilliant and triumphant career, yet, it would be the height of ingratitude on the part of those to whom she had given such extreme delight, not to wish that her own gratification, in whatever that might consist, should be preferred to that of all others. We had heard of her being betrothed in marriage to a young protestant clergyman in Stockholm, of humble but respectable parentage, and with slender means; and that in her attachment to this, her first love, she had refused the suit of the son of the Earl of Westmoreland, though backed by the authority and approbation of his father, then ambassador at Berlin. Though this was a subject, on which of

course it would have been impossible, without great indelicacy, to have said a word; yet, we received an impression from some observations that fell from the lady's lips, during our agreeable interview, that a domestic alliance was in all probability the polar star to which her ultimate hopes were directed; and that the happy object of this hope was well known and determined on. Amongst other things, we expressed our conviction that her appearance on the stage of the Italian Opera in England, would be hailed by an enthusiasm not inferior to that with which she had been received throughout all Germany; and I proffered my services, if desired, to be the medium of a negotiation with Mr. Lumley, on this subject; which I could not but believe would be entered into, on terms of just liberality on his part. She thanked us for the evidence of our interest in her welfare; but said, she feared there were insuperable obstacles to such an arrangement. Our curiosity was naturally awakened to know what these could be; when she stated that in an unguarded hour, and under the pressure of great importunity, she had consented to an engagement offered her by Mr. Bunn, to perform in English operas at Drury Lane Theatre; having been persuaded by that gentleman, that it would be very easy to acquire a sufficient knowledge of the English language in a very short time, to do this effectually. This was found by her to be much more difficult than it was at first apprehended, and she considered herself, therefore, unable to fulfil the engagement. At this period of the affair, Mr. Lumley had made overtures to her, for the Italian Opera; but Mr. Bunn was inexorable, and would not consent to forego his claim, threatening if she landed in England, to obtain an injunction against her performing anywhere until she had fulfilled her engagement with him. She had offered what her best friends and advisers considered very liberal compensation for Mr. Bunn's disappointment, but all was unavailing; and therefore, she had no hope of being able to visit England, professionally, at all. In addition to all this she said, that when she remembered the splendour of the opera house in London, which she had visited as one of the audience, during a short stay in England some time ago; the first rate talent always there employed, the high rank and critical taste of the habitual visitors of that noble establishment, and the severe critical tribunals of the English press; she felt something like dread at attempting so high a flight, and was hardly sorry that circumstances seemed, for the present, at least to forbid the attempt. In speaking of English persons who had visited Stockholm, her native city, I was glad to find that some friends of mine were well known to Mademoiselle Lind, and were numbered among her most intimate acquaintance; this formed an

additional link in the chain of sympathy, and induced us, as well as enabled us, to prolong our agreeable interview. She said, she liked those of the English she had the good fortune to know, extremely; as there was a heartiness, a cordiality, and a simple frankness, which assimilated them in manners to her Swedish countrymen; she liked the German, also, whose honest, real, deep enthusiasm, and boundless kindness had won her gratitude and affection; but after all, she added with the greatest warmth, 'I love my dearest Sweden more than all, and I long for the period of my return to its happy mountains.' Our visit exceeded an hour in duration: she spoke French with us, and German with Dr. Friese, who accompanied us; and each with equal elegance and fluency; but the interview was so evidently agreeable to all, that we were pressed twice to remain a little longer, after having risen to depart; and our lingering was that of a mutual desire to prolong, as much as was possible, that which was pleasurable. We never remember to have received so favourable an impression of any one, after so short an acquaintance; and when I ventured to kiss her hand at parting, it was the sincere and unaffected homage of a pure and intense admiration for genuine excellence of natural character, and the sweetest affability of manners."

After thoroughly exploring the valley of the Rhine, our traveller proceeded to Switzerland. Geneva is described with the rest of the Swiss towns, but we have no allusion to the great men who are now labouring there, an omission we somewhat regret. Anything relating to the historian of the Reformation would have been welcome to the majority of English readers. From Switzerland Mr. Buckingham returned by the Rhine to Holland. At the Hague, he had the good fortune to be present at the meeting of the Dutch parliament. "On arriving at the spot," he writes, "we found a most insignificant building, for the seat of a legislature, far inferior even to the old English House of Commons, and were shown up a steep and narrow flight of steps, to a gallery at an end of the chamber. The whole room was not more than eighty feet long by thirty wide, with an arched or vaulted ceiling, perfectly plain. At each end of the chamber was a small and narrow gallery, just large enough to hold thirty or forty persons only, and without any seats. One of these galleries was for strangers, admissible by orders only; the other had a small space set apart for reporters, and the rest was allotted to diplomatists and visitors of distinction. On one side of the chamber, in the centre, was placed the throne, elevated two steps above the floor, with two chairs on each side for the members of the royal family, the whole covered with a crimson canopy; immediately opposite to this, in the centre of the

other side of the room, was the chair of the speaker, on a raised platform, having before him a small table covered with green cloth, and two clerks seated at the same table as himself, one on each side. The members, of whom there appeared to be about twenty, the whole body consisting only of fifty-five, were seated at small narrow tables, covered with green baize, and arranged in parallel lines with the end walls, thus forming a ministerial and an opposition side, on the right and left of the speaker and of the House, each member having before him a large pewter inkstand, and pens, ink, and paper, for taking notes. The speaker and the members were equally without robes, wig, or any other distinguishing mark, or appendage, and in nearly the same state of disorder and nonchalance as in our own House of Commons, some sitting, some standing, but all at least uncovered.

"It is necessary before the Housec an proceed to business, that two-thirds of the whole number should be present; that is, thirty-seven members out of fifty-five; but any member may withdraw, without the necessity of stopping the proceedings, or counting out the House, as in England. The speaker had a small handbell, as in France, to call members to order; but he was also armed with a large ivory hammer, like an auctioneer's, which is used to indicate the passing of a vote, of which we witnessed an example. The speaker, rising from his chair, read a letter from a member resigning his seat, and asked permission of the Chamber so to do. After a short pause, the speaker said, 'Does any member object to this?' One of the members rose and replied, 'I have no objection to make.' The speaker then repeated his former question; and no further observation being made he said, 'It is assented to,' and then knocked the table with his hammer, to confirm the vote, as an auctioneer would knock down a lot of goods to a buyer in England.

"How arbitrary and conventional are all our notions of dignity, propriety, and manners! We thought this the most paltry and undignified mode of proceeding that we had ever witnessed in a legislative body; yet on asking ourselves the question, why it was less dignified than the English speaker exclaiming, "That opinion say 'Aye'—contrary opinion say 'No;' the Ayes have it;" when no one is uttering a sound of either assent or consent, we could assign no other reason than this—that custom and habit had invested the one with a solemnity and importance, which the novelty and association with an auctioneer's hammer prevented in the other. At the same time it is highly probable, that if a Dutch member could be introduced into our English House of Commons, and see a deputation of the masters

in Chancery presenting a message from the Lords, and retiring backward with repeated bows; or be placed at the bar of the House of Peers, and see the chairman of the Ways and Means introduced by the deputy-usher as "Gentlemen of the House of Commons," (the said chairman being the only person representing the whole House,) bringing up some fifty bills in succession, each introduced by a formal announcement, a subsequent withdrawal, a re-opening of the doors to admit the same solitary individual, with a repetition of the same solemn formality to each bill; the lord chancellor leaving the woolsack at each representation, receiving the bill with a low bow, returning to the woolsack again, to be again called from thence, and making fifty journeys to and fro to receive fifty bills with four or five bows to each, and the occupation of a good hour of time in this solemn farce, which everybody, even the three actors in it themselves, the chancellor, the usher, and the chairman of Ways and Means, are all weary of doing before it is at an end:—if all this could be seen for the first time by a Dutch legislator, even under all the gorgeousness of the new House of Peers, he would go back to the Hague with the conviction, that we were far less rational, in our forms of doing business at least, than his own countrymen."

But we hasten to a close. The following information as to the Dutch constitution, to some of our readers may be new. "The constitution of the government is that of an hereditary monarchy, with two chambers and an executive. The king, however, has much greater powers than would seem to be compatible with a free representative system. He has the exclusive power of making all the appointments, either in the military or civil service of the nation. It must be with his sanction that all new laws are proposed, or old ones amended. In his hands, alone, are the government and control of the colonies, and with him, alone, is the power of declaring war or making peace. The States-General, as they are called, embrace two chambers; the members of the first or upper chamber must be at least forty years of age, and these are all nominated by the king for life, and paid a yearly sum of about two hundred and forty pounds, to cover their travelling and incidental expenses. In the second chamber, the members are a representative body, but elected according to a very complicated system. In the towns, for instance, the ratepayers elect a local town council for municipal affairs, their election being for life. These town councils send deputies to a district or provincial government, like the separate State legislatures of America; and these provincial governments elect the members of the States-General in the lower chamber, so that the member's responsibility to any constituency is almost a nullity. The

parliament is summoned every year, and one-third only of the second chamber go out annually by rotation, but all are eligible for re-election, so that often little or no change is made in the members. The imposition and regulation of the taxes are in the States-General, nominally, but the influence of the king is so great, that his ministers have no difficulty in shaping these in accordance with the royal will, whenever that may run counter to the will of the people."

We now leave the "Autumnal Tour." It contains much varied information. It is embellished with beautiful engravings, and forms a work that we cordially believe deserves, and will have, much public support. We shall be glad to meet our author again. In his own department he is without a rival.

CLARENDON;

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XII.*

Herbert Clarendon takes to the road, in search of adventures.

Poor Herbert! a wild and stormy boyhood seemed reserved for him. Cecil had found a friend and protector in whom he could confide, if it were necessary, had not his own precocious manhood appeared to forbid the necessity of such a stay. But Herbert, still but a boy, with his singular temperament, in which impetuosity and timidity, bravery and meekness, were mingled with an artlessness that had made him the darling of poor Colonel Clarendon; what could be expected from him,

* Continued from p. 377, vol. li.

but that he would be submissive, and tractable, and obedient in the hands of his supple, crafty, and unprincipled guardian.

"The child will be as easily managed as an infant," said Jasper Vernon, as he sat toasting his lean legs in front of the fire, in the library at Delaval. "It is a great waste of money sending him back to Eton, now; the money will come in famously when the whelp needs his outfit for college, and a private tutor now,—some poor, needy wretch, training up for a Welch curacy,—will be far cheaper. Yes, that must be the plan, and then I'll have the dog under my own wing too," and so Jasper drank off his claret and rang the bell.

A footman answered the summons.

"Ah, John—let me see—" and Jasper Vernon see-sawed in his chair in studied abstraction, for the semblance of power was new to this sordid Clarendon cousin, and he liked to feel his new authority; "ah, yes; send Master Herbert here, immediately, John."

"Master Herbert is—I beg your pardon, sir--did you say Master Herbert," stammered the man, who had a vague suspicion that Jasper was a haughty tyrant, and feared him accordingly.

"Yes, sir, I said Master Herbert," replied the executor, rubbing his legs; "is the boy not in the house?"

Now, if the truth must be told, Herbert was not in the house, having gone off with the keeper, early in the afternoon, on his rounds, and had not yet come back. The man dared not tell this to the new bashaw, although the colonel never forbade either Cecil or his younger son doing so; and so he stammered, and then said Master Herbert might be in the gallery.

"For he takes on woundily at losing Master Cecil and Miss Eleanor," said the man, bluntly, "and maybe he's rambled away out into the grounds, as he al'ays did when he was put out, like."

"A strange fancy for such a child," thought Mr. Jasper Vernon, balancing the nut-crackers (for he was still lingering over a late dessert), whilst he eyed the man sideways, with his lynx-like eyes; "such whims must be checked for the time to come," then jumping abruptly up, he said in a loud voice,

"I want to see Master Herbert, immediately; if he is not in the house, send through the grounds for him, and harkee, my man, I'm not a person to brook delay, and the sooner the boy comes, the better it will be for all parties."

The footman found himself outside the door in a twinkling, and with a portentous face he presently appeared in the housekeeper's room, to communicate the terrible intelligence conveyed in Jasper's last words.

"I always disliked the wretch, ever since he came among us," said the old housekeeper, with a toss of her head.

"A mean, cantankerous, undermining sneak," chimed in the butler.

"A precious impudent varlet," echoed the late colonel's valet.

"Mr. Vernon is a singular man," summed up Mr. Simpson, the steward, with the measured caution of a man who wishes to retain his place—all the rest were leaving, for Delaval was going to be shut up, and the establishment disbanded—"but however, one thing is certain, Master Herbert must be found immediately. Here, Robert, send a couple of the helpers out; they know Bagg's rounds best,—this is excellent carafie, Mrs. Tulip," as he drank to the housekeeper's health.

Twice, nay thrice had Jasper Vernon's bell rang, and yet no Herbert was forthcoming. There was a storm brewing in the Vernon horizon, evidently, and woe be to the wight on whom it was doomed to burst.

"Has the child not come yet?" demanded he, almost fiercely, of the trembling footman, at the third summons.

"No, sir; we've sent out two more men."

"Hang the men: the boy cannot have run away," growled Jasper, in a guttural tone. "You can go; I will ring if I want you, and mind, the moment Master Herbert comes in——"

"I understand you, sir,—march him in here," interposed the man, anxious to avert the storm from himself.

Jasper nodded, and as the man closed the door, a darker cloud than usual gathered on his sallow, wrinkled brow. At length he became alarmed. What if after all the boy had, as he surmised, absconded. Here was a new and perplexing predicament to be placed in, and the cold sweat stood on his forehead as he started up from his chair again, kicking it over in his impatience, as he paced the room with rapid strides. Fortunately for himself, his surmises were not correct, for Herbert soon after returned, in company with the keeper and the two helpers who had been first sent out, soiled, tired, flushed, and worn out with fatigue.

In this plight he was ushered into the awful presence of his future guardian, every crease and fold of whose sable garments seemed charged with passion. Like a merciless tiger pouncing pell mell on a defenceless lamb, the door was no sooner closed, than he clutched poor Herbert by the arm, and demanded why he had the audacity to stay out until such shameful hours, when every one in the house was so wretched about him, giving him a vigorous shake with his bony hand, as he spoke.

Herbert was a brave-hearted lad, and he hated Jasper Vernon already, by intuition.

"Why do you use me so, Mr. Vernon?" cried he, striving to disentangle himself from the tiger's clutches; "papa never gave you so much power over me."

"Herbert—sirrah!" stammered Jasper, quite aghast at such audacity in such a child, "this—this to—to me!"

"Yes, sir; papa never would have given you so much power —oh, my dear papa!" and poor Herbert burst into a flood of tears.

"Herbert, you have been very naughty," said Jasper Vernon, after an awkward pause; "I cannot, that is to say, I must not allow such laxity in future."

"I never was naughty when dear papa was alive," sobbed the child, with hysterical grief; and then gulphing down his tears, he turned upon Jasper a look so determinedly daring and defying, that that worthy was staggered once more. "I will tell Cecil, sir, of you," said he, knitting his little brows, and clenching his hands with boyish anger; "Cecil will not allow you to treat me so."

For a moment, Jasper Vernon forgot that it was a child that stood before him; the childish figure seemed to dilate and swell into athletic manhood; the chest seemed to throb with more than childish passion; the fair brow grew broad, and stern, and threatening; Herbert's beautiful eyes seemed to flash with the fire and indignation of the man; and then it sunk and collapsed, and dwindled away again, and Herbert, a passionate and determined boy, stood before him with clenched hands, quivering frame, tearful eyes, and a sulky and lowering brow.

"Herbert," said he, taking the child's hand gently in his own, as with the other he parted the clustering chesnut hair from the beautiful brow, "your papa left you to my care, on his death-bed; he thought you were good, and gentle, and amiable, and as such I accepted the charge."

He felt the little hot hand trembling in his own as he continued,

"Herbert, your dear papa was a good man; he loved you dearly, and for that reason it was that he entreated me to be a father to you."

Poor Herbert's eyes filled with tears, and he began to sob violently as his tormentor said, as he arose,

"I go away from here to morrow, my dear; I am going down into Somersetshire, and will take you with me. I don't think you like Eton, my boy, and so we will have a private tutor for you, until you get grown to be a big boy and old

enough to go to college: this will be much pleasanter than being at a great school, I think—and now I will say, good night."

He released the trembling hand, and tried to smile kindly on the boy: it was a very poor effort, however, and he felt that he was failing miserably. Herbert, boy as he was, felt that Mr. Jasper Vernon was deceiving him, and so in sulky silence he suffered him to lead him to the door.

"You will have a pony to ride—I really think we had better have your own fine little fellow, Tippoo, sent down for your use, eh, Herbert?" and he chucked the boy roguishly under the chin.

There was deception even in this bit of bye-play, and when Herbert had marched off as sulky as ever, Jasper doomed him to perdition with a thousand oaths, and returned to the darkened room, to weave his own plots and counter-plots for the busy future.

On the morrow, punctually at the hour of ten, Mr. Jasper Vernon's carriage, a dull, dingy, sombre-looking vehicle, lined with drab, and dragged by a couple of fat, ugly, ill-bred horses, stood at the door. Mr. Jasper Vernon, leading poor Herbert by the hand, passed through the double file of servants who lined the entrance hall, solemn and grave, yet condescending withal, as one who knew how high was the pinnacle on which he stood, and how far he could stoop from its heights to those beneath. He was sallow and dismal, and withal, very ugly; so that no one felt prepossessed towards him, as they would have done had he looked like a gentleman, which all said could be very well seen he was not.

And poor Herbert, he had wanted to shake hands and say good bye with every one, and here was this hypocritical cousin of the Clarendon's walking, as the ogre in the fairy tale, like his evil genius beside him, to force him on. His little heart was full, for he heard sobs all around him, and he was parting from all he had ever loved. And yet the inherent pride of his heart kept the tears from swelling up to his eyes: nay, he even smiled around him as he passed out, for he would not have them think that he was afraid of Jasper Vernon. But the struggle was too much for him, and the moment he got into the carriage, he flung himself into one corner, and sobbed as if his heart would break, until they were miles away from Delaval.

Oh, the miseries, solemn, and dismal, and depressing, of that weary journey! Jasper Vernon never moved, nor spoke, nor even smiled, but sat bolt upright, like an animated poker, in his own corner, gazing upon vacancy, without the shadow of an expression on his face. There was no book to wile away the dismal ennui;

no tales of school pranks extorted from Herbert in confidence, of which his auditor told tales, in turn, of adventures and scrapes not one whit less culpable because they were the sins of a grown up man. Jasper Vernon hated tales; but Colonel Clarendon, gay-hearted, and brave, and worldly as he was, loved them, and Herbert, in whose memory there yet lingered the recollection of a journey performed with the latter, sighed to think how often he had laughed at his papa's mishaps in Flanders, and had hung entranced and horror-stricken over his adventures and sufferings in Switzerland: and in contrast to all this there was Jasper Vernon, with his lankey, black hair, and his cadaverous cheeks, and his solemn dress, sitting speechless and dumb beside him.

When they halted at a post town to change horses, it was even worse, for Jasper always had an altercation with the post-boys as to the amount of gratuity to be paid them, and Herbert was regaled with many muttered farewells, expressive of the postilion's hatred of stingy gentlefolks, who didn't think it a disgrace to cheat a poor man of his hard-earned wages. But for no curse cared Jasper; storm, and curse, and swear as they pleased. Every sixpence wrung from them was sixpence saved to him, and he held their words very cheap, and his face expressed it too.

Herbert sighed to think of Cecil, whom he fancied to be his own master, wandering where he pleased, and enjoying himself just as the humour took him; and at the very moment Cecil was thinking of him going off to Eton again. Jasper wondered why the boy's eyes filled so often with tears: it was so silly to cry, and quite a waste of the animal economy, thought Jasper, and it did'nt do the least good,—and Jasper's looks at that moment seemed qualified to wither a peppercorn.

It was only a prolongation of the misery, when they got to Jasper Vernon's place in Somersetshire, a high, narrow, brick house that looked like a hospital, meagerly furnished with straight-backed chairs and uncouth tables, as black as if they had never held anything but funeral dinners, and hard, lumpy sofas and vapid curtains, that filtered the daylight through them until even it grew morose, and dismal, and dreary too. There were no famous pack of hounds, no kennels, no stables, no terraces, no gardens, no noisy retinue of servants, such as there were at Delaval. Instead of a court-yard, there was a yard with the grass growing between the flags, in which a melancholy bull-dog howled half the night through, at imaginary noises. And the paddock in front of the house had Jasper's milch cows feeding in it, both of them old and lean as well; and there were dismal portraits of judges and divines hanging up in the sitting-rooms

in black, varnished frames, which, as the light was never very strong in such cheerful dungeons, were magnified in the boy's apprehension into fantastically frightful examples of Jasper's peculiar tastes, and he hated them accordingly.

There were prayers night and morning, at which Jasper himself officiated; not the beautifully simple, heartfelt outbreathings of a family, gathered together to offer up their petitions to the eternal throne; but the empty, and hollow, and false pretensions of sanctity, in which Jasper Vernon clothed himself in the eyes of his fellow men—there were Sunday tasks, which differed from those of the week, only, in that they were ten times as long, and wearisome, and stupid; and above all, Herbert who yearned for society and sympathy in those of his own age, found it not; for Jasper's house was not the rendezvous of young people—no merry, roguish, mischief-loving lads ever came within its holy precincts; the very walls would have quivered and shook with pious horror, as they groaned out an anathema upon the intruders,—and poor Herbert was indeed desolate.

And when the tutor did come—Herbert thought he never would—matters were not one whit improved, weeks passed away, and every week Jasper professed to wonder and speculate when Mr. Boodle would come. He was really growing quite afraid that Herbert was forgetting everything he had learned, if indeed, Mr. Boodle had not to unlearn him everything on his arrival; it really was extremely improper conduct of Mr. Boodle, and if he had not had the highest recommendations from a gentleman on whom he could rely, he really would not permit Mr. Boodle to come at all.

But Mr. Boodle did come, when he was least expected, and Jasper was in ecstacies. Mr. Boodle had red hair, and white cheeks, and green eyes, and mouldy, weak-looking whiskers, which had a perpetual warfare to be seen with a contumaciously upstart shirt collar; and Mr. Boodle wore a white neck-cloth, which made him look like a ranter, and used spectacles, for he was very short sighted. Mr. Boodle dressed in rusty black too, and the tones of Mr. Boodle's voice made the blood run cold in your veins, for Mr. Boodle had very proper notions about the vanity of all sublunary matters, and Mr. Boodle was prosy and kept up a continual diluted milk and water strain, which exactly suited Jasper Vernon, and by no means suited Herbert's taste; and Mr. Boodle had a lean body, and spindle legs, and wore gaiters, and had splay-feet, which were always treading upon other people's. Ah, poor Job Boodle was a dismal specimen of humanity, indeed, for Herbert to study human nature with, at the outset of his career.

How he fagged the poor lad! Lessons before breakfast and after, then a walk and more lessons. Latin, and Greek, and French, and Italian, for Mr. Boodle was a polyglott in himself, and thought that all the world lay within the limits of Dr. Porson and the Greek choruses, and that there was nothing higher, and nobler, and better to live for in the world, than to pore over old musty records of a bygone people, whilst Shakspere, and Milton, and Wordsworth lay unopened before him.

And every one sang the praises of Job Boodle.

"A second Porson," cried Jasper Vernon, rubbing his bony hands enthusiastically whenever he came into the school room, where Herbert and Boodle were at work. "Ah, Herbert, cherish Mr. Boodle, and you will beat the whole bench of bishops, my boy."

And then Mr. Job Boodle would shake his huge ears and vouchsafe a sickly smile, as he disclaimed the compliment, and Jasper would shuffle away to read over his last letters from Delaval, where a new steward had been appointed in the room of the honest Mr. Simpson, who had thrown up his situation in disgust at the meanness of his new master.

But Herbert felt that this sickening state of existence could not continue long, and he soon grew weary of hearing Mr. Boodle's sepulchral voice, and of seeing him creeping stealthily into his bedroom in the early mornings, with his ugly red hair combed straight over his mean forehead, and his prim, precise, ready cut and dried, "Good morning, Master Herbert; ready for your studies, my boy?—the industrious sun is already high in the heavens, (if it rained in torrents it was always the same,) and young men ought to emulate that luminary." And then Job Boodle coughed, and hemmed, and stood at the window until he had crawled lazily out of bed, when he would go away to lie in wait for him in the cold school room below.

At last Herbert's detestation of such a hateful and monotonous existence burst its barriers, and he determined to make his escape from such a hateful scene of thraldom; he hoarded up his little store of pocket money, and with a heart throbbing with hope, awaited the first favourable opportunity to put his plan into execution. It was already early spring, and though he had not the remotest idea whither to direct his steps, he never hesitated for a moment to calculate consequences, but resolved upon trusting to chance, or fortune, to befriend him.

Had Herbert been seventeen instead of seven, he would never have dreamed of such a wild chimera, but he was only a child, and who that can wing his memory back to that guileless and innocent time, cannot believe that to a child whose sole

knowledge of the world was confined to the admiring and caressing visitors at his father's table, every house is an asylum for him to fly to, and a sanctury from oppression; it is only when we are men that we learn to mistrust!

"To-morrow, Master Clarendon, we will commence Terence," said Mr. Boodle, solemnly, as he bade his pupil good night. "Terence, sir," turning to Jasper Vernon, "Terence is the most extraordinary example ——"

Of what Herbert did not stay to hear, for he had closed the door and slunk off without a candle to his little bed-room. It was a bright moonlight, and by drawing the blind up to the top he could catch a glimpse of the dark wallnut presses, and the little book case, and the few old pictures with which the walls were hung. Herbert flung up the window, and leaning his arms upon the sill, lay looking out upon the quiet scene, and the bright sky above and around him. The night air was balmy and mild, and the very wind, as it whistled and sighed around him, seemed to whisper hope, courage and resolution.

He had fallen into a reverie, perhaps he had fallen asleep, and might have been dreaming, for he was cold, and chill, and stiff when he aroused himself and looked around him. He could see lights in the distance, as if of a village, and looking in again, the silence, and quiet, and gloom, of the room, terrified him so much that, with a palpitating heart he crept to the door, and looked over the balustrade; everything was quiet, the servants had evidently retired to rest, for it was in reality nearly midnight; and so Herbert, after lingering for a moment endeavouring to determine what to do, stole back again, and taking a little bundle in which he had tied up a few clothes, and his prayer book in his hand, crept back again.

It was fully a quarter of an hour before he dare venture to stir, but re-assured by the silence of everything around him, he stole down a step or two.

How the stairs creaked beneath even his light tread! Herbert had never noticed them do so before, and yet every plank he trode upon seemed to cry out, as if to discover him to his jailers. He would have given worlds to turn back, but the remembrance of that dark, silent, lonely room, rooted him to the spot—people might have died in it, and their ghosts might haunt it, and before these terrible phantoms Jasper Vernon and the pedantic Boodle sank into insignificance, and he crept on again.

And yet, even the staircase had a ghostly look about it, with the cold moonlight falling in long shadows on the wall, through the narrow windows. Herbert shivered and shook with terror, and still he crept on; suddenly a door opened lower down, and

Herbert heard Jasper Vernon's creaky boots coming towards him—Herbert knew that it was him, for his boots always creaked—what was he to do? to fly back again and bury himself in his room under the bed clothes—to stand where he was and be discovered, and punished accordingly, either were terrible—for both would bring upon him the full measure of Jasper's vengeance, which he had sense enough to know would in this instance be fiendish.

He looked around him in despair—a couple of paces farther on, close to Jasper Vernon's dressing room, stood an old Indian cabinet, a huge, grotesque, mis-shapen thing, with half a dozen sides, rambling in and out in all directions, behind which he had once before ensconced himself, after committing some trifling fault; and behind this Herbert crept, with his heart beating almost loud enough for Jasper Vernon to hear, had he known who was concealed behind it.

And then, all at once Herbert grew calm, and composed, and resolute, for he was constitutionally brave, and through the chinks of the cabinet he peered until he saw Jasper approaching, eying everything right and left as he came, as if he expected to confront a thief at every gaze; under his arm he carried a bundle of papers, in one hand he held a candlestick, whilst the other grasped a small pocket pistol, on which he continually gazed whenever he chanced to look down; he was haggard, and looked very ill, and his dressing gown hung in loose folds around his miserable figure, but there was the same habitual sneer hovering about his jaws, which we have described before.

Herbert saw him pause, and look up the stairs with a quick, distrustful gaze, ere he turned into his room, and then he was only conscious of the light having disappeared, by the shutting and bolting of Jasper Vernon's door.

Many minutes elapsed, almost an hour, before Herbert ventured forth from his hiding place, for his quick ear told him that Jasper had not yet retired into the inner room, and until that event took place, he durst not venture to continue his progress. At length all was quiet, and grasping his bundle, once more he stole out upon the landing place; something white lay on the floor, folded in the form of a letter, and scarcely knowing what he did, Herbert picked it up and thrust it into his pocket; and then, silently and noiseless as a spirit, crept away. It was a matter of no small difficulty to escape from a house, the master of which by the vigilant care he took to prevent an attack from without, had every thing so strongly barricaded within. The front door was double locked and bolted, and the dining room shutters were too heavy for him to move,

—he was nearly giving up in despair, when he remembered the window of the school-room, which was easily opened, and not very far from the ground; to his great joy he found the door open, and with less caution than he had hitherto used he flung open the window, and was about to leap upon the sill, when Jasper Vernon's dog began to bark violently—in an instant he heard the door above opened, and caught the heavy sound of Jasper's foot descending the stairs; he paused at the first landing, and after the lapse of a few minutes returned to his room, again convinced that it had been a false alarm.

A few moments after, Herbert lowered himself to the ground, and creeping along under the shadow of the wall, did not trust himself to run until the paddock was between him and the house.

The air was deliciously calm and sweet, myriads of angels' eyes seemed to look down upon him from the azure vault of heaven above him, the blustering breeze that came laden with a thousand balmy odours, whispered hope and resolution in his ear—he was alone with God in the world!

CHAPTER XIII.

Cecil meets once more with Jasper Vernon; the latter attempts to play the hypocrite, and is detected by Linden.

Linden was gloomy and reserved when sitting over his hurried breakfast with Cecil the next morning; he looked fagged and dispirited, and for the first time during their intercourse, betrayed symptoms of impatience at Cecil's *bonhommie*. The moment after he had done so, however, he seemed to be anxious to atone for his unkindness, and Cecil did not again detect the wandering eye and abstracted air, which had heretofore on this occasion characterized him.

"And now, Cecil, for unravelling the mystery, for something beyond the mere hope of booty has incited this attack of last night," and as Linden spoke, his lofty brow grew dark and contracted, and his lips moved, spasmodically. "Sibbeth has given me the address of the nearest magistrate, and as I have

ordered the constables to take our prisoners over to his house, we will at once walk over thither, as our depositions will be necessary at the examination.

He rose as he spoke, and reaching down his hat, took Cecil's arm and led the way through the inn garden out upon a bridle path, which led to the magistrate's house. The morning air was fresh and bracing, and a thousand delicious perfumes were wafted past in the balmy air, which soon routed the langour and weariness that oppressed Cecil's frame. The walk they traversed was only such as the southern English counties can produce—a walk, matted over with the greenest of mosses, running between high banks from which the crowsfoot, and the rathe primrose, and the oxlip grew luxuriantly at the foot of every old tree; whilst a brawling brook overhung with alder and hazel bushes, foamed and whirled over its pebbly bed, lending a wild fantastic beauty, to a scene which had otherwise been tamely beautiful. Every step they took unfolded some new scene of sylvan loveliness, some sunny coppice, where a perfect choir of blackbirds, were making the welkin ring with their flute-like song; or some far winding vista in the woodland glade, where the timid hare couched on its form, and the shadows lay deep on the upland lone.

Cecil had all this to himself, for Linden, in truth, never turned his gaze right nor left, but walked on with his chin up in the air, stern and silent, scarcely breaking in upon his companion's musings, but with some observations which only sufficed to show how far removed from his thoughts was all that was around them. Cecil noted all this in silence, remembered it years afterwards, when subsequent events had unravelled the mystery that hung about that day's proceedings.

He was not sorry when the magistrate's house did come in sight, as he was heartily sick of the monotony of their walk, although he scarcely noticed the plain brick mansion entirely devoid of all ornament, they were now approaching. Linden's abstraction lasted until they had traversed the dull gravel sweep, flanked by a smooth shaven lawn, unrelieved by a single shrub; but Cecil thought that the arm that rested on his own trembled, as they stood for a brief space in the portico, whilst waiting an answer to the summons of the bell.

A grave servant in a drab livery (and very sober and sad, that looked, too,) came to the door, who ushered them into a small library, where he desired them to wait until he had acquainted his master of their arrival. There was something about the whole air of the house, the hurrying, bewildered manner of the two or three domestics whom they passed in their way thither, that struck them both at the same moment;

every thing seemed topsy-turvy about the place, which was ludicrously in contrast with the palpable air of prim neatness and order every where apparent. The man, however, was gone in an instant, and neither of them had an opportunity of inquiring the cause.

After a long delay, during which the only incidents that occurred to enliven its tedium was the slamming of a great many doors, and the running to and fro of the servants, the door opened, and a head was thrust into the room, and then immediately withdrawn, the door being shut resolutely to, as if the intruder had made some great mistake and considered that the only way to rectify it.

"Very strange people, these, Cecil," said Linden, smiling; "I should remember that white face and the spectacles any where again."

He had scarcely ceased speaking before the head appeared again. It was this time followed by a body dressed in rusty black, and Cecil then saw that the body was lank, and somewhat ungainly in its movements, which it endeavoured to conceal by a studied solemnity of manner, that by no means imposed upon those in whose company it now found itself.

"Please to walk this way, gentlemen," said this worthy, with an awkward bow, drawing back a large splay foot in the operation; "a very painful circumstance has transpired in our family during the night, but his worship will see you for all that, particularly as I understand you wish to give your evidence in a robbery case that occurred at the inn in the village, last night," and so saying, Linden and Cecil were marshalled into the justice-room, where three sturdy constables were keeping guard over the prisoners.

Cecil eyed the latter with a curious glance, as he entered. One was a tall, broad-built, herculean fellow, with a stern, determined visage, which bore in its deeply-ploughed lines the traces of many wild, unbridled passions. The man was still in his prime, for he could not have numbered more than forty summers, and yet the broad high brow was deeply ploughed with the heavy lines of passion, the eyes were inflamed and bloodshot, and the eyes had that peculiar expression and nervous twitching which a long course of profligacy and crime so surely produce. This was the man whom Linden had grappled with, in their short and singular struggle, and now when Cecil eyed him as he sat, sullen, and dogged, and houndlike, on the narrow bench, with the short, black, crisped hair barely concealing the deep gash he had received in the *mêlée*, noting with no unpractised eye the immense girth of chest and brawny

limbs, he could not but own that such a man would prove a formidable antagonist for the most expert combatant that ever entered the ring.

The other two men seemed vastly inferior in physical strength when compared with this giant. One of them had a hang-dog, careworn look, that scarcely seemed to be occasioned by his present position; whilst all the fright and terror that the other felt, could not dim the bright twinkle of his little black eyes, nor dispel the good-natured smirk of his oily, well-fed countenance.

Then there was a little bustle as the door opened, and in rushed half-a-dozen servants crying out for Mr. Boodle; and before the white-faced gentleman could stride three steps to the door, there came in another personage with his wig all thrust awry, wringing his hands in the apparent vehemence of his grief, before whom the domestics fell back, leaving Linden alone standing before him.

Immediately the new comer clapped eyes upon him, his cadaverous visage grew absolutely yellow, his knees shook, his lips moved, although nothing but a hissing murmur came from them, he stood transfixed and paralysed, apparently deprived of the power of utterance; whilst Linden, who seemed to grow and dilate, even beyond his commanding stature, advanced towards him with one arm stretched out, his eye dark and flashing fire, his menacing attitude, his very silence, driving back the blood to the hearts of those who beheld this singular scene.

And still Jasper Vernon, for it was no other, retreated step by step, as if some terrible dream, some dreadful phantasm, held him, and still that singular being advanced upon him.

Not a syllable escaped his lips, although his breast heaved and his strong frame shook with some hidden emotion, whilst Cecil, who had instantly recognized Jasper Vernon, stood rooted to the spot.

And at length Vernon faltered out, "Where is the boy? where is Herbert? Speak, thou strange, mysterious being. He was here yesterday; he escaped last night. Oh! for the love of mercy, do not torture me further. Dalton! Dalton! for I recognize you even after the lapse of so many years, Edward Dalton, much as you may despise me, I entreat you to end this terrible and cruel suspense!"

"Sir," said Linden, hoarsely, as a wintry smile swept across his stern visage, "where is Herbert Clarendon?"

"Ay, where is he?" shrieked Jasper Vernon, wildly, as his cowardly looks sank beneath the withering gaze of that terrible

man; "by all that you love and cherish, I charge you to tell me where he is."

"That is a question I should ask of Mr. Jasper Vernon," said Linden, sternly; "were you not the boy's protector?"

"I was! I was!" faltered Vernon, "but yesterday night—"

"Go on, sir," said Linden, as Vernon struggled to speak.

"Yesterday night he ran away. He retired to rest at the usual time, and Mr. Boodle in going to awake him this morning discovered that he was no where to be found. I immediately despatched messengers in every direction, but, what is the most singular of all, have not been able so far to learn the slightest intelligence about him. No one in the neighbourhood has seen a boy answering to his description, and I am lost in a perfect labyrinth of fears, as to the means by which he has been conveyed from my house. Oh, Dalton! Dalton! for pity's sake, I entreat you to tell me if you know where the boy is. Oh! oh!" and Jasper Vernon wrung his hands, and looked up piteously in the face of his tormentor.

"Mr. Vernon, I do not know where the boy is. But why has he left your protection? I hope no ill treatment has forced him to fly from a home in which he should have been fostered and protected."

"Oh, no! no! I loved him as my own son. Oh, Mr. Boodle, did I not treat poor Herbert, our dear Herbert, as if he were my own?" gasped Jasper Vernon, whose degradation made him even stoop to solicit exculpation from the lips of Mr. Boodle; "oh! oh! oh!"

"What are they saying of Herbert?" asked Cecil of the tutor, as a sickly qualm came over him; "oh, merciful heaven! can it be that Herbert is lost?"

"Yes! yes!" groaned Boodle, almost terrified out of his wits by every thing he heard about him. "Master Herbert Clarendon has run away, or been decoyed by some one or other."

Cecil neither groaned nor swooned: his feelings were too acute for either; but he started up, and with three strides was standing, confronting the sneaking, cowardly, cowering magistrate.

"Wretch! for what hateful scheme have you dared to make away with that child, whom a dying father placed in your charge? Dare to tell me one lie with that glozing tongue, and I will annihilate you as you stand," and, with a face blazing over with a thousand conflicting terrors, and a form quivering with passion, Cecil shook the cowardly wretch until he shrieked with pain; "answer me, d'ye hear? I will know where you have concealed him. I will know it before I stir from this

plot, for I know you to be bad, and base, and vile enough for any abominable plot, and my brother has been the victim of a spot as black and horrible as ever cried for justice at God's throne."

He was wild with the mingled excitement of passion and terror. The sweat stood in great drops on his ashy brow; the veins of his forehead were swollen as thick as whipcord; his face was deathly pale; and his eyes glittered with a wild brilliancy, as he loosened his hold of Jasper Vernon. In a moment, by a great effort, like the lull of a mighty tempest ere the wild surging waves burst out into redoubled fury, he grew desperately calm; he folded his arms over his breast; his brows were knit; his eye grew dark; a deep flush overspread his cheeks; and his voice rattled in his throat, as he groaned,—

"Man—if I can indeed call you a man—if you have one single spark of compassion remaining in that guilty breast, I command you to confess where you have concealed the boy."

Another change came over him. The same wild, brilliant light shone in his eye; the same ghastly hue overspread his cheeks: and yet he stood firm, and never moved. It was terrible to look upon him; even the strong man, who had never yet known what fear was, — he whose herculean frame and reckless courage had set all danger at defiance, — even he trembled at this terrible emotion in a youth: even he felt the blood curdle at his heart as he gazed on that precociously manly form, as it stood confronting Jasper Vernon, one word of whose lips were enough to deprive it of all motion.

"Be calm! oh Mr. Cecil, be calm, I entreat you," gasped Jasper, wildly clasping his hands over his head, "oh! oh!"

"Calm! I know not what you say," shrieked Cecil, swaying backwards and forwards, as if moved by some irresistible emotion; "where, where, I conjure you, is Herbert?"

"I do not know; as I am a living man I do not," groaned Jasper, retreating a step.

A wild scream followed; Cecil sprang forward, staggered, groaned, and would have fallen on Jasper, had not Linden caught him insensible in his arms.

"He is dying! for heaven's love, fetch a doctor," whispered he, reeling under the weight; "oh, run! run! a thousand guineas to the first that shall bring relief, or the poor lad will get away before it comes."

"As I'm a living man," faltered Jasper Vernon, wringing his hands, as he stooped over the insensible youth, "I have had no hand in the abduction of Herbert."

"I believe you; bad as I think you, I do not believe you to be so callous as to consent to such a scheme," rejoined Linden, without looking up. "Oh, when, when will aid come?"

* * * * * *

And Herbert was a homeless, houseless wanderer. At that very moment, weary and tired with his long journey, he was lying on a green bank, many, many miles distant, his bright head pillowed on one arm, wrapped in a delicious dream. The trees spread their giant arms above him, to shut out the envious sunbeams from the fair-haired boy; the wind, as it swept past, gambolled for a moment with those sunny locks as if enamoured of their beauty: it blew cool and refreshing on his fevered cheek, and murmured a lullaby in his ear; the tiny stream, as it danced merrily away under the green alders, mingled with his dreams; the linnet twittered on its mossy nest; even the early violets peeped out from the bank above, and smelt sweeter and sweeter as Herbert dreamed of Cecil and Eleanor, and smiled in his dreams.

He had been footsore, and his head had ached, and he had felt, for the first time in his life, the pangs of hunger; but these were all forgotten now: Cecil was bending over him, he thought, and Eleanor's hand was close locked in his own; he was at dear Delaval once more, and he was happy.

CHAPTER XIV.

A brief description of the company assembled at Lady Susan's fete, which finishes with a catastrophe.

NOTHING that Eleanor Clarendon had yet experienced, since her arrival at Leven, had given her so much pure, unalloyed happiness as her visit, short and fleeting as it was, to Fernilee. The noble character of Eric Dennison contrasting so strongly with the eccentric, yet equally remarkable, Lady Susan; and Lucy's gentle, unassuming sweetness of temperament, with the holy calm and serenity that seemed ever to brood over the

lovely cottage and its fairy demesne, mingled even with her dreams, and made her more than once sigh to behold the fair reality once more.

But the all-eventful Tuesday,—the all-dreaded and all-wished-for,—came at last; and, from early morn till dewy eve, every one, from the very turnspit in the kitchen up to Lady Susan, were as busy as bees. All the horrid, ten thousand, abominable, petty miseries of preparation, the purgatory through which those who wish to have the eclat of giving an entertainment have to pass before they enter upon the paradise of enjoyment: the turning of a decent, well-conducted, orderly house out of windows, consigning respectable pieces of furniture to oblivion and the lumber-room, and marshalling in their stead the pink forms and the chalked floors, the orchestra and the supper-room, with its sly corners for delightful flirtations; the dust, and the hurry, and the noise and clatter of ten thousand tongues; all and every one of these had Eleanor experienced, until she was sick, and sated, and weary, and would have wished above all things that she could steal away to her own little boudoir, had not one or two circumstances in some measure alleviated her misery, and reconciled her in a degree to her present fate.

One of these was simply that Lucy Dennison, gentle and self-possessed as ever, had come over early in the carriage Lady Susan had sent for her: and, as if understanding and sympathising with the pitiable strangeness Eleanor felt in such a heterogeneous company, all of whom were perfect strangers to her, Lucy kept close by her side whenever Lady Susan left her for a short time, to play the amiable to her guests.

This, however, was but seldom, for the buzz of admiration that arose when Eleanor first appeared, leaning on her old relative's withered arm, was so sweet to the old lady's ears, and the sounds were so strange within the venerable walls of Leven Castle, that Lady Susan, to whom such sounds were as the reflected homage of her own faded charms, very wisely retained her lovely guest as much as possible beside herself, enjoying with her own keen zest and spitefulness Eleanor's elegant manners and high-bred beauty, when contrasted with the red arms, high cheek-bones, red hair, and awkward demeanour, of too many of the daughters of the surrounding families.

"You are a perfect rosebud to-night, love," whispered she, in her most honied accent, tapping, in an approving manner, Eleanor's glowing cheek with her fan, glancing as she spoke admiringly over Eleanor's elegant figure, the Hebe-like proportions of which were set off to such advantage by the simple white muslin dress trimmed with rich lace, and which, with this

exception, could not boast of the slightest ornament; "ah! what beautiful hair that is, Eleanor!" twining one of Eleanor's glossy raven curls over her own withered fingers. "Now, child, dance only with those I introduce particularly to you. When I only bow, and say, Mr. Alexander Mac Shake, or Mr. Alexander any body else, you must understand that I don't wish you to accept such boobies as partners. But when I cry out, Eleanor, my love, Mr. Norman Macdonald, or, Sir Charles St. John, then call up the most winning smile from the vasty deep of your charms, and dance with them by all means. There now, you've got your lesson, and now go, child, and remember it."

Poor Eleanor! she felt dizzy, and sick, and guilty, all at once. What a deception had Lady Susan's words suggested to her! She was to become a mere puppet in the hands of a cold, heartless, scheming monster, whose heart was as dry and withered, and passionless as a mummy's. It was a relief that at that moment Lucy Dennison's bright, happy face beamed upon her, and Lucy's voice in the sweetest of tones cried out,

"Dear Miss Clarendon, do take me to your own room and summon Carson to our counsels, or I never shall get ready in time to make a respectable *debut* below."

Eleanor cheerfully obeyed by leading the way to her own apartments, Lucy following with a thousand protestations and apologies, which had the effect of dispelling the disagreeable visions Lady Susan's words had called up. No one could be sad five minutes when Lucy Dennison was in their company, for she had the rare faculty of infecting others with her own cheerfulness; and Eleanor detected herself laughing heartily almost before they had sat down, on gaining her retreat.

"This is quite cosy, dear Miss Clarendon," said Lucy, gaily, as she glanced approvingly round the elegant dressing-room, on the mirror-table of which a pair of wax candles were burning, whilst a bright fire was blazing up the chimney; "but we really have so little time, and I have so much to do, that Carson must be rung for at once."

"I know what a woman's must is sufficiently well to obey you, instantly," said Eleanor, smiling, as she rang the bell for her maid; "can I assist you at all, Miss Dennison?"

Lucy answered by a very grave shake of the head; and then approaching Eleanor, whose beauty had never looked so brilliant before, so charmingly did the simple white dress set off her exquisitely lovely features, she stooped, and kissed her brow.

"I intend never to call you any thing but Eleanor, if you will allow me in future," said she, rather seriously.

"I shall be most happy, provided you will allow me to call you simply Lucy," said Eleanor, with great simplicity.

"Then that is agreed upon," and Lucy smiled again, as she turned round and added, "ah, here is Carson. Carson, pray make me a decent figure with as little delay as possible."

The gay little *soubrette*, — for Carson, though an English girl, had received her professional education and her name in Paris,—immediately proceeded to follow her directions by producing from Lucy's boxes the simple grey satin robe, and rich yet sober mantle, she intended to wear on this eventful occasion; and after half an hour, at the very least, had been consumed in arranging these to the entire satisfaction of all parties, Lucy took Eleanor's arm, and the two friends proceeded in search of Lady Susan, who had in the interval sent two footmen in search of them.

They found her ladyship in the saloon, in which Lucy said she usually received her company. The stiffest of brocades and the most elaborate of head-gears, the most condescending of smiles and the sweetest phrase, distinguished her ladyship on this particular evening; she had even laid aside her high-heeled shoes, her rose buckles, and her gold-headed cane, and looked, divested of all these, like one of those strange, fantastic, mysterious old fairies one reads of in fairy tales, who have good and evil spells at command, as fate or caprice requires. In the blaze of light which saluted Eleanor as she entered, she had at first some difficulty in recognizing her ancient hostess in her new costume, and Lady Susan soon diverted her from admiring her diamonds and point lace, by calling her attention to the taste with which the room was decorated, which was in reality both very chaste and very elegant.

"Come here, children," and Lady Susan led the way from one suite of rooms to another, followed by Eleanor and Lucy, "will not this little conservatory do charmingly for the dancers to turn into, when they get too heated in the rooms? and by a very simple contrivance Mac Graw has, by aid of a verandah, extended the supper-room upon the lawn in front, so that an adventurous swain may cajole his partner into a stroll through the shrubberies, before she well knows herself clear of the house;" and Lady Susan laughed, gaily, as she directed their attention to this simple little ruse.

"My lady," said a footman, gliding noiselessly into the room, "Sir Price and Lady Hunter have come."

"Well, John, let them wait. Show them into the saloon." And Lady Susan turned round, and went on with what she was saying. "I dote on a surprise in an affair like this, girls; any

thing for a sensation, for nothing is more wearisome than the endless, uneventful round of modern entertainments. I hope you will both aid me in making my fete pass off gaily. You, Lucy, know every one so well that—"

"Had we not better go to the saloon, Lady Susan?" interposed Lucy; "poor Lady Hunter will be so awkward if any one else comes before you arrive yourself."

"No, no," retorted Lady Susan, who seemed to have some motive for delaying her return to the saloon as long as possible; "let Lady Hunter receive my guests, if any should arrive. Ha! there comes a second carriage. Eleanor, one of those lovely orangebuds in your hair would complete your *tournure*. There, love, now you are unique," and having placed the dark green leaves in Eleanor's beautiful tresses, Lady Susan held her at arm's length for a moment, and a strange, peculiar smile crossed her sharp withered features as she said, "and now, my love, you are superb."

Lucy smiled, although in reality her ears were distracted by the crash and din of carriages which had now commenced; and still the perverse old lady lingered, as if the very last business she had to do in the world was to receive the company she had thus summoned to her abode. And still the crash, and din, and noise, and uproar, waxed more furious, and the startled domestics ran hither and thither, followed by troops of elaborately dressed squires and squiresses, and doors banged right and left, and feet went pattering upstairs and down, and there was a rustling of satins, and a creaking of boots. And still Lady Susan kept her two companions beside her, smiling at Lucy's bewilderment and Eleanor's nervousness, until at length she threw her train over one arm, and taking hold of Eleanor with the other, led the way, followed by Lucy, to the saloon.

The terrible Mr. Mac Graw, with a white wand in his hand, was waiting to announce her; and, as Eleanor passed along the brilliantly lighted vestibule, with its crowd of footmen all hurrying to present themselves before the haughty Lady Susan, she could scarcely prevent herself from feeling that all this pomp and parade made even Lady Susan's faults pardonable. But her speculations were abruptly cut short by Mac Graw's opening the door to its fullest extent, and announcing with stentorian lungs, "Lady Susan Clarendon—Miss Clarendon—Miss Dennison."

Eleanor felt a whirl of emotions crowding upon her. She neither saw that the room was full of company, every one of whom were scrutinising her with lynx-eyed curiosity, nor that Lady Susan's triumph was complete. The surprise and pleasure she felt had literally intoxicated her, and thus absorbed in her

own sensations, she suffered Lady Susan to lead her down the room, introducing her on every side as she passed, whilst the room seemed to whirl around her, mixing up in a wild phantasmagoria the dry, shrewd, cautious faces of the old gentlemen, and the well-bred, yet equally withered faces of the old ladies, the bright, fresh faces of the young girls, and the bronzed, yet manly faces of the young men, most of whom were still standing grouped together, for the icy stiffness of the evening had not thawed sufficiently to enable them to dissolve into particles, and mingle with the rest of the company.

Suddenly Lady Susan uttered a name which recalled Eleanor to her sober senses.

"Mr. Norman Macdonald, my love," were her words.

Eleanor trembled in spite of herself, and looked up not without many misgivings, for she had painted Norman Macdonald like a very ogre to her own imagination.

A young man, dressed with exquisite simplicity, stood before her, whose whole appearance amply justified the eulogium Lady Susan had already passed upon him. A rich olive complexion, set off by eyes so brilliant that Eleanor almost wondered at the singular attraction they lent to his finely chiselled features; his dark hair falling in a rich mass over a broad manly brow; the winning smile that hovered around his mouth; his elegant person, and polished manners:—these were the first of Mr. Norman Macdonald's advantages and possessions which Eleanor had time to note, as Norman, blushing, yet easy and entirely self-possessed, smiled and bowed, and whispered his well-bred badinage to Lady Susan, whilst he gazed on Eleanor with an easy assumption of bashfulness, and of admiration, which equally sustained his character for politeness and *savoir-vivre* at the same moment.

And when Lady Susan introduced Miss Clarendon, and Norman had thus secured her hand for the first dance, and thereupon had led her away to the dancing-room, commencing their acquaintance by an observation, not upon any subject in which he could display his own wonderful abilities,—for do we not think ourselves philosophers at five-and-twenty?—but, by admiring Eleanor's friend Lucy's simplicity of character, Mr. Norman thereby displayed his own tact and wisdom, and Eleanor at once felt all her own prejudice melting away like frostwork before the noonday sun; and, before they were half through their first quadrille, she began to wonder why she had ever disliked him at all, and to fancy that, after Cecil, this Norman Macdonald was by far the manliest and the most fascinating man she had ever known in her lifetime.

What a glow of satisfaction stirred up old Lady Susan's frosty

heart, as she stood with her back against the wall, surrounded by a knot of ancient gentlewomen, eyeing Eleanor and Norman dancing together! She saw Norman bend down, and Eleanor's bright, lovely face lifted up to his with a conscious smile; and she turned away with a composed step, and a proud heart that was already beating high for the future.

Every thing fed her expectations; every word she heard uttered ministered to her hopes; every tongue hymned the praise of Miss Eleanor Clarendon; and every one declared that this, the last of all the Clarendons, surpassed them all in beauty, and grace, and elegance. Wherever Eleanor stirred, a crowd formed around her, to admire, to worship, and to applaud; and old Lady Susan, with her pursed-up lips, and wrinkled brow, and half-closed eyes, beheld it all, and rejoiced exceedingly.

It was nearly midnight, and the ball-room was well-nigh deserted, whilst the supper-room, the conservatory, and the adjoining tent on the lawn, were crowded to excess. In the latter, Eleanor, leaning on Norman Macdonald's arm, moved amongst the crowd, with a flushed yet happy countenance, on the fair lines of which the record of this her first triumph was written. The incense of adulation was so new to her, that it would have required the fortitude of a stoic to have withstood the temptation; and Eleanor was not a stoic, but a gentle, amiable, charming girl, with much that was loveable, and very little that was heroic, in her character; and so she enjoyed it all, and smiled when Norman spoke, and her little heart was in a wild flutter of delight, and the whole scene seemed but the fleeting vision of some fairy tale, and she almost trembled lest the lights, and the music, and the buzz of pleasure, and the beautiful dresses, and the happy faces, should suddenly disappear, and leave her in darkness and despair.

"I must not allow you to monopolize Eleanor," said Lady Susan, with no little consequence, as they chanced to meet just at this moment; "there is poor St. John in despair at his ill success, and as for Sir Charles Macdonald and Harry Cameron, they vow vengeance against you, Norman—"

"For winning Miss Clarendon from their clutches," said Norman, smiling; "ah, Lady Susan, can you wonder at the crime when the temptation is so great?"

"Had you been that odious thing, a male flirt," said Lady Susan, seriously, "I should not have trusted Eleanor with you so long; but now begone, and pay your respects to Lady Mary Winston, or there will be war in heaven."

"Poor Lady Mary," sighed Norman, in his blandest accents; "look at her, Miss Clarendon,"—directing her attention to

the lady opposite,—"did you ever see such a Niobe before? the very curl of her nose seems charged with grief."

"Norman, I insist upon your decamping," said Lady Susan, significantly, as she drew Eleanor's arm within her own; "Miss Clarendon, I'm sure, is quite bored with your company already."

"Miss Clarendon, I'm sure, could not be so cruel as to confirm your ladyship's maledictions," retorted Norman, darting an impassioned look upon Eleanor. "Do not, my dear Miss Clarendon, confirm from those ruby lips so shocking——"

"I shall cheerfully confirm anything Lady Susan chooses to say," rejoined Eleanor, laughing, "if you do not obey her, Mr. Macdonald,——"

"What a vile calumny you would give countenance to!" said Norman, with a rueful smile, as he prepared to move. "Ah, my dear St. John, what a happy man you are!" cried he, with sudden vivacity, the next moment, spinning round by the shoulders a heavy, good-looking, prosy young man, who chanced to saunter up. "I wish you joy, my dear fellow; you are going to be admitted into paradise—faith! the garden of Eden, or Prince Azmor's enchanted palace in the desolate island, was nothing to it. Ha! ha! you're a lucky fellow, St. John," and he clapped his auditor on the back at every word, whilst the latter, almost deprived of breath, could only ejaculate,—

"Ugh! ugh! what a fellow you are, Macdonald—what's all the noise about, eh, Lady Susan, eh? can you explain—ugh—won't you introduce—ugh! ugh! Miss Clarendon, your servant, ma'am—ugh! ugh!—give over, Macdonald,—ugh! ugh!"

"Ugh! ugh!" echoed Norman, mimicking him in such a manner as to make even Eleanor smile, "Miss Clarendon is your most obedient, St. John—ugh! ugh!" and with an easy bow to Eleanor, and a threatening shake to Lady Susan, he turned on his heel and sidled up to Lady Mary Winston.

"My dear Lady Mary, take my arm, and let us walk about and quiz the company," cried the abominable vagabond, setling his cravat. "Ha! ha! ha! there's poor St. John fairly caught by Lady Susan's *élève*: seen her, Lady Mary?" bringing his glass with great coolness to bear upon the spot where Eleanor still stood, the victim of St. John's attentions. "Rather striking, eh? splendid figure, and brilliant eyes, but very insipid; dreadfully shy, in my opinion—never been out before, probably."

"To judge by the way Mr. Norman Macdonald has hovered round Miss Clarendon all the evening," said Lady Mary, twirling her fan, and never looking towards the person she addressed, "she must be very insipid indeed; I have not seen

him speak to any of his own friends this evening, yet—but of course, Miss Clarendon's beauty, and Miss Clarendon's wit and grace, must throw such an admirer of the sex as Mr. Macdonald is known to be, into ecstacies."

Norman shrugged his shoulders and began to hum a sprightly ariette. He could afford to have inuendos flung at him; he could afford to be flouted with his admiration of a new beauty, —he, with his prestege of popularity, his reputation for lady-killing, his fine estate, and his fastidiousness.

And then Eleanor was so lovely, so peerless; there was no vile dross in the charms that won his admiration, and led his erring steps from poor Lady Mary Winston, who, though an earl's daughter, with an unsullied pedigree and a Jew's dower, was neither handsome, nor talented, nor good tempered. Eleanor was so fresh, so unhackneyed in the keen zest and pleasure with which she enjoyed everything. Her very ignorance was so original and piquant, that Norman could not stifle the admiration rising in his heart, when he glanced over to her and then turned round upon the indignant Lady Mary beside him.

"Look at St. John, Lady Mary; I declare the man's bewitched, broke down, by Jove, and not able to utter one word of badinage or sober sense, even—do you not pity the poor fool?"

"Look at his great red face and his staring eyes," chimed in Lady Mary, raising her glass, and laughing ill-naturedly; "poor St. John!"

"Ha! ha! Lady Mary, will you dance?" said Norman, seizing with infinite dexterity the happy moment, and before she well knew where she was, Lady Mary's arm was on Norman's shoulder, and with his hand round her waist, was suffering herself to be whirled round the room in one of the most rapid of waltzes; whilst poor Eleanor, having droned through a quadrille with St. John, who was very honest and simple, and even respectable, as a country gentleman, yet sadly out of place in a crowded ball-room, sat down in the first empty place she could find, and began to grow misanthropical.

Eric Dennison, simple and noble even in the midst of such a scene, very fortunately passed just in time to prevent such a catastrophe. His fine, venerable features lighted up with a smile of pleasure the moment he perceived her, and with an exclamation of surprise he said, as he offered her his arm, "You here, Miss Clarendon, and alone! why, what revolution can have surprised our young men, to suffer you to be so neglected!"

"I am not neglected, dear Mr. Dennison," said Eleanor.

taking the proffered arm, "I only felt rather tired, and sat down."

"Well, well, my dear, let us find Lady Susan; you look rather flushed," and with kind sternness, Eric's gaze was fixed on the young girl's heated cheek. "You must not make your first ball a toil instead of a pleasure, as too many do: here is Lucy coming," said he, as his daughter joined them.

"You, father, playing the cavalier to Miss Clarendon!" cried she, in astonishment. "Why, what can have happened?"

"Nothing but that Miss Clarendon, I fancy, is tired of folly, with its caps and bells, and has come to while away the time a-bit with wisdom and its wig, Lucy," said Eric, good humouredly. "But we're in search of Lady Susan at this moment."

"I saw her half a moment ago—but had we not better go out upon the lawn to see the fireworks on the lake?" suggested Miss Dennison. "Should you not like to see them, Eleanor?"

"Of all things; oh, pray let us see the fireworks!" cried Eleanor, eagerly. "Dear Mr. Dennison, do take us to the lawn."

"Certainly; here, Lucy, take my other arm," said Eric to his daughter, "the night is so very mild, neither of you need be afraid of catching cold."

The crowd in which they now found themselves entirely prevented any reply, and by the time they gained the lawn, the fireworks having already commenced, their attention was so fully occupied, that they had not for some time leisure to continue the conversation.

Almost immediately behind them, although perfectly unaware of their vicinity, a pretty numerous party, amongst whom were Lady Susan and Norman Macdonald, had established themselves very much to her ladyship's satisfaction. Now, for some time after they had arrived, Lady Susan was too much occupied with her own importance in the matter in hand to have time for anything else. There were the devices to be explained, and the effect those not yet exhibited would have upon the water to be dilated upon. There was a fairy temple to be illuminated with amber lights, and green rockets to whiz round and round, and Catherine wheels to explode, and fiery dragons to fly up to the great balcony window; and all this took a great deal of time in the telling, which was further prolonged by the compliments and congratulations most liberally showered upon her on every side. But at length the happy Lady Susan found time to breathe, as her guests absorbed the conversation, and taking Norman Macdonald's arm,

she turned round, and recognising the little party below, made them aware in a moment of her presence by shaking Eleanor's arm, as she said—

"Come, come, young ladies, you've seen all these gew-gaws long enough on *terra firma*. Robin has provided a fairy fleet of boats for a sail on the lake, and as the moon is rising, I think a sail would be a mighty pretty thing—what do you say, Eleanor? Herr Zuingler will burn blue lights the whole voyage, and as the band will play in the pavilion in the centre, the whole affair will be romantic and delightful in the extreme; there is not the slightest danger, and as Norman, here, is a very safe pioneer, you need not be in the slightest degree alarmed."

Eleanor looked rather startled, although the bright flush that overspread her countenance betrayed the delight she would have taken in such an enterprise. Eric looked grave, though he did not even turn to Lucy, when Lady Susan asked her to join the party, but he still watched Eleanor with a mournful gaze. At that moment, as if to second her ladyship's persuasions, the fairy bower in the centre of the lake was suddenly illuminated, and the band, who had got thither by the opposite side, struck up the singularly wild and terrific incantation scene in Der Freischutz: the whole scene seemed like magic itself. There was the beautiful sheet of water without a ripple upon it, glowing in the vivid light streaming from its centre, with the dark cones of the larches and aspens fringing its banks, girdling it in; the tiny fleet of boats, rapidly filling with Lady Susan's guests, whose strikingly appropriate dresses heightened the illusion; the spectators on the shore as distinct as in the brightest noon; the rounded moon just rising like a silver shield over the adjoining coppice; the grey castle behind, every window of which glittered with light; and immediately in front Eleanor perceived Norman Macdonald, handsomer than ever, earnestly watching her countenance, as if his very being depended upon her words.

"There is only one boat remaining unoccupied," said Lady Susan, at this juncture; "run down, Norman, and secure it—come, girls, follow me. Eric, I will rejoin you here presently," and before Eric even could interfere, her ladyship had taken hold of a hand of each, and was half way down to the lake.

As they were standing on the bank, waiting for the boat, St. John suddenly came up.

"Are you going to brave the perils of the deep, Lady Susan?" said he, with a little more animation than he had ever before been known to exhibit in conversation.

"No, no, simpleton," retorted Lady Susan, with gruff com-

placency; "what should tempt an old fool like me on the water, umph?"

"Then who does go?" persisted St. John,—"you, Miss Lucy?"

"Yes; and Eleanor, and Mr. Norman Macdonald."

"Then you can take another, Miss Lucy,—eh?"

"Certainly," rejoined Lady Susan; "do you want to make the fourth blockhead?"

"Yes, yes, I've no objection," retorted St. John, laughing good-humouredly; "I suppose I can only sink or swim like the rest."

"Humph! no necessity either to sink or swim that I can see," growled Lady Susan, in a frightfully audible tone; "but hark ye, my fine fellow! if you don't bring Eleanor and Lucy here, safe back, you need never show that face of yours at Leven again."

"Oh! dear me, Lady Susan," remonstrated poor St. John, in the utmost horror, at finding himself suspected, even, of such terrible crimes.

"Silence, simpleton," thundered her ladyship, in her most awful voice, as the boat in which Norman had already seated himself, came alongside; "now St. John, jump forward and hand the ladies in; don't be afraid of your dresses, girls, I've had the whole fleet lined out with crimson serge; and now, gentlemen, beware of the slightest accident;" and with this solemn adjuration delivered in tones, the thrilling effect of which, Mrs. Siddons herself might have envied her ladyship, turned away, and rejoined Eric Dennison on the terrace above.

"Are you afraid, Lucy?" said Eleanor, as she pressed Miss Dennison's hand, in the brief interval that elapsed before Norman and St. John could hand them on board, and she looked eagerly into the calm placid face of her friend.

"Not in the slightest, dearest; here in Scotland, we are accustomed to the water from childhood, and a sail like the present, which will be over in a quarter of an hour, will be quite delicious."

"Come, Miss Clarendon, come, Miss Lucy," cried Norman's eager voice at that moment; "hollo, St. John, man! give Miss Clarendon your hand, there now, we're all right, here, sit down, one and all, whilst our Charon uses his oars," and Norman, with his usual dexterity, contrived to manœuvre Lucy beside the unromantic St. John, at the prow of the frail little skiff, whilst he seated himself beside Eleanor at the stern.

"Really, I could excuse any one's feeling romantic at such a

time," said Eleanor, smiling, as she eyed, with a delighted gaze, the glittering temple, from the interior of which, now issued an exquisite air from "The Midsummer Night's Dream," and then looked back upon the busy shore; "it really looks like a scene from Elysium."

"Ah, Miss Clarendon! what an Elysium the world would be," sighed Norman, who was forced to sit so close to his companion that their faces almost touched; "if we could only find congenial spirits in this lower world, what a paradise it might be made!"

Eleanor scarcely heard him,—everything was so novel, so exhilirating, so charming, that every sense was taken up already.

"I never was on a lake before, by night; and then Lady Susan has such exquisite taste," said she, laughing, as she took off the little bonnet she wore so coquettishly, and shaking the beautiful hair from her face, which looked all in a glow with pleasure, she really looked quite peerless, and all unconscious of Norman's impassioned gaze, she sate with her head partly raised so as to see everything more distinctly, whilst Norman gazed by turns on her ivory throat, so exquisitely modelled, the rich carnation bloom of her cheeks, the raven hair that fell in a perfect shower on her shoulders, and the lustrous eyes that were never at rest for one moment, but gazed as if they never could be tired of admiring, where all was so new, and so exciting.

Presently Eleanor's mood seemed to change; though the same eager expression still lingered on her features, her beautiful eyes were filled with tears.

Eleanor!—pardon me,—Miss Clarendon," said Norman, taking her hand gently in his own; "you are not ill, I hope?"

"No—no!—excuse such weakness, Mr. Macdonald," said Eleanor, striving to smile, "I had allowed my thoughts to play traitor to me, and hence this momentary impression of pain."

Norman's quick-witted memory instantly reverted to the explanation Lady Susan had some days earlier favoured him with, of Eleanor's connections, and he did not hesitate in believing that Eleanor's thoughts were reverting to her own home at Delaval; in this, however, he was partly mistaken, as Eleanor's thoughts were all with Cecil and Herbert at that moment.

"You were very much attached to Delaval?" said he, in a gentle tone.

"Yes, very," sighed Eleanor, almost unconsciously, "we were all so very, very happy."

"All!" thought Norman, who was quite ignorant of the ex-

istence of Eleanor's brothers, Lady Susan having, for very sufficient reasons, kept this little fact a secret entirely to herself; and then he added aloud:—

"Delaval used to be a very gay place, I believe?—Colonel Clarendon kept a great deal of company?"

"Oh no,—at least not of late: when mamma was alive, I believe it was so; but since poor papa's health grew so precarious, we lived very much retired indeed, and in fact were nearly secluded from the world;" and Eleanor sighed, as she thought of dear Delaval.

"How I should like to have known Colonel Delaval," murmured Norman, as if speaking aloud.

"I wish you had,—you would have loved him so much; but dear Cecil is so like him," said Eleanor, earnestly.

"And who is Cecil?" thought Norman, who began to feel himself fishing in troubled waters; "patience! patience!" and he leaned over the side of the boat and began to make a ripple on the water, as they scudded along.

"Did you ever feel this terrible feeling of home sickness," said Eleanor, more gaily, presently afterwards, "the sickly longing for what you know at the same time to be so intangible?"

"No, never," said Norman, still playing with the ripples, although he looked up; "I warn you, Eleanor,—pardon me!"

"Pray don't,—why should I not be called Eleanor?—I'm most used to its familiar sound."

Norman's manly countenance was lighted up in an instant. "May I call you plain Eleanor?" cried he, in an eager tone, sitting straight up beside her.

"Certainly not plain Eleanor!" said Eleanor, laughing.

"Bah! with such a charming countenance, any one would be an idiot to call you plain Eleanor;—I meant, simple Eleanor."

"Nor simple Eleanor, sir."

"Simply Eleanor, then, which was what I meant from the first," cried Norman, decisively, as he caught hold of his companion's hand; "and to seal the ratification of this treaty between us two, Eleanor and Norman, dropping all extraneous titles whatever.—"

"Really, Mr. Norman Macdonald!——"

"There, you have broken the treaty at once, and are subject to double forfeit, which should be a salute from those ruby lips; but I will be magnanimous!" and Norman gallantly raised Eleanor's little hand to his lips.

Matters, unfortunately, had not been proceeding so happily at the other end of the boat. Poor St. John, who was afflicted with an equal taciturnity and restlessness, threatened at every

moment to precipitate the whole party into the water, by his awkwardness.

At one moment, he would lean over the gunwale, apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the stars reflected on the tide, and then starting up, he would eye the little temple, and endeavour to single out his friends on the terrace, or shake hands with an acquaintance in the numerous skiffs continually passing and repassing them; and all this while, poor Lucy, neglected and forlorn, was harassed by a thousand fears, for she knew how frail was the equilibrium to which they trusted, and that one hasty jerk of St. John's awkward body would infallibly plunge them all into the water.

And all this while Eleanor and Norman were very happy, for they were beginning to talk about the moon, and Norman began to quote something from Scott on the subject; and just at that moment, a scream,—no, Lucy never screamed, but a startling ejaculation was heard, and the boat swayed violently to one side, and then a deep oath from the old boatman, and then a scream echoed from every point, as the frail skiff heeled over, precipitating, with one fell plunge, the little party into the water.

"Look! look! there's one up again," cried half a dozen voices, as the old boatman rose to the surface; "ha! it's only the old man, for mercy's sake get help; where's Miss Clarendon? where's Lucy Dennison? where's St. John?"

Who in that terrible moment could answer?

Those who were on shore, flew down to the water's edge, their horror-stricken faces looking absolutely ghastly, in the glare reflected upon them from the water; on the lake all was terror and confusion of heart; all felt that something was to be done, and yet none knew what was to do, and who had to do it.

"They will all be drowned! can nobody help them?" cried a hundred tongues.

"I see something," cried a voice, louder than all the rest.

"Where? where?"

"There! there! ha, it's St. John, with some one in his arms," rejoined fifty voices; "A boat! a boat!" and a good score of lusty arms were strained to the oars, as the innocent cause of the mischief rose, blowing like a porpoise to the surface; "now easy, my lads, don't crush in, and sink him again; quiet, St. John, you're all safe; don't let go yet, man, we'll take Miss Dennison from you in a moment;" and St. John, who looked scared out of his wits, suffered himself to be directed by those around him, and though terribly chill, and uncomfortable,

forgot even to shiver, until poor Lucy in a dead faint, was lifted on board.

"Ugh! ugh! where is Norman and Miss Clarendon?" gasped the poor fellow, suddenly, as if he was just awaking from a dream.

A dead silence came over all; none dared to answer the now unhappy man, who lay crouching in the bottom of the boat.

"Where is Miss Clarendon?" cried he, the next moment, starting wildly up; "has she not been seen? for pity's sake, speak! where is Miss Clarendon?"

Not a sound—not a word—not a lip stirred.

"I'll find her, or die for it," said he; "it was my fault that the boat was upset; it was through me she was drowned, and I'll drown myself too, or find her," and the unhappy young man would have plunged into the lake again, had he not been forcibly held back by those around him.

"I tell you I will find them, didn't I upset the boat? didn't I drown them? don't talk to me, I will find them!" cried he, struggling violently with those who held him back; "I'm answerable for them, I say."

"Nonsense, St. John; you can't do any good," reiterated a dozen voices; "you are so numb, with cold, that you'd sink in a moment."

"Numb! ha! ha!" he cried, laughing wildly; "I say I'm not numb, nor cold either; I'm all on fire, I'm burning hot; I will find them or die for it."

At that moment, a joyful sound was heard, and those around the unhappy young man, saw two or three people runing towards them.

"What do they say," inquired the poor fellow, faintly; "have they any tidings of Miss Clarendon?"

"Yes! yes! at least, we hope so."

"For mercy's sake, tell me," he cried, clenching his hands, and glaring wildly round him; "why do you keep a poor wretch in torture, thus, for ——"

Another shout, and this time a few words were plainly audible.

"They are found ——"

"Thanks!" ejaculated St. John, falling back into a young man's arms.

The reaction was too powerful, and he had fainted.

LIFE IN SPIELBERG.*

If, as Plato argued, the gift of letters was but a doubtful benefit to humanity, still it must be confessed that, at times, the *cacoethes scribendi* is even an unmixed good. It is well that the man who has had terrible experiences of what despotism can do; who has been withered up, mentally and bodily, by its bitter blight; who beneath its fatal fangs has grown old and grey, should be enabled to present to the world the frightful sufferings, the existence of which otherwise would have been denied. At home, we are a humane people, and, despite the attempts of the degenerate Whigs to revive the despotism of the Stuarts, and to deny the principles, by the profession of which they have been enabled to appropriate to themselves some small share of the national purse; ours is an exceedingly liberal form of government, and yet we know men who, imprisoned for political offences, have come forth from the dungeons, in which they have been imprisoned but one or two years, with constitutions shattered for life. In London, at this time, there is more than one high-minded man who can tell how bitter are the secrets of the prison-house, and how cruel are the tender mercies of government officials. But our English experience, fortunately, is but an idle tale, compared with the terrible revelations that have been published by the victims of Metternich. For ages, Austria, austere, bigoted, cold, and cruel, has lowered like a dark cloud over the fair face of Europe. Wherever the spirit of young freedom has awoke, wherever man's heart has leaped up with joy at its resurrection, wherever invigorated mind has endeavoured to loose its fetters and be free, there Austrian policy has been present, and Austrian power been felt. Italy, especially, the land of sublime associations, still rich in the memory of former freedom and might, whose passionate sons have never yet ceased to struggle against the yoke by which they are degraded and crushed, has yielded heroes in abundance, to languish and die in the accursed dungeons of Spielberg. It may be as well, now that she is struggling for her freedom; now that the hoary-headed plotter

* Memoirs of Alexander Andryane, a prisoner of state, with Count Confalonieri and Silvio Pellico. Translated by Fortunato Prandi. Second edition. Newby, London.

against human rights and dignities has been driven from Vienna, to point a moral and adorn a tale, with such revelations of Spielberg life as we possess. For this purpose we select the Memoirs of Alexander Andryane, a writer which every one should read, were it merely for the purpose of thanking God that Austrian despotism is already on the wane.

Alexander Andryane is a Frenchman, and, for a short time, served in the army of Napoleon. Excited by the reverses the cause of freedom sustained in Italy and France in 1821, he became connected with the more ardent members of the liberal party, who, despairing of legal redress, prepared to defend their cause by force of arms. At Geneva he became acquainted with Michael Angelo Buonarotti, "a venerable republican, who had passed through a long life of adversity and persecution, with the greatest firmness and integrity of character." By him he was induced to undertake missions, in 1822, to various parties in France, but with no success, for the Bourbon government was then too strong. Despairing of France, a secret mission to Italy was proposed to him, which he joyfully accepted. Accordingly, in December, 1822, he set out for Milan. At the latter place he is arrested, and carried before the infamous Salvotti, by whom he was examined on various occasions, at the greatest length, and with the utmost ingenuity, in order that his accomplices migh tbe discovered; but in vain. After twelve months, he and his fellow prisoners, amongst whom was the Count Confalonieri, are informed that instead of being executed, the inexhaustible clemency of his majesty has decreed that they should be imprisoned for life, in the fortress of Spielberg. After a tedious journey on a Sunday in February, after they had been five hours on the road from Iznaün to Brünn, a fortress, frowning on the summit of a hill, attracted their attention. It was Spielberg. Already one man dear to all Italy had languished there two weary years. That man was Silvio Pellico.

Arrived at Spielberg, Andryane was soon ushered into his cell; the whole furniture of which consisted but of a pallet-bed, a pitcher, and a tub. The prison dress, a paste coloured jacket, half grey, half brown, and waistcoat and pantaloons, open at each side to admit the chains, one leg grey, the other brown, was next provided.

"I was then led into a room which echoed with the blows of the hammer. The smith wished me 'Good morning,' in French, showed me the chain, which was heavy and long; then, whilst Krall held my leg, he fastened the rivets. In a quarter of an hour the operation was finished.

"I got up, and attempted to walk a few paces, Krall re-

marked, that I moved much easier in these fetters than in my former ones.

"'They are longer,' I replied; 'but if they continue to batter my ankle bones thus, in less than two hours there will be no skin left upon them.'

"To obviate that every prisoner is supplied with these leather straps, they are fastened to the knees, and the iron anklets of the fetters are tied up to them, so as to prevent their falling on the bone.

"So saying, Krall affixed to my person these last insignia of a convict; after which he resumed, 'Now then, try again; you will find them much less painful, and before long they will be easy enough.'

"I certainly did feel much more at my ease; but many days elapsed ere I could walk without stumbling grievously against the sharp edges of my anklets, or that my ear became accustomed to the clinkling produced by my slightest movement."

After a short time, Andryane has the good fortune to be moved to the same cell in which Confalonieri was confined. Study and conversation lightened their imprisonment. They are visited by a priest, who, whilst pretending to give spiritual advice, endeavoured to worm from Andryane a confession of his accomplices and plans. As this attempt was unsuccessful, orders came from Vienna that the few books they had should be taken from them; their compassionate jailor, Schiller, suffered the prisoners to communicate with each other, and to write with what material they could, but they were often harassed by official visits, of which the following may serve as a specimen:—

"Shortly after, the door again creaked on its hinges, and the Director of Police, the commandant of Spielberg, and six other individuals entered, our narrow cell could scarcely hold them.

"'Here I am again, gentlemen,' said the Director, in an embarrassed manner; 'but I must—his majesty desires it—it is extremely painful—I am ordered to search you.'

"'We are at your disposal, sir,' we replied. A well-dressed gentleman then came up to me, put his hands into my pockets, felt all the linings, and every part of my body, whilst several keepers carried away my straw mattress, and took down the braids of my bed, substituting each article to the inspection of the Director.

"After having carefully examined them, he went up to the bedstead itself, looked closely at the sides and legs, touched every part, left no crack, inequality, or lining unnoticed. This done, my coarse counterpane was also brought to him, and handled in every direction, as if it had been expected to conceal

some paper. Then came the turn of the straw mattress, in which he plunged his white hands, assisted by the other gentleman, whose appearance seemed little to accord with his employment.

"When they had concluded this rascally operation, which I witnessed with surprise, disgust, and pity, the Director turned to me, and said,

"'Now undress yourself.'

"'Undress myself, sir? But it is very cold.'

"'The order is such,' he replied, drily.

"I took off my clothes; but that was not enough; he required me to pull off my shoes and stockings, and even my shirt.

"I reddened, and feeling my patience going, I asked the Director whether he might not save me the mortification of remaining naked before the eyes of every one.

"'It is the order.'

"'But it seems to me, that this last and indispensable garment might be left us, without disobeying the commands you have received.'

"The Director replied by one of those shrugs of the shoulders and raising of the eyebrows, which signify, 'What can I do? I have no will in the matter.'

"I then gave my last garment to the Director's acolyte, and remained with my eyes bent on the ground; my heart filled with indignation, while my whole person, and the coarse shirt that a beggar would not have worn, were passed in review.

"'Is it over, sir?' I asked of the Director, seeing myself no longer under inspection; 'and may I put on my clothes?'

"'Not yet—in a short time; only take your shirt.'

"'What! am I to remain longer in this state of nakedness?'

"'It is the order; I cannot help it.'

"And saying this, he made a sign for the straw mattress, clothes, and counterpane to be carried out of the room, leaving me exposed to the damps and cold air of the dungeon, and to the gaze of all the bystanders.

"This noble exploit ended, the Director made me a slight bow, and turned to Confalonieri, who was submitted to the same indignities as myself. He also, though suffering, was obliged to get up to yield his miserable couch, his convict clothing, and even his feeble body to their examination. It was an afflicting spectacle to see the man I most loved and revered in the world, treated by these ruffians of the police like the worst malefactor; to see him stand with naked feet, stripped of every particle of dress, before these tools of arbitrary power, who neither respected his grey hairs, blanched by sorrow and

suffering, nor the infirmities consequent on his imprisonment, nor the noble dignity of his character."

The Director was not satisfied with having merely our water-jug and the tub, in which we washed, brought for his examination; but this great functionary inclined his head to contemplate that which a turnkey would have refrained from inspecting, lest he should raise disgust in his comrades.

Andryane mentioned this visit to their spiritual adviser. He merely said:—

"These gentlemen had imagined that the orders of the emperor might be eluded with impunity; but submission to his supreme will is the duty of all. I myself had been denounced and subjected to an inquiry; but, thanks to God! the blame has fallen back on the calumniators; and our gracious sovereign, to give me a testimony of his satisfaction, has appointed me Court chaplain. These golden tassels which you see on my hat and to my sash, are the insignia of my new office. You ought to rejoice with me at these proofs of the importance the emperor attaches to yourselves.'

"'We are of so little consequence,' I replied, with a doubting air, 'that I cannot help feeling astonished that we should, for a moment, occupy the thoughts of so great a monarch.'

"'Of so little consequence! Undeceive yourself, my son. There are few things—I may say, none—which engross his majesty's mind so much as his Spielberg prisoners. Nothing passes within these ramparts of which he is not informed. The emperor has a plan of this fortress, and knows exactly the position of your dungeons. It is fortunate for you that the director of police has discovered no irregularity in your cell; for, in the eyes of the emperor, it is a most serious affair. Several of your companions will know soon the cost of such disobedience. His majesty wishes to touch your souls, and this clue cannot be accomplished, so long as the prisoners have other thoughts than those of repentance and religion. You ought to return him thanks for his anxiety to promote your eternal salvation.'

"What could I answer to such a speech? I was silent, and, giving a last look at the golden tassels of the new Court chaplain, I shuddered on thinking of the price at which this promotion had been bought, by the man who passed for our spiritual director.'"

A little while after, their cell was again examined. "The first person who appeared was the director-general of police, who stopped a little on the threshold, hat in hand, to do the honours of our prison to a man, from all appearances, of great importance. Advancing towards us, this unknown personage

cast his eyes around our cell, and then looked at us, saying, in German, to the director of police :—

"'This is Confalonieri, and the other the Frenchman, I suppose? Why does not the latter wear irons?'

"'By the doctor's order,' answered the director, 'in consequence of a sprain.'

"'Very well; but the indulgence must not be prolonged too much.'

"And, while speaking, he continued to examine, with great nicety, the shabby furniture of our dungeon.

"'In a few minutes,' thought I to myself, 'they will make us undress.'

"'What is that for?' he inquired, with a severe look, pointing to a leather pillow, which had hitherto been allowed to my sick friend.

"'Your excellency, it was left to the Count when he arrived here, on account of his illness, and since then'—

"'It is an infraction of the rules,' drily returned the stranger; 'and my poor friend's pillow, the last souvenir of his Theresa, was taken away.'

"The man his majesty had now sent to inspect us, was a certain Vogel, one of the four Aulic counsellers attached to the general police of the empire. This worthy minion showed himself so anxious to please his master, that he even reproved the officials of Spielberg, for permitting our two or three sickly rose trees to remain on the platform."

Unfortunately, from the window of their cell, the prisoners had been able to get a glimpse of a cheerful landscape. This was too great an indulgence, and accordingly the wall of the parapet was raised, by which the view was completely lost. The prisoners, for the sake of their health, petitioned the emperor for some employment. After a time, the commandant informed them, that the emperor had granted their request.

"'God be praised!' I exclaimed; 'we shall be allowed to use our limbs, and to restore our health. On what work shall we be employed? Handling the shovel or matlock, breaking stones, or gardening? Pray speak, sir.'

"Surprised and embarrassed, the commandant hesitated to explain himself; at last he informed us that the occupation conceded us by his majesty, was lint making.

"I should have heard it repeated ten times before I could believe it.

"'Lint making!' I repeated in astonishment. 'What benefit can we derive from such a task, which will compel us to remain seated, whilst it is exercise and air that we implored of

the emperor's humanity? It is no doubt a misunderstanding; and, I suppose, the governor himself has already remonstrated.'

"'I am not aware of that,' answered the commandant; 'but you may know it very shortly, for his excellency will come here in a few days. In the meantime, I can only execute the orders I have received, and to-morrow you will begin your work.'

"The next day, poor Krall, quite ashamed of the duty he had to fulfil, entered our cell, bringing in one hand a scale, and in the other a bundle of old linen.

"'Gentlemen,' he muttered, blushing, 'here are your tasks; the commandant has, doubtless, informed you that you will have a certain quantity of lint to make daily, and I have come to weigh you each your share.'

"If the linen were only clean,' said I; 'but every piece of it is disgustingly dirty. Look here, Krall,' and I showed him the rags he had brought. 'Where have they been able to collect such filth?'

"'At the hospital, sir.'

"This announcement roused my indignation, and I cried, 'I will not make lint, Krall; you may tell the governor so. As this is a favour granted us, I have the right to decline it.'

"'Dear sir, that will injure you; it were better to show signs of goodwill now, and complain to his excellency afterwards.'

"'You plan is wise, my good friend, and I will follow it, out of regard to you. Yet I should like to know above all things whether this work is obligatory.'

"'I think so,' replied Krall, on leaving us."

Our prisoner petitioned his imperial majesty for some books; amongst others, a Bible and Fenelon. The request, of course, was denied, but a volume of prayers was sent instead. He was then removed from his noble companion, and shut up with a man, whom all the Italian prisoners esteemed an hypocrite and a traitor to their cause. This was a fresh cause of grief.

"The jailers having brought my bed, I threw myself upon it, and yielded myself, unconstrainedly, to sorrow and regret. I could not but look upon this as the most unhappy day of my captivity. Instead of a life of confidence and expansion, instead of that never-failing sympathy with which Confalonieri gave me energy to sustain my trials, I had now in prospect a continual state of suspicion and alarm, obliging me to weigh every word and conceal every thought, a restraint which, within the walls of a prison, is the most intolerable of all evils; to languish thus in distress and dissimulation, was so contrary to my habits, that I felt an irresistible desire to clear the matter at once, by frankly putting the question to S———; but as I was about

to address him, the sad and icy expression of his features, which seemed as if risen from the tomb to spy the living, checked upon my lips the appeal I was about to make to his conscience. Falling back upon my straw, I remained there for many hours absorbed in melancholy broodings, and even weeping. From this violent paroxysm of grief, I only recovered at the close of day. It appeared to me, that two motives could alone have induced the emperor to associate me with the confidant of Don Stephano; first, the hope of discovering, through him, either my own secrets, or those Confalonieri might have confided to me; the second, to become thoroughly acquainted with my character, the bent of my mind, and thus adjudge my fate, not from mere appearances, but positive facts."

The priest, who had been a spy upon the prisoners, had so well performed his task, that he was rewarded with a bishopric. In his last interview with him, Andryane begged him for some books.

"'Books!' was his reply; 'you have already more than you want: they only make your eyes weaker. Besides, reading tends to unsettle the mind. Look at me; I read no book but my breviary; can you not wile away your time by knitting or lint making?'

"'Knitting and lint making occupy the fingers, but not the thoughts.'

"'Thoughts! thoughts!' cried the bishop; 'his majesty, you well know, is adverse to thinking, and would have you employed only in one thing—in comprehending the heinousness of your crime, and imploring pardon of God.'

"'Some good books—a Bible or St. Augustine—might, I imagine—

"'You are not to have them, I tell you, that is settled. If you remain twenty years at Spielbarg, you will obtain no more than those which have been generously allowed you. As for the rest,' added the prelate, 'be assured that his majesty will never lose sight of you. M. Wergrat, especially charged with the care of the state prisoners, has been chosen by his majesty, himself. Since I am to leave you, our gracious sovereign deemed it a point of the first consequence, to have a person in whom he could confide, for exact and continual information concerning you all. This ought to satisfy you, that he will always have an eye upon his prisoners."

The worthy personage selected for this high trust, was the assistant hangman at Vienna!

Occasionally, news from the outer world was communicated to the prisoners. A letter, once in six months, might announce the illness or death of a relative or friend, but the prisoner was

not suffered to see the letter; the bare statement was read and no mare, nor was he suffered to reply. As a proof how completely every arrangement was under government surveillance, we extract the following. Andryane suffered from violent headaches, caused by the suffocating heat from the stove of one of our jailers.

"In vain," he says, "every evening did I entreat my disagreeable neighbour, not to roast me during the night, and equally in vain, every morning did I say to him, pointing to my inflamed face and eyes: look, I am quite unable to sleep, I am in a fever; you stifle me; for pity's sake do not make up such a fire. His only reply was, "What am I to do? I am cold; you must address the commandant."

"Accordingly, I did supplicate the commandant to have a brick partition erected before this stove.

'"I cannot accede to your request,' he answered, 'much as I admit the reasonableness of it; I must first lay it before the governor.'

"His report was made the same day, but his excellency finding the matter too weighty for him to act on his own responsibility, wrote to Vienna, for orders, from whence no reply came until six weeks afterwards. The imperial sanction having at last arrived, the little inclosure of bricks was formed in two or three hours, and I was delivesed from the torments of sleeplessness."

Weakened by imprisonment and suffering,—by that hope deferred, which makes the heart sick, in fear of approaching blindness from want of fresh air and exercise, Andryane became a prey to the most gloomy anxiety. One day he complained bitterly to the ecclesiastic who attended them:

Father Ziach tried to explain the delay, by saying that perhaps the emperor was ignorant of my state.

"No sir," I replied, "he is well aware of it. All that relates to us is known to him, most minutely; he receives daily reports concerning the most insignificant things; when a sparrow was driven by the cold weather to take refuge in the cell of one of our companions, an imperial decree was necessary, in order that the poor bird, sent by providence to cheer the prisoner might be retained."

"The darkest hour," says the oriental proverb, "is the one before day break." It was so with Andryane, his condition became increasingly disagreeable.

"'In consequence of orders from Vienna, knitting and lint-making had become an intolerable labour, which the rudeness of the new commandant rendered still more severe. In vain did we protest against our tasks, we were compelled to perform them,

under the penalty of incurring the displeasure of the emperor, or some fresh punishment. If we sought to induce our guards to tell us news of what was going on in Europe, they were replaced by Hanoverian soldiers, who, to make all safe, could not speak one word of German. In short, everything united to make our situation more dispiriting than ever. Adding to the miseries of our prison, the grief caused by the death of my father, and the distracting anxiety of my companion respecting his consort, an idea may be formed of our life during the winter of 1830-1."

These horrors were increased by the cholera, which remained till February, 1832. At length, the hour of deliverance came. Owing to the unceasing applications of his friends, Andryane was liberated; the fetters he had worn nearly nine years were taken off, and old before his time, he became again a citizen of the world. Of those confined with himself, some languished in Spielberg till death freed them from the Austrian yoke; others yet remain to testify to its cruelty and craft. From a recent notice in the Athenæum, we learn of one of them, Marioncelli, liberated at the same time with Silvio Peluico, has recently died in America. The Spielberg dungeons had been worse to him than death. He came from them a ruined man. The stroke was heavier than he could bear; it withered him up. When death came to him, he had long been, physically and mentally, blind.

Since this work was written, changes have come quick as the lightnings flash. The cry of the suffering, and the blood of the martyrs, have not been in vain. The policy it has taken Metternich nearly half a century to construct, has melted away like ice beneath the rays of a summer sun. It is more than probable, the Memoirs of Andryane may be the last sad tale of their kind. Hopefully and joyfully we write thus. However, whenever despotism crushes down a people, whenever it commits treason against human right, we trust there will always be men ready, at all peril—whether of imprisonment or death—to plot its overthrow and denounce it before the world. Despotism should know that there is always beneath it a smouldering volcano, ever ready to vomit forth destruction and death. Inasmuch as it degrades man, and insults man's Maker, it has no right to repose upon a bed of roses; by no possibility can it and human progress exist together. Beneath its withering blight, all that makes man better than the beast of the field, pines and dies.

"'Tis manhood makes the man,
A high-sculed freeman, or a fettered slave;
The mind a temple, fit for God to span,
Or a dark dungeon grave."

Long before Nicoll penned this, the mild and melancholy Cowper even had taught the world, that

> "'Tis liberty that gives the flower of life
> Its fitting lustre and perfume."

THE VALLEY OF BOCAT.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL;

AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED," ETC.

THE beautiful valley of Bocat commences near the Mediterranean Sea, not far from the sight of ancient Tyre; and extends in a north eastern direction for thirty miles, to Baalbec. The mountains of Libanus bound it on the one side, and those of Anti-Libanus on the other. "This valley," says Wood, in his Journey to Palmyra, "is more fertile than the celebrated vale of Damascus, and better watered than the rich plains of Esdraelon and Rama."

BOCAT! thy lovely vale we wind along,
Glorious with countless flowers, and famed in song,
The Arab's haunt, when winter spreads its gloom,
Home of the Peri, living on perfume.
How fresh the air, the earth, ere burning skies
Flash down their fire, and Nature panting lies!
The East just softens with uncertain beams,
Like Beauty slowly waking from her dreams;
The wind, faint creeping, stirs the whispering palm,
And cools the brow, and soothes each sense with balm.
Clear as the conscience of a saintly bride,
Soft flows Litani's heaven-reflecting tide;
The lily stoops her graces to behold,
The melon shows through moss his globe of gold;
Shook by the breeze, its flowers of odorous snow
The jasmine sheds upon that wave below,
Which bears them off, and drinks their luscious dew,
Thus by the theft adorned, and sweetened too.

And now that flower, which courts the sun, uprears
Her yellow crest, and gleams through dewy tears;
See! how, fond worshipper, her diamond eye
Looks from the earth, and finds the eastern sky,
Breathing to heaven prayer-incense from the sod—
Ah! would that man did so adore his God! *
Gradual as mists roll off the bounding hills,
A rosier light the widening prospect fills;
And graceful plains that skirt the vale are seen,
And mulberry groves extend their living green;
From some high rock looks down the shy gazelle,
And bright-winged birds flit oft across the dell.
But see! heaven's king, his robes of glory on,
The sun hath climbed sky-piercing Lebanon!
Like thousand arrows, dipped in ruby light,
Beams dart from rock to rock, and height to height.
The hanging pines shake off their sombre sleep;
With freshened breath the mountain breezes sweep;
The cascades, dashing joyous, catch the ray,
And leap from crag to crag in silver spray.
Nestling in dells, the hamlet meets the view,
Smoke, o'er the deep green foliage, curling blue;
While high above, on rocks abrupt and bare,
Grey convents hang, as poised in upper air.†
The matin bell with music loads the gale,
And listening echo answers from the vale.
O'er all, the mountains lift their crests of snow,
Nature's grand crown, where stainless jewels glow.
E'en the dark cedars standing in their might,
Orphans of ages, giants of that height,
Whose shade might hallow e'en a prophet's tomb,
Hail morning's smile, and half forget their gloom.
Beyond those hills dwelt one of noble name,
Who, from far shores, a willing exile came;
Lady of Albion! didst thou shed no tear,
Bursting the bonds to nature ever dear?
Thy home forgot, around thee darkly stood,
The savage Druse, the desert's robber brood;
And midst them passed thy years; thy life had grown
Orient, calm, sad; thy heart seemed turned to stone.
E'en when death came, no home-born friend was nigh,

* "There is a small flower, of a bright yellow colour, not much larger than our daisy, which always turns to the sun. The Arabs call it "Werd el Sherus," or the flower of the sun.' "—See *Buckingham's Travels.*

† Among the mountains of Lebanon, there are little short of two hundred convents of Maronite Christians.

To soothe thy pangs, or catch thy parting sigh.
Strangers alone grouped near thy silent bed,
Nor spoke of heaven, nor propped thy dying head;
And if, when faded life's last beams from thee,
One thought was given to lands beyond the sea,
Unshared it pierced thy soul: around thee fell
The night of death, and no one breathed farewell.
The mountain vulture shrieked, the wild wind sighed,
And wilder eyes gleamed near, as Stanhope died.*

MILITARY LAW MAKERS.

One great disadvantage resulting from the game laws as they are, is, the strong fellowship of feeling which exists between the prosecutor and the judge. The unfortunate poacher receives his punishment from an enemy's hands. The magistrate on the bench possibly has preserves of his own; probably he is related to the prosecutor; most likely he dined with him the previous Saturday, or will dine with him the next. Undoubtedly, the poacher is a great scamp; undoubtedly, twelve months' imprisonment will mend his morals and his manners; undoubtedly, the magistrate's decision was worthy of a Solon, or a Solomon; but the fact still remains, that there exists more sympathy between the prosecutor and the judge than accords with our ideas of what is just and right.

The House of Commons is somewhat in a similar situation, when it is called on to decide on matters of expenditure and taxation; many of its members have a direct interest in opposing economy. Possibly some small portion of the public revenue finds its way, at convenient seasons, into their pockets, and it is a matter of importance to them, that the stream still continue to flow. They are, it may be, married men with incumbrances. Attached it may be to the opera, not averse to dinner parties, and the other delights of May Fair; prone to

* Lady Hester Stanhope, whose story is so well known, after she quitted Sidon, resided in a house situated on a high hill near Beyrout. The Druses of Mount Lebanon, and the Arabs, were her only friends, if such they might be termed. She died in June, 1839; no person of her own country was near her, and she was buried in the garden attached to her house.

horse flesh, to billiards and bets. Younger sons, for we refer to that unhappy class, are generally remarkable for the possession of limited means, and expensive tastes. What can these do? What, under similar circumstances, would other men do? Would they be the foremost to cut down national expenditure? Would they smile approvingly on Cobden? Would they be very eager to support Joseph Hume? Certainly not. A regard for self would soon dictate a little claptrap, in favour of national honour, and a large standing army; equally easy would it be, to demonstrate the intimate connexion between the efficiency of the navy and the prosperity of commerce.

> "What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
> About two hundred pounds a year."

This is precisely how the majority in the House of Commons have acted. The army estimates have just been voted. Mr. Hume having moved an amendment that 100,000, being a reduction of 23,000, was sufficient for all military purposes, the house divided, when there appeared,

For Mr. Hume's Amendment.....	39
Against it	293
Majority	254

Upon Sir William Molesworth's moving, that the number of men be reduced by 5,449, being the number returning from India; the House again divided. The numbers were,

For Sir W. Molesworth's Amendment..	39
Against it	240
Majority	201

It was in vain that Mr. Cobden attempted to show how worthless was the navy to our commerce; that Mr. R. Osborne demonstrated that we had more officers now, in a time of profound peace, than we had even during the French or American wars; or that Mr. Hume called attention to the fact, that the cost of the army and navy, and ordnance department, had gradually increased from £14,127,000, its cost in 1835, to £23,580,000., in 1847; while, at the same time, to diminish the necessity for increasing the army, we had increased the defensive force of the country by 12,000 additional police in Ireland, and by fitting for service 10,000 pensioners, and 10,000 of the workmen em-

ployed in the dockyards at home. It was in vain that other members argued the necessity of economy in the public service, inasmuch as the nation had gone through a season of pecuniary embarrassment and suffering, and had not yet recovered from the stroke. Their arguments availed but little. Thirty-nine members recorded their votes in their favour, and by immense majorities, the hour of economical reform has yet been for a season delayed.

Nor is it very difficult to perceive why this was the case, why the efforts of Joseph Hume and his companions should have been labor in vain. The "Daily News" published a list of the gentlemen who voted with the majority against Mr. Hume, and who are either officers in the army themselves, or have relations who are. The list contains 115 names. They are as follows:—

Abdy, T. N.—Son of a naval captain, by the daughter of an admiral.
Adair, R. A. S.—Married to the daughter of a general.
Anson, Hon. G.—A lieutenant-colonel in the army.
Archdall, M.—Captain of dragoons, nephew of a general, and grandson of a colonel.
Arundel and Surrey, Earl of.—Has been an officer in the Royal Horse Guards.
Baldwin, C. B.—Son of a colonel.
Baring, Right Hon. F. T.—Married first to the daughter of a general; second, to the daughter of a captain in the navy.
Bateson, T.—An officer in the Light Dragoons.
Beresford, W.—A major in the army.
Berkeley, Hon. M. F.—A captain in the navy.
Berkeley, Hon. F. H.—Brother to a captain in the navy.
Blackall, S. W.—A major in the army.
Blandford, Marquis of.—Had an uncle a general; has two brothers officers in the army.
Boldero, H. G.—A captain in the army.
Bowles, W.—An admiral in the navy.
Boyle, Hon. R. E.—A colonel in the army.
Bramston, T. W.—Married the daughter of an admiral,
Bruce, C. L. C.—A major in the army.
Busfield, W.—Married the daugher of a captain in the navy.
Castlereagh, Viscount.—Son of a general in the army.
Chichester, Lord J.—Was a captain in the army.
Childers, J. W.—Son of a colonel in the army.
Coke, Hon. E. K. W.—An officer in the army.
Cowper, H. W. F.—An officer in the army.
Cubitt, W.—"In early youth served a short time in the navy."—*Dodd's.*
Currie, H.—Married a sister of several officers in the army, and niece of an admiral.
Dawson, T. H. V.—An officer in the army.
Denison, W. J.—Brother-in-law to a general.
Denison, J. E —Married a sister of one officer in the army, and niece of several.
Douglas, Sir C.—Married a sister of an officer in the army.
Douro, Marquis of.—A colonel in the army.
Drummond, H.—Married the granddaughter of an admiral, and is a nephew of the first Lord Melville.
Duckworth, Sir J.—Son of an admiral.
Duff, G. S.—Son of a general.
Dundas, J. W. D.—An admiral.
Dundas, J.—Formerly an officer in the Rifle Brigade, and grandson of an admiral.
Dunne, F. P.—A colonel in the army.

Ebrington, Viscount.—Married the daughter of a colonel.
Egerton, W. T.—Married the sister of an officer in the army.
Ellice, E.—Married the sister and widow of officers in the army; brother of a captain in the navy.
Ellice, E. jun.—Nephew of a captain in the navy; married the daughter of a general.
Elliott, J.—Nephew and brother of sundry officers in the army and navy.
Emlyn, Viscount.—Nephew of a captain in the navy; married the daughter of a colonel in the army.
Evans, Sir D. L.—A major-general.
Ferguson, R.—A lieutenant-colonel in the army.
Ferguson, Sir R. A.—Brother-in-law to a colonel in the army.
Forbes, W.—Married the sister of an officer in the army.
Fordyce, A. D.—A commander in the navy.
Fortescue, C. S.—Son of a colonel in the army.
Fortescue, J. W.—Was formerly in the army.
Fox, R. M.—Married the daughter and granddaughter of admirals.
Freestun, C.—A colonel in the army.
Fuller, A. E.—Grandson of a general.
Gibson, T. M.—Son of major in the army.
Grey, Sir G.—Son and brother-in-law of officers in the navy.
Hallyburton, Lord G. F. G.—A captain in the navy.
Hamilton, Lord C.—Married the daughter of an admiral.
Harris, E. A. J.—A captain in the navy.
Hay, Lord J.—A captain in the navy.
Hervey, Lord A.—Brother and nephew to officers in the army.
Hood, Sir A.—Son of a captain in the navy, and grandson of an admiral.
Hill, Lord M.—Has a brother, and had a nephew, officers in the army.
Hope, Sir J.—Father of sundry officers in the army and navy.
Hotham, Lord.—A colonel in the army.
Howard, E. G. G.—A captain in the navy.
Jervis, Sir J.—Second cousin of the late Earl St. Vincent, and promoted by his interest.
Jocelyn, Viscount—An officer in the army.
Jones, Sir W.—Son of an officer in the Royal Engineers.
Keppel, G. T.—A colonel in the army.
Langston.—Married to a sister of officers in the army and navy.
Lewis, Sir T. F.—Grandson of an admiral.
Lewis, G. C.—Son of the preceding.
Lindsay, J.—A colonel in the army.
Lockhart, A. E.—Married to a near relation of General Sir David Dunbar.
Lockhart, W.—Has served in the Indian army.
Lushington, C.—Married the daughter of a colonel in the army.
Magan, W. H.—Has been an officer in the army.
March, Earl.—Son of the Duke of Richmond, an officer in the Guards.
Mattheson, A.—Nephew of a lieutenant colonel in the army.
Mattheson, J.—Brother of a colonel in the army.
Mattheson, T.—A colonel in the army.
Maule, F.—Has been an officer in the army.
Melgund, Viscount.—Married the daughter of a general; has numerous relatives in the army.
Morpeth, Viscount.—Brother of officers in the army and navy.
Morison.—A general in the Indian army.
Mulgrave, Earl.—An officer in the army; married the daughter of an officer in the army.
Mure, W.—A colonel in the army.
Newry and Morne, Viscount.—Married the daughter of an officer in the army.
Norreys, Lord.—Brother of an officer in the Guards.
Norreys, Sir D. J.—Son of a lieutenant-colonel in the army.
Nugent, Sir P.—Son of a commander in the navy.
Paget, Lord A.—Son of the first Marquis of Anglesey; an officer in the Guards.

Paget, Lord G.—Son of the first Marquis of Anglesey; a colonel of Dragoons.
Pennant, E. G. D.—A colonel in the army.
Pigott, F.—Married the daughter of a lieutenant-general in the army.
Rawdon, J. D.—A lieutenant-colonel in the Guards.
Ricardo, O.—His brother married the daughter of a general in the army.
Rich, H.—Son of an admiral.
Russell, Lord J.—Brother, nephew, &c., to officers in the army and navy.
Russell, E. S.—Son of a captain in the navy.
Seymour, Sir H. B.—Has served in the army.
Seymour, Lord.—Has a brother an officer in the army.
Smollett.—A son of an admiral.
Somerville, Sir W.—Has a brother in the army.
Sturt, H. G.—Married to a daughter of an officer in the army.
Tenison, E. K.—Has been an officer in the army
Townsend.—A captain in the navy.
Trelawny, J. S.—Nephew of a colonel in the Royal Artillery.
Vane, Lord H.—Has a brother-in-law an officer in the army.
Verney, Sir H.—Has been in the army, is son of a general, and married the daughter of an admiral.
Vivian, J. H.—Son, brother, and nephew of officers in the army.
Vyse, R. H. R.—An officer in the Guards, and son of a colonel in the army.
Watkins, J. L.—A colonel in the army.
Wellesley, Lord C.—A colonel in the army.
West, F. R.—Married the daughter of a captain in the navy.

Upon looking through Dodd's Parliamentary Companion, we shall find that about seventy-five names of gentlemen similarly situated may be added to this class, so that we have nearly 200 gentlemen in the House of Commons who have a direct interest in voting increased supplies for the army estimates. To increase the national expenditure in that direction, is to increase their own emoluments, is to provide for themselves and their families that useful commodity, without which, in a country like ours, where, as Sydney Smith said, "poverty is infamous," gentlemen, even though they be sons of lords, cut but an indifferent figure. So long as this is the case, the cry for retrenchment must be in vain.

Nor is this the only evil resulting from the presence of so many military men in St. Stephen's. Their education and modes of thinking unfit them to act the part of legislators for a great commercial country such as ours. Of matters connected with commerce, they are profoundly ignorant. With the people, they have no sympathy whatever. In the army they have learnt to look at men as machines. Their commands are implicitly obeyed; if not, the punishment of the offender is summary and severe. With them, as a contemporary has well remarked, the people are a mob, whose duty it is to work and pay taxes; when they neglect such duty, and petition, they are to be rebuked in the uncompromising spirit of the barrack and quarter deck. When, further, they demonstrate, by assembling together, a determined resolution to warn the Government of the discontent, the sense of injustice oppressing and weighing heavily

at the national heart, why then the professions think with heroic complacency of the invincible might of disciplined troops—(brave loyal fellows! who, if commanded, would cut down their own brothers!)—charging a storming rabble. Those who read the letter of "a soldier" in the "Times," or recollect the profane brutality of Colonel Sibthorp in the House of Commons, will see how unfit such men are to deal with people who complain of political wrongs, and seek for political rights.

The Duke of Wellington, during a long political career, has constantly talked of his duty to stand by his Sovereign, but he has never yet shown the least sympathy for the men by whose labour he is supported in luxury and wealth, and whose brothers won for him the laurels of Waterloo. We are by no means admirers of Feargus O'Connor; we considered the convention in John Street very far from a model assembly, but the petition for the Charter was grave, argumentative, respectful; it was signed undoubtedly, by an immense number of serious and decided men; it was presented at a time, when almost every nation in Europe was seeking redress for political wrongs. But the mode of its reception in parliament was unmanly and unwise; unmanly, for gentlemen and officers might learn that it ill becomes a child of clay, though he be dressed in scarlet, to scorn the lowly and the weak; unwise, inasmuch as that petition was the expression of the will of a large class, who,

"Know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain."

Every man should know his place: the cobbler should stick to his last, the military man to his regimental mess. There he may indulge his attachment to the bulwarks of our country, and can despise all who do not follow to the field their warlike lord. Occasionally he may give utterance to the spirit of the barrack room, by publishing letters in the "Times," showing how Chartists may be either blown up or cut down, as may be most convenient at the time. There he can possibly become a very good soldier, certainly a very bad senator.

This is a serious subject; it is owing to this that public opinion is not represented, but misrepresented, in what ought to be the people's voice. Cobden and Bright represent public opinion, and yet they are left in miserable and disheartening minorities. There are nearly two hundred naval and military men ready, not to answer their arguments, but to swamp them with their votes. Some little pocket-borough may send its illustrious obscure to parliament, and may thus nullify the thousands of Manchester and Birmingham.

This is a state of things neither desirable nor safe, which, so long as it lasts, must be a fruitful source of ill, and to which Englishmen cannot be expected much longer to submit. The warning has been given; the hand writing has appeared upon the wall; our present ministers are by no means loved; the House of Co mons are received with increasing distrust. The present policy but nurses that discontent. It is well that May Fair should be sworn in as special constables, that aldermen should make loyal speeches, and that civic corporations should send up loyal addresses—that in crowded theatres, actors should sing to enthusiastic audiences," God save the Queen;" it is well that, while blood has been spilt, and death has been at work in Vienna, in Paris, and Berlin, order and law in our great city have been respected and preserved; but the lover of his country and its institutions sees that it is desirable now that fresh blood be infused into those institutions, and that they be placed upon a wider base; that thus in those institutions the people may see the legitimate bulwarks of their right; that thus they may see that by them is best promoted the welfare of the state; that thus the agitator and demagogue may perish from the land.

THE PRIOR'S CURSE.

THE Prior stands on the lonely rock,
And the waves around him play,
With a ripple, and a gentle shock,
And they wet him with their spray.
He chants not now his vesper song,
He mutters now no prayer;
But fitful and wild, he pours along,
Fierce accents on the air!
For, through the closing night he sees,
Breasting against the foam,
All bearing on with favouring breeze,
The Northern spoilers come!

And there he stands, that stern old man,
Beneath the priory tower,
To overwhelm with curse and ban
Th' invading foeman's power!

Thick as the locusts of the south,
Through the dark, with flashing oar,
They gather to the harbour's mouth,
And make towards the shore.
'Tis a proud sight to that Sea-king,
To see those stalwart men,
For blood and plunder, gathering
Around him once again!
And strange to see that serge-clad form,
With cowl around him cast,
Calling aloud upon the storm,
And praying for the blast;
Beseeching heaven to 'whelm the foe
Beneath the seething surge,
And the winds above and the waves below
To sing the foeman's dirge:
That the raven that hovers above their prow,
And hastes to the feast of the slain,
May be glutted for aye with the slaughter now,
And gorged with the blood of the Dane!

See! as he calls upon the skies,
And flings his arms i' the air,
Long crests of foaming breakers rise,
And the ships are struggling there!
And the north wind comes with a sudden burst,
To whiten the sea with froth;
The ban has fallen upon the accurst
Invader of the North!
The maidens of Denmark shall rend their hair,
And wail the mighty dead,
For the valiant are dear to the hearts of the fair,
And cold is the ocean's bed.
On that sunken reef, full forty sail
Are borne to a watery grave,
For helm or shield shall not not avail
Against the howling wave.
The vision of many a bloody fight,
And many a ruthless deed,
The gallant youth, with ringlets bright,
Seeking young valour's meed.

The gray of head, and stern of heart,
And the young, eager boy,
That could have wept from home to part,
But that he laughed for joy,
Are mingled in that vengeful tide,
Whilst cries of grief and fear,
And sobs of anguish, rung from pride,
Close many a high career.

But high amidst the raving storm,
Through the sheeted foam and spray,
Is seen the wild, unearthly form,
Of the Friar of Orders Gray.
And high above the howling blast,
And the ocean's angry surge,
Ringeth his wild chant, loud and fast,
As he sings the foeman's dirge.

'Tis o'er! the waves have risen so high,
He may not reach the shore,
And still he gazeth on the sky,
All heedless of their roar!
His cowl, 'tis floating on the water,
His hands above him cast,
And ever his prayer to heaven for slaughter,
Is heard upon the blast!
And still 'tis said, when the wind is high,
And the midnight dark with storm,
The seaman hears that wailing cry,
And sees that serge-clad form!

W. T. A.

COMIC IRISH SONG.

PRETTY KATE OF KILTARTAN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Pretty Kate of Kiltartan had lovers so many,
She was puzzled to choose, and so would not have any,
But trifled away the best years of her life,
Till she sigh'd, when too late, to be *somebody's* wife:
Kate look'd in her glass, but it flattered no longer,
And the wish of her heart it grew stronger and stronger,
To win back her *first* love, her handsome young Larry,
The truest of all that had woo'd her to marry.

Larry saw that Kate's blue-eyes were shining less brightly,
Than when he first dream'd of them daily and nightly;
That her roses had faded, (and Larry loved roses,)
That her nose was no longer the whitest of noses:
But still Larry reason'd, "there's witchcraft about her,
She's grown to my heart, and I can't do without her;
Like an old *hat*, or *shoe*, that just fits one," said Larry,
She suits me the best, and no other I'll marry."

So he went back to Kate, and she soon took compassion,
And made up her mind in a very quick fashion;
Thus Kate of Kiltartan won Larry to wed her,
And soon from the altar in triumph he led her:
Oh! an Irishman's love, it is made for all seasons,
Paddy acts from his *heart*, and then *afterwards* reasons;
"For," says he, "if the *head* was all matters to carry,
By my faith, there are very few folks that would *marry!*"

CLARENDON;

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XV.*

An Arrival.

Eleanor had, in truth, been found: she was not dead, although at first, when, pale as death, with her beautiful black hair falling in a dishevelled mass over a bosom as white as alabaster, Norman Macdonald consigned her to the arms of Eric Dennison, who had remained in the attitude of prayer, with his hands clasped before him, and the big tears coursing rapidly down his venerable features, on the edge of the lake, during the whole of the short and painful interval that had elapsed, until they brought him the joyful news that his daughter, at any rate, was safe, they thought she was really so,—Eleanor was not dead, although the death-swoon into which she had fallen so nearly resembled the victory of the king of terrors, that even Eric's tears flowed faster than ever, as he carried her towards the house, pushing away the officious footmen, and even the portly Mr. Mac Graw himself, who volunteered his services; no, Eric would not trust one so precious, even to their hireling arms. Norman had consigned her to his care, after snatching one passionate kiss from those cold, cold lips; and Eric bore his precious load with all the strength of his own vigorous manhood, only begging those who flocked around him to run forward, and cause the proper restoratives to be in readiness: but Norman's ready foresight had already prepared this.

And at the door, so ghastly pale and terrible looking, that even Eric Dennison shuddered as he gazed upon her, stood the aged mistress of Leven; her withered, fleshless, sharp, haggard visage, starting eye-balls, and quivering lips, forming a hideous

* Continued from p. 86, vol. lii.

contrast to the brilliant dress she wore; her tall, gaunt figure standing out in bold relief against the glare of the light streaming out into the night without.

"Oh, Eric! Eric! Is my child, my Eleanor alive? Eric Dennison, you that I have known from childhood,—you that I have reverenced and looked up to,—Oh, speak, for mercy's sake."

"Hush, Lady Susan," said Eric, calmly; "Miss Clarendon, I trust, may yet be recovered."

"But I must see her," cried Lady Susan, trembling from head to foot; "I will not believe even you, Eric. I must know for myself that she is not dead."

"Your ladyship must be patient, or your very anxiety will frustrate all our hopes," interposed Eric, waving her aside; "have I not left my own sweet Lucy to the care of heaven, from the first moment that I learned she was saved? and can you not trust in the same Providence who has consigned this dear girl, for the present, to my care? Lady Susan, make way, and let me pass."

And Eric Dennison motioned to the old housekeeper who, at that moment appeared in the hall, to lead the way to Miss Clarendon's room, and casting a look of pity on Lady Susan as he passed, ascended the stairs with his insensible burden. Lady Susan followed, quite subdued, to all appearance scarcely more alive than Eleanor herself; and when they gained the elegant room hallowed by the young girl's hourly presence, the proud, passionate, eccentric, Lady Susan flung herself on her knees at the foot of the bed, and, with her head buried in the bed clothes, gave token only of her presence by a passionate sob at intervals, until the breathless and alarming crisis was passed, and life hung once more between heaven and earth, with Eleanor Clarendon.

"May I stay, Eric?" said Norman, who, notwithstanding the uncomfortable state he was in, still lingered in the room; "I should wish to be the first Miss Clarendon saw on recovering, if you don't think I should be in the way."

"No! no! go, my dear lad;" cried Eric, impatiently, as he directed Mrs. Morris and her two assistants to apply warm flannels to Eleanor's feet and bosom. "You can do no good here," and he held a small mirror to Eleanor's lips.

Norman's quick eyes detected the mist rising on its unsullied surface, long before the old man's duller vision had discerned it; and for this he was permitted to stay, much to the good Mrs. Morris's indignation, who could not refrain, even amidst all her anxiety and sorrow (for even the very cinder-sifter at Leven had come to love Eleanor Clarendon) for our heroine: but Norman never cared for her inuendos, and was at length driven fairly

from the room by the indignant old domestic, who told him he ought to take shame to himself, and never show his face at Leven again. Norman, however, knew that Eleanor would recover, and that was bliss unspeakable for him in his present mood, and he could communicate his joy to others as well.

Eleanor's head was lying on the old housekeeper's breast, her black tresses, still damp, and thickly clotted together, hanging in a dishevelled mass over one arm. There was a faint flutter at the heart, and a still fainter flush visible in the marble countenance, which told that life still hovered in its shrine. Eric was leaning over the pair, now speaking in a low, anxious voice, scarcely louder than a whisper; now feeling with one hand the pulse of the delicately veined wrist he held in the other, in the hope of detecting the slightest symptoms of returning animation. Eleanor's beautifully moulded limbs were lying rigidly gathered into a heap, in the blankets in which they had placed her. The blue veins on her forehead stood out plain and distinct on the painfully colourless skin; the long black lashes seemed folded over the two dark, speaking eyes that the old man had marvelled at, at their first interview. The two other women, simple, honest, country girls, were standing with open mouths and streaming eyes, chafing the cold, cold limbs and feet by turns. Lady Susan was still on her knees, for she had never moved. A light footstep was heard in the gallery outside, pacing almost noiselessly yet impatiently to and fro. Eric saw and felt all this, as all men do at those fearful epochs that happen in the lifetime of all, when life and all that life is worth hangs on a thread: the very agony he felt within seemed only to make the outward faculties the more vivid, and at that moment, the old housekeeper uttered a low "God be thanked," and Eleanor's head fell back upon Eric's arm, and her eyes opened and then closed again.

Lady Susan cast a wild, hurried, startled glance upon them, as she heard the exclamation, and then buried herself in the clothes; and then Eric, with a trembling hand and a still more trembling heart, poured a wonderful elixir, more precious than all the gold of Ophir to him at that moment, down his patient's throat, and Eleanor once more opened her eyes and smiled faintly.

"She lives! she lives! God of heaven, I thank thee!" cried Eric, in a loud voice, startled by deep joy out of his habitual cautiousness, and he motioned them to lay Eleanor down in the bed, whilst simple, good Mrs. Morris fairly gave in and wept outright, and was instantly aided and abetted by her two subordinates.

And then Lady Susan, much more lifeless, very much more

lifeless than poor Eleanor, rose to her feet, and slowly and silently joined Eric at the bed, casting one wild, startled look upon the deathly brow and pallid countenance, and then sank down, unheeded and unheeding, in a chair beside her.

Half an hour passed, and Eleanor Clarendon's voice, weak and trembling as that of a little child, was heard in that silent chamber.

"Why are there so many people about me," faltered she, after gazing with a look of vacancy, painful to witness, on Eric Dennison's venerable features; "I surely have not been ill?"

"My dear child," said the old man, quietly, "you have indeed been very ill; nay, you still are so, and I must request you will not exhaust your returning strength by talking just yet."

"Ill? ha! I really do feel week—very, very. I—I ought to remember you, Sir," said she, gazing wistfully into the old man's face, though without appearing to recognize him; "I must have dreamed it, but—but I fancied Cecil snatched me out of the water; but that, you know, was quite a dream, for I've not been in the water—no, no."

Eric heard Lady Susan's stifled sobs; his own calm philosophy was almost overcome by the affecting manner in which poor Eleanor said the few words we have recorded. And all this while Eleanor's fancy was busy within her, wondering who all those people could be that were around her, and why they had darkened the chamber so, and how she had come to feel so weak. Her lips were hot and feverish; her eyes glittered like diamonds under their heavy lashes; a bright scarlet flush dyed her beautiful features—all betraying the presence of the fever that was gathering strength within.

"Is that Cecil?" cried she, suddenly, as another figure appeared amongst those who were gathered round the bed. "Ah, yes, I see it is; Cecil! oh, fie, Cecil, to stay away so long from poor Eleanor."

"We must have a doctor, Norman," whispered Eric, withdrawing the young man into the room; fever is evidently gaining ground, and must be checked without loss of time."

"I will go; I can ride faster than any of Lady Susan's grooms, I know every inch of the way," said the young man, eagerly, in a subdued tone. "Eric! I as well as you, as all of us have, have a stake in Eleanor Clarendon's safety, and as I have now changed my clothes, I can be on horseback in five minutes or less; I will go, Eric, for I know the country better than any one else by night."

"Go, Norman, I can depend upon you," said Eric, calmly; "in an hour, at furthest, I shall expect your return with Dr.

Easton. All the less time you take, Eleanor shall thank you for when she recovers."

"God bless you, Eric; look well to Eleanor," said the young man, in an earnest whisper, wringing the old man's hand, as he stole out of the room on tiptoe, and in less than five minutes he was in the saddle.

As Norman, on his own favourite hunter, rode hurriedly out of the court-yard, a chaise and pair, all splashed and spattered up to the very roof, driven by an old, withered, battered, misanthropical, one-eyed post-boy, and dragged by a couple of lean, miserable, broken-winded hacks, drove slowly round to the front entrance, from the interior of which there duly emerged a tall, cadaverous, lantern-jawed personage, with a very sinister cast of countenance, the ill-effect of which was further heightened by a sanctified attempt at a smile, got up by the projecting lips, and the slinking way of walking, the possessor of all these gifts exhibited. The new comer stooped, rather, too, owing, perhaps, to his gaunt, square, ill-looking shoulders being unable to support their own weight, and with all his studied endeavours to appear happy and at ease, his quick, restless, wandering gaze, and ghastly visage, betrayed an uneasiness and impatience, that had stamped their own haggard lineaments on his sodden and repulsive countenance.

"Is Lady Susan Clarendon to be seen?" inquired he, in a harsh, dissonant, voice, of the groom who had just been seeing Norman off. "It is one o'clock, I perceive," referring to his watch; "but as I learned at Kelso, that her ladyship gives a fête to-night, I suppose she is still up."

"Yes sir, Lady Susan is up yet,—but you'd better inquire of t' footmen," quoth the man, turning on his heel.

"I'll mark you, my fine fellow," muttered the stranger, darting a vindictive glance from under his dark brows, at the groom, as he went whistling away to the stables; and desiring the post-boy to wait, he ran up the steps and entered the entrance hall, where he found a footman, of whom he inquired whether his mistress could be seen.

"I'm afraid not, sir," said the latter, respectfully, for at one glance he perceived that his interrogator held the rank, if he did not fully sustain the appearance, of a gentleman; "but if you will step into the library, I will endeavour to acquaint her ladyship; what name shall I say, sir?"

"None at all, merely say that a gentleman from the south wishes to have a short interview with her; you seem rather in confusion here, to-night, my man?"

"Yes, sir, we've just had rather a bad accident happen," said the lackey, holding the door in his hand.

"An accident, eh!"

"Yes, sir, a boat upset on the lake; you see Lady Susan had fireworks and such like, on the lake, it being a gala like, and the company sailed about in boats to enjoy it properly, and one in which Mr. Macdonald was, unfort'nitly upset."

"Bless me!" ejaculated his auditor, nervously; "and,—go on."

"And our young lady was nearly drowned; Mr. Norman's just gone off for the doctor, I believe," added the man.

"Hum! how very shocking!" ejaculated the stranger, apparently very much moved by this explanation; "in this world death follows life, hum! yes, death does indeed follow life, on the very heels," moralised he, stroking his ugly, uncouth chin, solemnly; "there now, my man, you can go and fetch her ladyship to me," and he waved the attendant from the room.

When left to himself, this pedantic personage, who could even find time to moralise when death brooded over the very house in which he found himself, amused himself by examining with a great deal of care, the costly and valuable pictures with which the room was hung; these were heir-looms in the Clarendon family, being principally historical pictures in which that gallant and chivalrous race had figured in their country's battles; and he was standing on a chair with a silver candlestick in his hand, eagerly scanning one that had attracted his attention, when the door was hurriedly opened, and Mr. Mac Graw appeared.

Alick Mac Graw was a very great man, and his first impulse on seeing the use Lady Susan Clarendon's velvet-seated chairs were put to, was to break out into a good, round oath, at the intruder's impudence; the stern and self-possessed air, with which the latter, however, turned round and descended from his pedestal, subdued any such inclination. Nay, Mr. Mac Graw even felt weak enough to stammer and feel confused beneath the steady, icy gaze of those dark eyes, and he was really quite uncomfortable, and scarcely could find words to deliver the message with which he was charged, and which was to the effect that his mistress extremely regretted that she could not possibly see any stranger at such a moment.

"Is her ladyship ill, too?" demanded the traveller, with a sneer.

"Not exactly ill, sir,—that is to say, if I may qualify my assertion, not exactly well, either; in fact, we've a terrible house just now, there's the company all hurrying away helter skelter home, except one or two, who will wait, and there's my lady and Mr. Dennison up with Miss Clarendon in her chamber, and ——"

"Miss Clarendon!" interposed his auditor, starting, and changing colour, if his cadaverous complexion would admit of such a calumny, "and is Miss Clarendon the unfortunate sufferer by the accident on the lake?"

"Yes, sir," rejoined Mac Graw, whose pomposity began to rally, "our young lady, Miss Eleanor."

"Hum! very sad! very sad, but it can't be helped," muttered the other, biting his lips and stroking his ugly chin harder than ever, "even she must not stay the business. Hark ye, Mr. ——, go up again to my Lady Susan Clarendon, and say that 'the gentleman extremely regrets intruding upon her at such a season of affliction, but that the nature of his business is such, that it will not brook a moment's delay;' you can also add that 'I've travelled post three hundred miles, without resting, for this interview.'"

"Beg pardon, sir," stammered Mac Graw, "but, Lady Susan said that she couldn't possibly see any one to-night, and that any message you wished to send her, might be given to me, and I——"

"Bah! I won't be fooled with such excuses; tell her ladyship I must see her, and that immediately," said the other, impatiently; "d'ye think I'd travel this way if I hadn't a cause?"

"No offence, sir," pleaded Mr. Mac Graw, humbly, "but those were Lady Susan's very words,—she stamped with her foot as she said 'em, and that's allays a symbol, sir, that she's immovable as a statty,—never, in all my life, knew her budge one jot after that!"

"Then, for once, sirrah, you shall see a miracle performed," and the stranger drew his note book from his pocket, and tearing a leaf angrily out, wrote in pencil:—"Life and death hangs on the interview I seek; I have much that is strange to acquaint you with, and that cannot be delayed even until the morning. Everything depends upon your despatch. J. V."

The last few words were underlined.

"There, take that, my good sir, and see that Lady Susan gets it at once," said he, in an authoritative tone, "and give my respects to her ladyship as well, and say that the urgency of the business excuses my illbreeding in intruding upon her, just now."

Mac Graw slunk out of the room at once with the hurriedly written scrawl, and the traveller sate down on a couch, with his arms folded over his hollow chest, crouching like a beast of prey, lying in wait for its victim. The brilliantly lighted room, (for the chandeliers had not yet been extinguished) the exquisite taste with which it was furnished, and to attain which, no expense had been spared, formed a strange contrast to the

soiled, travel-stained, forbidding appearance of this man, who, since the moment when he had written the note which Mac Graw had carried to Lady Susan, had seemed to assume a new character, so different did he appear.

The lank, stiff, grizzled hair, the narrow brow lined and furrowed with deep wrinkles, as if guilt had plowed its own indelible marks for all men to behold; his keen, restless eyes glittering with an unnatural brilliancy; the broad, heavy jaws, in such bad keeping with all the other contracted features, all seemed to transform themselves into another aspect, as if the very will of their possessor had power to alter his outward appearance, and make him as double faced in person as he was in mind.

Presently a heavy step was heard in the hall, and Lady Susan Clarendon stood before him.

CHAPTER XVI.

Plots and Counterplots.

To start back and hold up her hands, whilst her whole appearance betrayed the horror with which the stranger's appearance evidently possessed her, was Lady Susan Clarendon's first impulse. The next moment she tottered to a chair, and assuming a stern, impenetrable air, demanded, in a hollow voice, "And for what, Vernon, am I indebted to this visit? Is it not enough that one affliction should come upon my house, but that another—for I know you too well to expect better tidings—and that, perhaps a worse, should follow so closely on its heels?"

Jasper Vernon coughed, and took a pinch of snuff, as he said, "So, and you have had a misfortune, Lady Susan."

"A heavy one, indeed," cried Lady Susan, fixing her great, cold, grey eyes keenly on him, "one that has made me feel how wicked, and sinful, and hardened I have become—one that has made me look more deeply into myself, to examine my own heart, and betray to my own horrified feelings the base cruelty to which I have bound myself. Jasper! within the last hour I

have prayed, when kneeling by Eleanor Clarendon's bed, that God would in his mercy take that girl from the world, rather than suffer her to become the victim of your hellish schemes. I looked at her as she lay with her head on the pillow, her face as white as alabaster, looking still more deathly standing out from the black, wet hair around it, and I felt that to one so pure and spotless, death would be a happy escape from the life of misery in store for her. Oh, Jasper Vernon!" and Lady Susan, who, excited by her own words, had started up from her seat, swayed her tall, gaunt form back and forward towards her auditor, during the greater part of this strange scene; and then as she uttered his name, she suddenly paused, as if the utterance of it had recalled her to herself, and in an altered tone exclaimed: "but iron, itself, is not harder than your heart, so that I need not hope to turn a wretch like you from your purpose!"

Not one word of all this seemed to have moved Jasper Vernon; to judge by the imperturbable smile that occupied his saturnine countenance during the whole of its delivery. He seemed like a spectator at a play, beholding the harrowing reality of a Siddons or a Helen Faucit, in "Venice Preserved," who exclaims, "How admirable, how truthful; but it is only acting!" and Jasper Vernon, muttered to himself, "It is only acting," as he said,

"And so Eleanor is very ill, is she?"

"As ill as any one can be whose soul hovers between heaven and earth," said his companion, bitterly, "Yes, Vernon, Eleanor Clarendon is ill!"

Was it the tones of her voice, so sad, so strange, that seemed to pierce him to the heart, as he sat gloating like some hideous reptile over the ruin he was committing? Could it be that a wretch so hard, so icy, so impenetrable, had a heart, however hardened? or, was it the sight of Lady Susan's bitter and poignant remorse, so strange and unaccountable in her whom he knew so well, that seemed to startle him? Oh! grant that it might be so!

"Ah—and you have sent for a doctor, of course, Lady Susan," said he, after another pause.

"I have; to save the life of one who is foredoomed to misery," was the stern rejoinder, "but enough of Eleanor; what is your business with me?" and Lady Susan's masculine visage was turned upon his, once more, with more than its wonted frigidity.

"Ah, I am glad to hear you ask that," coughed Jasper Vernon, rubbing his lean hands with an appearance of satisfaction, "it shows, Lady Susan, that even Eleanor's misfortune has not entirely prostrated your energy of character."

"Does it—umph! I don't think, Vernon, you came here to pay an old fool, like me, compliments, so you'd better open your business at once," quoth the Lady of Leven, as sternly as ever, despite the covert sarcasm.

Jasper Vernon tapped his snuff-box lid carelessly with one hand as he said, "Very bad news, Lady Susan, very bad!"

"You always were a bird of evil omen," rejoined her ladyship, with sparkling eyes, "but out with it at once, for I'm in no humour to dally with imaginary misfortunes," and she arose and stood before his chair, as if in a hurry to go.

"Well then, but your ladyship must prepare yourself," stammered Jasper, who, seemed to cringe, and diminish, and creep into himself, as it were, with every breath; so small and insignificant did he look, coiled up in his chair; "you really must!"

"Pshaw! this is mere fooling," muttered her ladyship, indignantly, as a scornful smile swept across her wrinkled features, "you have not murdered little Herbert, I hope!"

"Not quite! oh no, not quite as bad as that," stammered Jasper, shrinking more into himself, though his bright eye glittered as he spoke, "oh no, not quite, but nearly as bad though, for he's run away from my house—actually and truly run away from the delightful home I offered him," continued Jasper with a hypocritical whine.

"Ran away!" echoed her ladyship, mechanically, as if she did not understand the words.

"Yes, nd what is far worse—no! no! oh dear what am I saying?—that is to say, nearly as bad—who should turn up at the very nick of time, but that vagabond Cecil; really and truly as I sit here, on the very morning we discovered that Herbert had fled, Cecil Clarendon walked into my justice room, accompanied by ——"

"Whom?"

"Dalton!"

"Dalton returned again? that Edward Dalton who exercised so fatal an influence over the Clarendons?" screamed Lady Susan, the bare mention of that man's name making her start and change colour, whilst her features were distorted as if some terrible pain had smote her, "who estranged the colonel from his brother, who would have separated my husband from me had he been able, and cast me out, branded with the world's scorn—Dalton returned, and in England! oh, I am raving, or this is some hideous delusion got up to torture my already excited feelings.

"As there is a God in heaven, it is true," said Jasper Vernon, solemnly.

Lady Susan's white lips writhed themselves into a hideous smile as she demanded, "And what was the issue of your interview?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing. I may thank my own luck, that Cecil took ill immediately he heard that Herbert was missing, and that for the time prevented the disclosure; I really was dreadfully concerned as well for Herbert's own safety, and as soon as I found Cecil in some sort had recovered, I left him to the care of this Dalton, who seems to have taken him under his wing. When I returned from an unsuccessful search after the boy, I found they had gone again; this was a great relief to me, and except that a countryman was sent from Dalton to inquire if any clue had been obtained to the child's retreat, I have seen nothing more of them."

"And when did all this happen?"

"This day week. As soon as I found that all search was hopeless, I ordered advertisments to be inserted in all the local and some of the London papers, offering a reward for his discovery, and then came down post here."

Lady Susan heard him out in silence; marble itself could not be more rigid than she was, during the whole of this somewhat incoherent explanation, and her very words seemed to turn adamantine, as they fell from her lips, when she demanded:

"And what then do you propose to do?"

"What can I do? retorted Jasper, nervously, "I have done all, already, that I can think of; I have hunted the country for the boy, I have advertised him in every direction, I have never rested day nor night to track him, since the very moment he was first missed; what more can I do?"

There was an air of injured innocence about the man at this moment, most ludicrously in contrast with his cringing attitude, that would not have failed to strike Lady Susan at a happier moment; now, however, she merely stared at him with her great, icy eyes for several minutes without speaking, until at length she said:

"I'd wager a thousand guineas, Vernon, that that villain Dalton has secreted the boy in some safe retreat; the boy's flight at the very moment of his strange arrival exactly tallies with such a supposition. Yes, yes, depend upon it, Dalton knows where Herbert at this present moment is, as well as I know that you are sitting there before me."

A gleam of joy overspread for a moment Jasper Vernon's saturnine features, as her ladyship made this declaration; it had scarcely appeared, however, before it vanished again as he remembered Cecil's agony on learning that Herbert was lost;

and, he settled himself in his chair again with a stern despair, as he rejoined,

"No! Dalton, I am convinced, is not aware of his retreat."

"I am certain he does!"

"He does not—Cecil's agony and his own evident concern were too real to countenance such a supposition, for a single moment."

"But if that concern were feigned, as it might easily be——"

"No! no, it was too real—"

At that moment the door opened suddenly, and a young man with a flushed, yet extremely handsome countenance, entered the room. He started back on perceiving a stranger in conversation with Lady Susan, and then with wellbred possession recovered himself in a moment.

"Will your ladyship go up with Dr. Ashley to Miss Clarendon's room?" said he, turning his back upon Jasper Vernon.

"Yes, I think I will, Norman," said Lady Susan, emphasizing the young man's name, that Jasper might notice it, "I have just this moment left our poor darling with Eric Dennison and Lucy; lend me your arm, my dear."

Norman assisted her to rise, which on this occasion seemed to be a work of greater difficulty than it usually was with her ladyship.

"I will see you in the morning, if all is well," said she, extending her hand to Vernon, "you look so much fatigued that I will at once send Mac Graw to conduct you to your room. *Au revoir.*"

"I will see your ladyship before I leave," was Jasper's response, as his keen glance met that of the young man, "pray do not detain either your young friend or yourself longer from the side of one who deserves all your love," and Jasper bowed gallantly as he seated himself again.

"Why didn't the old fool get a plainer and an older lover than that?" was his soliloquy, as Mac Graw appeared; "he is too young, and romantic, and weak for my plans, far too weak!"

"Who is that man, Lady Susan?" was Norman's blunt question, as they traversed the hall, "had I not seen him in your company, I should have taken him for a pickpocket, or something equally bad; upon my word, I should."

"Fie, Norman! I am quite ashamed of you: it is a gentleman who has in part the management of poor Colonel Clarendon's affairs;" and Lady Susan heaved a foreboding sigh.

"I pity the poor colonel, if he is aware of the very suspicious custody he has entrusted his affairs to," rejoined Norman; "but, *nous verrons*, how is Eleanor?"

"Recovering by this time, I trust:—oh! what agony I have endured within the last two or three hours!" and then, passing in a moment from grave to gay, Lady Susan laughed, as she said, in a very gracious tone, "Norman, you will become a perfect lion, for this achievement; you will be fêted, and caressed, and ——"

"Let us get Miss Clarendon better, first," said the young man, in his quiet way; "if she should think better of me for this,—but it really was a mere bagatelle, as far as I was concerned ——;" and they gained the door of Miss Clarendon's boudoir.

"Thus far, and no farther," said her ladyship, with mock gravity, extending her arms, to prevent his entrance; "Norman, you must remember that Eleanor is now convalescent, and your own respect for her should ——"

"I am gone," rejoined the young man, smiling, "only bring me a message, however simple, to console me for my banishment, and I will lull myself to forgetfulness for one night with it, if I can sleep after all this excitement."

The message was brought: "Eleanor sent her grateful remembrances, and already felt herself recovering; and begged to assure Mr. Macdonald that he need not be under any apprehension on her account."

Nothing could be more simple than such a message; it might have been sent to fifty other people just as well, and yet none but Norman Macdonald could have extracted such precious balm from those few simple words; he, poor fellow, treasured them in his heart, murmuring them over until he fairly fell asleep, through pure exhaustion.

Jasper Vernon, too, went to bed, and slept soundly. He had a long interview with the Lady of Leven the next morning, which is of little consequence in the present narrative, and then ordered the old battered chaise, spavined hacks, and one-eyed post-boy out again, and turned his face southward ho! once more.

CHAPTER XVII.

Cecil's Journey.

"We cannot get the slightest clue to Herbert's retreat," said Dalton, disconsolately, as he threw himself upon the hard,

lumpy couch of the little inn at which they were sojourning; "Cecil, we must give up the pursuit, for the present, as utterly hopeless, and leave your brother to God's protection."

Cecil shook his head gloomily, and did not speak: so Dalton went on—

"If there were any hope remaining of finding him, God knows, my dear lad, that I would be the very last to abandon the pursuit. But such, alas! is not the case; this is the fourth day since he disappeared, and during that time, not even the slightest trace of him has been discoverable: if all that that villain Vernon says is true, he must have been swallowed up alive."

"Vernon is the blackest villain——" began Cecil, starting up, passionately.

"I know all you would say against the rascal," said Dalton, quietly, "and however bad it is, can assure you, to my certain knowledge, that it falls very short of the truth."

"To your knowledge!" said Cecil, whose curiosity was excited, "do you know the man?"

"Intimately; do you not remember he recognized me at once in the justice room?"

"I have some distant recollection," said Cecil, confusedly, "but the whole of that horrible morning is so mixed up in my brain, that I can recollect nothing distinctly. Was there not some encounter in the room prior to Vernon's appearance?"

"No, no," said Dalton, in a kind tone; "you are confounding another affair with it."

"Am I?" rejoined the young man, smiling sadly; "well, I believe you are right—but let us drop the subject."

"Certainly; we shall set off in the morning again, if nothing turns up about Herbert," and Dalton pressed his companion's hand, and they separated for the night.

Cecil's sad and constrained air, as he sat at breakfast the next morning, told eloquently enough that all discovery of Herbert was, for the present, hopeless. Nothing, in fact, had turned up, and as there was no further inducement for them to linger in a place that was otherwise distasteful to them, they set off in the course of the forenoon to Dover.

The journey was a very sad one, for Cecil's sole thought was of Herbert; the child's (for he was scarcely more) unprotected state, his gentle nature, his artless manners, his confiding yet sensitive temperament, were the bitter themes of his meditations; and more than once, as Dalton lay back in his own corner of the carriage, apparently as gloomy and dispirited as Cecil himself, the man of the world detected the youth dash the mounting tears from his eyes, and then turn away his head with

a proud, haughty gesture, as if he would not betray even such a weakness as that to his fellow-traveller.

But for this one great grief, the journey would have been delightful. The weather was lovely; for spring, so tardy, so coy, so coquettish, had at last burst upon frost-bitten England, and every breath of wind came laden with a thousand sweet perfumes; every hawthorn hedge had a shower of snowy spray, every rocking tree they passed was a study; the cottages in the green lanes were perfectly embowered in roses and woodbine; the rathe primrose and the orchis gemmed every sunny bank, and the very air itself seemed to gush out with involuntary song, so ceaseless was the melody of the larks. Dalton bethought him of other springs that he had witnessed in distant climes; the dismal season of slush, and rain, and melting ice, and flooded rivers (oceans rather) of the Canadas; the dry, hot, intensely arid yet fleeting one of stoned Egypt; the delicious, flowery, dream-hallowed, idle season of unfolding buds and gorgeous bloom, witnessed beneath the blue skies of beautiful Italy; the solemn silence, the waking dream, that seems to grow into our very being—that possesses one so intensely amidst the fiords of old Norway; all, all came back to him once more, with all their vivid freshness, and his heart threw off its load, and he became young once more.

"By Sunday we shall be in Paris," said he, abruptly.

Cecil started from his painful reverie to sigh, and say that he should not like Paris, he feared.

"You will be the first person I ever met with, that thought so, then," said Dalton, attempting to draw him into conversation. "Believe, me, my dear fellow, that the fascinations of the opera *comique, vaudeville,* or what you will, of the capitol of Europe, will prove too strong for your stoicism to resist: the first draught of the cup of pleasure——"

"How can you talk of pleasure, Dalton, when poor Herbert is perhaps at this very moment starving?" said Cecil, querulously.

Dalton adroitly escaped from a fresh discussion of Herbert's case, by popping his head out of the carriage window, to inquire how far they were from Canterbury; and then, after receiving an answer to his question, resumed his seat, and began to talk of Neuilly.

In spite of his woes, Cecil began to feel interested by the graphic manner with which Dalton described the French court, as it then existed. Playful wit, and anecdote, and sarcasm, and sparkling pictures of French society, as fresh and brilliant as if the narrator had just that moment donned his sword and gay court suit, flowed from his lips without the slightest effort. Now, it was a piquant anecdote of the dilemmas of poor Charles x.,

the quarrels of his ministers, and the lofty hauteur of the Duchess de Berri; and then he dived with epigrammatic brevity into the world of the Grand Opera, and described the queenly Rachel, the thrilling powers of Mars, or detailed his many conversations with the pale, gentlemanly, brave soldier and author whom men now recognize as the purest writer of his age,—the author of Cinq Mars. And then he entered into a widely different subject, and, after dwelling for a moment on the theatre at the Port St. Martin, began to talk of the wild, crime-stained, miserable wretches who burrow around its vicinity,—the forgers, and coiners, and convicts, and guilty women, of that worst phase of Parisian life.

"Pray, don't tell me anything more of them," said Cecil, unconsciously shrinking from his companion.

His pale cheek and livid lip admonished Dalton that such a subject was likely to remind him of Herbert, and he talked of the *cafés* until Cecil fell asleep.

Dalton's calm glance was fixed upon the half shrinking attitude he had unconsciously assumed in his sleep. The pale cheek, and lip that quivered even in slumber; the contraction of the brow that betrayed the painful nature of the poor lad's dreams; all these indications of sorrow excited his sympathy more than he would have cared to confess even to himself. The broad forehead, which had awed Cecil so much at their first interview, contracted as if with pain, a few incoherent words escaped his lips, and then, with an exclamation of contempt at his own folly, he leaned back in his corner, and thought of Paris.

There was a house in the Chausse d'Antin, with an English porter of orthodox stoutness lounging on the steps, surrounded by half-a-dozen lacqueys, in blue and orange liveries, that rose up in his mind at this moment. The house was large, very large for a Parisian house, and this, coupled with the costly style in which it was furnished, bespoke its possessor to be a man of noble fortune. The footmen, in their splendid liveries, preceded him to a room, at the door of which they stopped short as he entered. A lady, scarcely past the middle age, and a young girl——but at that moment Cecil woke up, and Dalton's vision vanished.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Herbert continues his travels, and begins to discover that he has fallen into evil company.

Four men, one of them with a hideous gash extending from the brow to the upper lip, which it laid completely bare, were lying half asleep around a blazing fire, the smoke of which curled up through the gigantic beech under which they were seated, on the same night that Cecil and Dalton entered Paris.

"And so the rascal has escaped our clutches again, my lads," growled the man who, by his gigantic stature and the air of superiority he unconsciously assumed over the other three, was evidently their leader; "whoo! I felt as if I had a halter round my neck, when the puppy at the inn told me they were off to Paris. I could have put a knife into him, the whey-faced ass, for such news."

"It's our luck, Rudd," muttered one of his companions, with a lazy yawn, as he threw himself on his back, and stared idly up at the stars overhead. "By Jove! this is a nicer bed than we'd have had in Coventry jail, as there was every prospect of our having, hadn't a lucky trick turned up to befriend us in the very nick of time."

"What's the matter with you, Barns?" demanded Rudd, carelessly, as he stirred up the blazing faggots with a stake, "you have such a snivelling, hang-dog look, as if you'd seen your father's ghost."

"To hear him," cried little Barns, with an attempted twinkle of his little, round, keen eye, holding up his hands as he spoke, "to hear him talking, one would really fancy we were all snugly housed at the fungus again, roasting, and broiling, and frying, as merrily as ever. Ah, Rudd, my dear fellow! my good Spike! worthy Jack Bunting! it's weary work looking bold, and swaggering, and rollicking, when one's belly cries out hunger, with a hundred tongues, as I'm enduring at this moment."

A loud laugh from the whole party was the response to this pathetic appeal, and then Spike, rolling himself over to the other side, began to hum a drinking tune, whilst Bunting, more philosophically, closed his eyes, and attempted to fall asleep.

Little Barns sat up alongside of Rudd, who was gazing in moody silence at the fire, the ruddy glow of which lent a sort of Salvator Rosa wildness to the vindictive daring into which his savage and striking features seemed unconsciously to have moulded themselves. Hunger was tugging at the vitals of both; it was the same disease in both, and yet how differently did it possess them!—the one so bold, so reckless, driven by such a fatal destiny to cherish the perpetration of the foulest and most appalling deeds, the other sighing over the memory of departed feasts with lachrymose sadness, that lent a ludicrous pathos to his usually merry and careless physiognomy.

"Where is the boy, Barns?" demanded Rudd, at length, starting from his own thoughts; "he hasn't stumped?"

"No, no! the poor little fellow is sleeping away merrily enough, I warrant, yonder," said Barns, pointing with one hand to a sloping bank, which the glare of the fire lighted up just enough to show the recumbent figure of a young boy, who seemed to be asleep. "Poor little imp, it'll be a weary waking for him."

"No whimpering, you ass," growled Rudd, with a savage oath; "I'd wager a guinea, if I had it, he'll be as merry with us, and lead as jolly a life, too, as if he was still tied to his mother's strings."

"What a fellow you are, Rudd!" said Barns, admiringly. "You'll make that poor little fellow a fine fence for your own plots, or my name isn't—"

"Bah! it's his destiny," interrupted Rudd, sullenly, as he staggered to his feet, and crept, as noiselessly as he could, to the poor little fellow's hard couch. He stooped down when he reached it, and his great coarse hand parted the curling brown hair that clustered in such profusion over the delicately fair, bright forehead. Gently as he did this, it had the effect of arousing the child, who murmuring "Oh, Cecil!" opened his eyes, and then shrank away from the rude interruptor of his dreams, with a startled scream.

"Cheer up, my little cock-sparrow," cried Rudd, putting a herculean arm round his trembling form; "you're all amongst friends here, I promise ye; so cheer up, and look alive, my hearty."

A heart-breaking sob from the terrified Herbert (for it was no other) was the only response to this speech, which was the kindest Rudd had ever been known to use. Rudd seemed to be prepared for this, for he continued, in a kindly tone,—

"Are you hungry, my little fellow?"

Herbert's heart beat violently against his side, but he could not screw up courage enough to answer.

"Come, come," said the other, in a soothing tone; "it's no use blubbering and snivelling after that fashion: Barns can do that, like a she crocodile. Be a man, my little un, and let us see your blinkers a bit."

"It is so dreadfully dark," sobbed Herbert; "and you are a very bad man, I'm afraid. You look so fierce, sir, especially when you laugh, and your eyes are so fiery that you make me cry. Oh, if dear Cecil was only with me!"

"And who is Cecil, my little man?" demanded Rudd, in a kind tone.

"My brother, sir," answered Herbert, who felt, though he scarcely knew why, that he ought to propitiate this man, who had such fiery eyes, and looked so fierce when he laughed; —"Cecil was always so kind to me; but when poor papa died, Cecil went away, and the bad man I went to live with was so cruel, that I ran away."

"And bravely done, too, my lad," cried the man, approvingly; "I admire your pluck, on my soul I do! you're a lad of spirit, and if you like it, I'll father you myself,—I'll fill that cove Cecil's place, and be kind to you,—by my soul I will:" and the athletic rascal patted Herbert's pale cheek, and smoothed his curly hair, with newly inspired interest. "So now, my chaffin cove, come to the fire, and let us hear your history, and then we'll swear to stick one by t'other through thick and thin:" and Rudd lifted Herbert up as easily as he would have done an infant, and carried him to his comrades.

"Here, my lads, is a new member to our honourable fraternity," cried he, with a laugh; "he's a young un, sartinly; but time 'll mend that fault, you know: and to make amends for it, he's got a devil of a spirit, as I for one can swear to."

"What a pretty little fellow!" whimpered Barns, who was not much taller than Herbert himself; "what do they call you, master?"

"Bah!—who cares for names?" growled Rudd, patting Herbert's back, encouragingly; "he'll make a hempen cove one of these days; and if that's his fate, the mother that owns him had rather not hear his name mentioned, I fancy."

His coarse familiarity—for Herbert was too young to understand the slang in which the villain's prognostications were couched—disgusted the poor boy, excessively: with an inherent caution, however, that never deserted him, he affected not to be offended at this; and, complaining of drowsiness, was permitted to return to his nook again, inwardly determined to make his escape, if possible, before morning.

Unfortunately, however, for the success of such a project, the utter exhaustion his frame suffered from his long flight, added

to his hunger and his terrors, for the present thwarted this; for he fell asleep long before either Rudd or Barns resigned their places at the fire; and when he awoke, he saw in the grey dawn the four men moving about, as if intending to move their quarters, prior to making their morning meal, which, judging by their hungry looks, ought to be a very ample one.

"Come, little hemp-seed," cried Rudd, rather impatiently; "we're all on the jog; and you must trot too, for we can't leave you behind; so waken up, and get on your legs, and in an hour's time we'll get you some breakfast."

This was welcome news, at any rate, to Herbert, who was quite faint from fasting; and with a kind of desperate courage, he got up, and stretched his cramped and shivering limbs, and even suffered Rudd to lead him by the hand, as they lingered behind the other three men, who with gaunt, hunger-stricken looks, and dogged manner, trudged on in front in moody silence, rarely exchanging more than a muttered oath, as the sound of Rudd's voice broke the silence of the morning.

In a short time they came to a ford, when Rudd took Herbert in his arms and carried him across. The boy expected to be set down again on gaining the opposite bank, but Rudd still continued to stride on, to all appearance unconscious of his burden, and Herbert, who was both stiff and foot-sore, was not sorry for the brief respite from pain this insured him. Then by degrees they emerged from the silent wood they had been hitherto traversing; the trees grew more widely apart, the smoke from some lonely cottage curled up through the clearings, the wood-cutter's axe rang sharply out in the morning air, they passed a cottage-girl with a basket, with a white cloth covered over it, on her arm, who shrank from the four men as they passed her, and cast a look of pitying wonder on Herbert, and then they emerged upon a bleak, deserted, dreary moor, which seemed to have been stricken dead since the creation, so gloomy and desolate was its appearance.

"There's a gibbet!" said Rudd, with a haggard smile, directing Herbert's attention to a blackened pole and cross beam, at the end of which swung a mouldering skeleton in its iron cage. "Ha! those that make laws, and fancy poor folks have naught to do but keep 'em, should be swung up in one o' them things, if they don't give poor folks bread and beef and beer enough to fill their hungry bellies."

"I wish I had some bread and beef," said Herbert, smiling sadly; "I never felt so very, very weak before, sir."

"I have, often for days and weeks together," growled the man, sullenly; "aye, day after day, getting up with the lark, and envying even the crow her loathsome carrion-breakfast;

but you're only a lad, and what's the use of chaffing to you of such things."

"Did you always lead this life, sir?" demanded Herbert, whose first terrors of his grim companion were fast melting away; "I mean, did you never live like other people, in a nice house, and had servants to wait on you, and a horse, and plenty to eat and drink?"

"Yes, once I had all these, my little fellow," rejoined Rudd, with a fiendish scowl. "I was once rich, I once rolled in wealth, I was a gentleman born; but——" and he strode on again, with an oath that made Herbert's heart quake to hear it.

He was too terrified to renew the conversation, especially when he noticed how terrible was the emotion Rudd's whole frame betrayed; the sweat stood out in great drops on his swarth brow, and his lips quivered, as he dropped the boy to the ground, and told him in a hoarse whisper that he must walk now; he did not even give him his hand as before, but walked on, with his arms folded over his brawny chest, his dark eyes flashing fire beneath his shaggy brows, muttering, apparently in a foreign language, a long string of curses and maledictions, for such they sounded to Herbert s untutored ears.

By degrees they had been advancing to the suburbs of a large town, the smoke and din of which had already attracted Herbert's attention. Rudd slouched his hat over his face, and loitered still farther behind the other three men, still contriving to keep Herbert beside him, yet not so as to attract the attention of the few early wayfarers they met. Herbert noticed, also, that the three men separated, Barns, alone, continuing to precede them, until a turn of the road shut him also out from their view, and they saw him no more at that time. Rudd still continued to walk rapidly forward, apparently indifferent to all that was passing around them, although, in reality, he kept a keen watch on every side. The district they were entering, however, seemed to Herbert to be a very poor one, for nothing but filth and desolation met his gaze on every side,—haggard men, and pallid women, half-starved brats, and yelping dogs, jostled them at every step, until Herbert, who was still proud and fastidious in himself, shrank back in dismay, and would have fairly run away, had he not felt Rudd's vigilant eye fixed upon him.

At length, after many a weary turn, Rudd turned down by the side of a canal, the sluggish waters of which sent up a fetid and putrid odour into the smoky atmosphere. Poverty-stricken as was the quarter they had heretofore traversed, this was infinitely worse; here, want, and poverty, and crime, had stamped their bitter impress even on the very buildings them-

selves, which stood out like so many blackened spectres against the dull grey sky, as if they formed the dreary portals to the infernal regions.

After walking through this dismal rookery for some time, the very inhabitants of which flitted about like so many disembodied spirits, Rudd turned down a narrow alley, and presently entered a dark, dingy room, dragging Herbert roughly after him.

THE SPANISH LADY.

TO THE MEMORY OF AN EARLY FRIEND AND PRECEPTRESS.

The dark-eyed Spanish lady came of pure and ancient race,
She sang the songs of other lands, and danced with native grace.
As bounding with the castanet, on light and fairy feet,
Her clear and brilliant laugh oft rang a cadence wild and sweet.

She was the child of music, and of music's noblest strain;
Old memories of glorious days, ne'er to be seen again;
Legends of sunny lands, where the golden orange glows,
Where grand and pillared Moorish halls in solitude repose.

She sang heroic gallant deeds of chivalrous renown,
The clash of cymbals, pomp of war, and Saracenic frown;
She chanted low the patriot hymns to her own soft guitar,
So often breathed 'mid vine-hung bowers, beneath the evening star.

She spake of love,—and pale her cheek, and dim her lustrous eyes:
That lady came from southern climes, where passion never dies.
Enchanting smiles and bounding smiles her birthright seemed to be;
But tears of anguish sometimes fell, and told her history.

Turned she not from this cold land, this boasted island free?
Mourned she not her sunny home, her blighted destiny?
Her ancient race, her buried hopes, her early wealth and power,
All gone! nought left save the brave soul, a noble woman's dower!

She struggled long with poverty, that harassing, dread foe,
The worst that gentle, gifted souls in this bleak world can know!
She gave her hand without a heart; her heart had long been dead.
Oh woe! for mortal happiness, when *thus* it dares to wed!

She struggled long with dread disease, for death had marked his prey,
While jewelled robes adorned the bride on many a festal day.
That dark-eyed Spanish lady, she resisted to the last;
But death was stronger than *her* might; death held his victim fast.

C. A. M. W.

SONG.

When winter's frown broods o'er the earth,
And leafless every spray,
When looming clouds float through the sky,
And cast a gloom on day;
When winds are chill, like friends who leave
When fortune's smiles are o'er;
When from the bleak and biting north
Snow flakes in showers pour.

When brooks that sported all day long,
And sparkled in the sun,
Are still, as though the wand of death
Its havoc had begun;
When winds roam mournful through the woods,
And sweep the barren moor;
When twitting sparrows beg around
The humble cotter's door;

Then let gay mirth her revels hold,
And bar the door on care;
Then let soul-stirring music fill
The heart that would despair;
And gentle maids, with lightsome feet,
The merry dance prolong,
Or listening, hear some loving tale
Breathed forth in plaintive song.

Let friends, whom time can never change,
The cup of pleasure drain;
And those whom fate had kept apart
Pledge mutual love again.
To this the wealth of worlds were poor,
And gold becomes alloy;
Nor riches give, with all their power,
An equal hour of joy.

W. B. A.

SONG.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

To the Irish Melody, "*The Bard's Legacy.*"

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! bring me flowers of the brightest hue,
To crown the brow of the mountain maid:
Young roses gemmed with the crystal dew,
And violets plucked from the greenwood shade.
Bright be the garland we cull to her merit;
Fresh be the wreath that we hang at her shrine:—
As bright and as fresh as her own pure spirit,
That blooms and glows with its gifts divine.

Go, visit the bowers of fairy land,
And bring me a harp that has golden strings,
Of ivory, white as the maiden's hand,
And light, as if swept by a seraph's wings;
Oh, then, when the dying sunlight lingers,
On glittering spire, and storied pane,
We shall hear the sound of her magic fingers,
On that fairy harp, to some mountain strain.

When bridal snows the greenwood shroud,
And the yule-log glows on the Christmas hearth,
And the echoing laugh rings long and loud,
And the bounding strings wake the soul of mirth,—
Oh, then, when the praise of "old grey-hair'd December"
Is sung by some bard 'neath the holly's shade,
There's one bright name we shall all remember,
And pledge the cup to the mountain maid.

THE DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

CHAPTER I.

"Ye good distressed!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile;
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed evil, is no more;
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all."—THOMPSON.

THE fatal effects of the exceedingly dry and unproductive summer of 1825, so ruinous to the country in general, and to the county of Kent in particular, were felt by no person more severely than by Mr. Harcourt, a highly intelligent farmer, in a retired part of the isle of Thanet.

The extreme and long continued drought most fearfully affected his early crops, coupled with the naturally arid and chalky soil almost universal there; and day after day, he wandered over the desert-like plains, beholding, with a distracted eye, the tender blades withering beneath the unrelenting rays of a scorching sun, and with them withering also the hopes, which even the promises of the Almighty sanction, of a fruitful and abundant harvest, to reward the labours of the trustful husbandman, and give him that daily bread decreed to be earned by the sweat of his brow. For hath he not said, "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease?"

His cattle gradually consumed the valuable rick of fine old hay, treasured up carefully from the preceding more lavish season; then the straw; then the scanty foliage of the few trees which adorned his small paddock; and in fact, everything, native or foreign to their nature, in the shape of food; and yet they dwindled perceptibly, and were at last sold at an

infinite sacrifice, to those who fancied they had more ample means of keeping them over the perilous dearth, when their value would rise proportionably.

With all his efforts to guard against despondency, and to rely with becoming confidence and resignation on Him who never fails to assist those who truly and fervently seek His aid—the idea of a dark and inevitable poverty, overshadowing the sunset of a calm and well-spent life, completely took possession of his mind; and he who had been up to that moment the most cheerful in heart, the most sanguine in anticipation, the most grateful to providence, a pattern of fortitude, a bright star of Christian patience, now sank into a state of pitiable murmuring, and sorrowful discontent, painful to all around to witness. And when at the termination of that disastrous year, he found himself, after disposing of everything bordering on luxury, retrenching even common comforts, and contracting to penuriousness his moderate domestic expenditure, actually compelled to intrench on the little store religiously accumulated as a future provision for his only child, his darling and delicate Lucy, to liquidate his arrears of rent,—the death-blow was struck—he gave way to the most immoderate despair, exclaiming, as he raised his feeble and trembling hands above, while the tears coursed rapidly down his furrowed and venerable cheeks, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" then continued,

"Oh, if Lord Morton's obdurate steward had but allowed me a brief space, I might have prevented this total annihilation of my pardonably fond paternal hopes! Oh, if I could but see his lordship myself! I feel assured, lost as he is in the vortex of pleasure, he could not refuse a merciful delay to a father's supplications! my prayers, my anguish, must wring from him an assurance that my Lucy should not be a beggar!

"The young are generous," he continued; "they only require to have their sympathy awakened, to act on its sweet and godlike impulse. And who so likely to touch the chord that thrills responsive to another's woe, as a poor old man, borne down by age and affliction even unto the grave? But how, alas! obtain the opportunity of pleading my cause to him, of pouring my unvarnished tale of misery into his, perhaps, compassionate ear, and receiving from his lips the glad words which rekindle the spark of hope, decaying amid the ashes of despair?

"Absorbed in his own amusements, revelling in luxury, he is unconscious that one of his oldest tenants is threatened with a death of famine and disgrace. Yet I blame him not, I blame him not; for how could he remedy the evil of which he is

ignorant? and who would take the trouble of informing him of the abjectness of an insignificant being like myself? But I do blame, and that from my inmost soul, the education which teaches the squandering of the wealth on that dissipation, which only sears the heart with the blast of selfishness, and renders it wrinkled, and callous, and pitilessly wintry, ere it has well counted the summers of vernal manhood; instead of dispensing it in that social love and charity heaven designed: so that, that same coldly contracted heart would then expand like a bursting flower, beneath the genial beams of benevolence, to diffuse a lovely fragrance and balm on the suffering and sorrowful.

"If they who have the training of the tender saplings of the aristocracy would but remember, that as the twig is bent the tree inclines, they might make them to spread out their sheltering branches to the uttermost parts of the earth, so that they should feel and *know* they have taken root in the very hearts of their grateful dependents. Then would they, casting their eyes around, and judging for themselves, spy out the nakedness of the land, the want consequently endured by the multitude, to gather together the wealth a too partial fortune has made theirs; and humbly aware that it is wrung from the strong sinews of the people, waxing weak and *stringy* from overwrought toil, scant of food, and scant of rest, they would pause in the mad career of enjoyment, to ponder that they are but agents of a beneficent God; that where much is given, much is also required: that what they waste in pleasure is a loan from Him, for better and holier purposes, and that they must give an account for every mis-applied farthing; they would become diligent in their heavenly vocation, the poor would be cared for, and this be a Christian land indeed!

"But never, never shall I see such a blessed state of things on earth, my child. No, no, no; still must these old hands slave for the young and heartless profligate I am doomed to call my landlord, without hope of a remission of my labour, until death releases the weary and heavy-ladened soul. Yet, even its emancipation I dread, for does not my freedom enchain you to penury for ever?"

CHAPTER II.

"Hard time can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace;
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
More deeply than despair."—SCOTT's *Marmion.*

IT was in vain that the tender-hearted, weeping girl assured him, she felt convinced she never should be so destitute as he apprehended; that the Almighty would protect her under every adverse circumstance, and guide her triumphantly through the devious valley of grief and privation, to the broad and open plain of sunshine, joy, and comfort.

"For have you not, oh, my precious father! taught me, from my youth up, that they who humbly and hopefully rely on Him, he will neither abandon nor forsake?

"Let not this one reverse, dearest father, shake the faith it is so beautiful, so cheering to believe! All is not lost, why need you yet despair? While I have health, strength, and inclination to labour for both, we may yet defy the worst. Oh, how sweet will be the toil which helps to discharge the blessed obligations I incurred in my hapless infancy! My turn for work has now come, and you shall see how worthily your child imitates you, in struggling to maintain an honest independence. Dear, *dear* father, your kind, loving eyes shall never be dimmed by the tears of misery and anguish, whilst your Lucy's hands can strive for you, her lips pray for you, her eyes weep for you!"

It was in vain that she endeavoured, with a holy zeal, to inspire him with the warm and sanguine enthusiasm of her own young, untried heart; his, chilled by age and experience, and schooled in the severe lessons of a life of unremitting exertion, was too well aware of the golden dreams woven by the fairy tissue of youth, who *theoretically* overcomes the giant poverty with one stroke, and severs the gordian knot of its galling and down-pressing bonds with the facility with which it would rend the gossamer's fragile web, obstructing its bounding steps to the rose-garden, blooming as itself,—to be beguiled by her sweet, fallacious visions of gold-making, from the sad and stern reality of his woe. And such was the effect of grief upon his enfeebled constitution, that he appeared fast approaching the grave he so much dreaded, on account of leaving his forlorn darling then totally and utterly unprotected.

Lucy was but seventeen—a shrinking, timid girl, who had

never quitted the seclusion of her own happy but remote home for a single day, except to visit the young ladies at the parsonage; who, finding her apt in the extreme, docile, gentle, and grateful, loved to instruct her in all that might be useful and amusing to her, without taking her out of her station. To her father she was indebted for the more sound and solid principles which eminently distinguished her. He, being a man of a naturally strong mind, pure and unpretending piety, assisted by the perusal of the best authors in morals and divinity, had taken care to instil into her only those sentiments which conduce to form the virtuous and Christian English matron, than which it would be impossible to find a more admirable, a more *august* character.

She had never come in contact with a man of rank superior to the amiable and truly condescending Mr. Wentworth, the clergyman, and Mr. Sackville, the haughty and arrogant agent of Lord Morton; yet did she, without advice or consultation, inspired by filial affection with a courage hitherto unknown, resolve dauntlessly to seek an interview with their landlord himself, state to him her father's anguish of mind, the threats of ruin held out by Mr. Sackville, and to implore his lordship's leniency until the times improved.

She felt no dispiriting hesitation, no morbid apprehension of failure; she felt, on the contrary, that he who had awakened the holy idea would also endow her with eloquence for such a mission, and crown it with success. Aware that he was at his country seat, about four miles off, for the purpose of partridge shooting, it being early in September, she lost not a moment in putting her plan of pious love into execution; leaving her father, therefore, with his favourite book, and giving the strictest charges for his comforts to be attended to during her absence, to the only domestic they kept, she set out for the Hall. Never did any one wish for wings more ardently than did poor Lucy, as she almost ran along, envying every thoughtless, and it seemed, purposeless bird which flew past her, as if in mockery of her efforts at speed.

It was between one and two o'clock at noon when she arrived, flushed with her rapid walk, and agitated with contending feelings; for the wished-for goal was reached, but was the prize so much desired obtained? Not yet! not yet! but hope thrilled her young heart, sanguinely, still. On inquiring for Lord Morton, she was assured that he was engaged,—at luncheon, in fact, and it was a rule never to intrude on him on such occasions. Any message she chose to leave, however, she might rely on being delivered to his lordship, at a proper opportunity.

"Oh, pray, if it be possible, permit me to see him!" she exclaimed, in a tone of energetic entreaty. "I can wait until he is at leisure; no message could explain my business to his lordship; it is far too important. I have walked four miles quite alone, in the anxious hope of speaking to him; do not then send me away to retrace their tedious length, fruitlessly. You do not, *cannot* know what the disappointment may cost."

"Its no use standing and begging there; you can't see his lordship, once for all, so you may as well take a civil answer at once, Miss. Come, there's the servant's dinner-bell, so go, for I'm first footman, and am wanted to carve."

Lucy was too much overwhelmed with the sudden blight which fell on her heart, to notice the insolent tone of the upstart menial; she was totally ignorant of the system of bribing him to civility, and therefore, without another word, was on the eve of passing through the door, which he impatiently swung backwards and forwards, to remind her that it was open, when her ear caught the loud and joyous laughter, so noisy, and yet so refined, from the lips of gentlemen, blended with the quick and volatile sentences of light and unstudied dialogue.

"Here comes his lordship, and Mr. Greville, I protest," said the man; "he'll make a fine fuss at seeing a stranger with me, thinking it's a sweetheart, I'll be bound."

Lucy's colour heightened at the impertinence of this supposition, which she was preparing most indignantly to repel, when her attention was arrested by the entrance of two elegant young men into the hall, equipped for shooting. Influenced alone by the impulse of the moment, she sprang towards them, exclaiming, "Which *is* Lord Morton?"

"I have the *happiness* to be, replied the youngest of the two, in a voice of winning courtesy, "since *you* ask the question."

The implied compliment was entirely lost on the unsophisticated Lucy; who, having but one purpose to fulfil, that of saving her father, immediately entreated to be favoured with a few moments' private conversation.

The glance of intelligence which was exchanged between him and his gay friend, was happily unobserved by her, as was also the vulgar and malicious sneer which curled the supercilious lips of the disconcerted domestic, as Lord Morton, in a tone of involuntary deference, occasioned by the evident innocence and purity of Lucy's appearance and manner, assured her that he was quite at her service, for as long a period as she might consider necessary, requesting to conduct her to the library, as more private.

On reaching the well-appointed and luxurious apartment,

and without accepting the seat so politely tendered, Lucy instantly unfolded her tale of artless sorrow, whilst the tears ran unchecked from her expressive eyes.

Lord Morton was a professed libertine; a *roué*, in the most illimitable extent of the word; a midnight reveller, gambler, seducer, and in fact, violater of every law, moral and divine. He was not conscious that a manly, a human heart beat in his passion-seared bosom, until that moment, when listening to outpourings of simple nature, as the almost rustic maiden pleaded to him for her poor old honest father, invoking his compassion in strains of eloquence, surpassingly touching, and awing into silence every other emotion, save pity, in his guilty breast.

"Is it really on account of the paltry pittance annually due to me," exclaimed his lordship, in a tone of self-condemnation, "that a respectable, grey-headed man waters his pillow with his nightly tears, and his innocent child is compelled to outrage her woman's bashful feelings, to rescue from a workhouse?

"O, Miss Harcourt! I blush, for the first time, to think that the sum which has cost you and your father months of acute mental anguish and corporeal privation, scarcely sufficed to furnish me with one evening's amusement, one hour's real gratification; that it was lavished without thought on the profligate companion, the faithless mistress!

"But are you sure," he continued, "that you have positively imparted to me the utmost extent of your troubles? Is there nothing concealed? not some few debts, for instance, of a more faulty and extravagant nature? no wilful prodigality, or thoughtless profusion? no other cause save the unavoidable and unforeseen calamities of the season, to occasion all the suffering you describe your father to have endured? It would be almost a relief to me to be assured that he had some act of folly to repent of; it is too painful to reflect that a man of such worth and integrity has been labouring for years to minister to my dissipations."

"My lord," replied Lucy, in a voice of the deepest emotion, while tears of gratitude and admiration suffused her eyes, at this testimony to her precious father's uprightness, "I am a simple-hearted girl, and utterly abhor deception. I have told your lordship the whole and sacred truth, as undisguisedly as I do my God, in my prayers.

"A daughter, I admit, might be considered to be a partial advocate, when pleading a father's cause; but ask his friends, his neighbours—ask his *enemies*, if such a man have any, what has been the tenor of his life. Ask the clergyman under whose ministry he sits, if his place is ever vacant. Ask the sick and

sorrowful, the widow and orphan, who is the first to find them in their hour of affliction. Ask, my lord, the *vicious*, whom ignorance rather than crime has led astray, who seeks them at the propitious moment of repentance, and fans its waning light into the steady and lambent flame of permanent reformation and Christian hope. And all will respond, the good, the benevolent Joseph Harcourt! I have not, I cannot do justice to my father, however I may aim at eloquence; all I say falls short of his desert; but believe me in this, that I would rather be the beggared child of such a parent, than enjoy the most brilliant destiny with a father whose name was less honoured."

"Noble-minded girl!" exclaimed Lord Morton, enthusiastically, gazing with respectful admiration on her animated countenance; "return home with the assurance that both yourself and father have shed your last tears of anticipated penury and distress, if I have the power of drying them.

"I will lose no time, rely on it, in looking into the affair with my agent, and arranging it in a manner the least mortifying to the feelings of either. To-morrow morning, in all probability, I shall be able to send you a favourable account;" saying which he extended his hand to the delighted Lucy, with unaffected cordiality, and conducted her to the door, where bowing, courteously, he took leave of one who had most considerably interested his better sentiments.

CHAPTER III.

"His soul like bark with rudder lost,
On passion's changeful tide was tost;
Nor vice, nor virtue had the power
Beyond the impression of the hour;
And O, when passion rules, how rare
The hours that fall to virtue's share!"

SCOTT'S *Rokeby*.

LORD MORTON, like all very young men, who waste their resources and constitution, merely for the fashion of being notorious, —not for the actual gratification excess affords; being only ambitious for the reputation of a thorough rake, one callous to

virtue, sensibility, or honour, (miserable distinction!) was exceedingly susceptible of ridicule; and even affected a profounder scorn for morality, and a more ardent predilection for vice, than his older and more confirmed associates in its fatal school, to avoid even the slightest imputation of retaining a shadow of the principles a really exemplary mother endeavoured to instil into his youthful mind, so long as she was spared to watch over and guide its waywardness.

He, therefore, studiously sought to conceal every external appearance of the emotion which Lucy's ingenuous candour and filial duty had awakened, from the depraved and cynical Greville; indeed, its beneficial effects began to evaporate ere his friend rejoined him, and he felt a sort of shame and confusion at having been so taken by surprise by an innocent girl, as to forget his character for universal and successful gallantry, so as to be betrayed into all kinds of foolish promises and self-reproaches; and instead of improving such a glorious opportunity, to suffer such a lovely creature to depart with a farewell homily worthy of one of the ancient fathers; and under the impression, too, that she had secured her wishes merely for expressing them!

So speedy and destructive is the reaction of long-indulged profligacy, on the heart abandoned to its baleful influence, that it instantaneously blights with its pestiferous breath, the smallest germ of reblossoming virtue struggling to life in its arid soil.

When Greville, on his return from shooting, soon after Lucy's departure, entered the room where Lord Morton was, and exclaimed, in a tone of reckless hardihood, "What a very pretty girl that was, Morton! Who is she? Where did you discover such a lily of the valley?" his lordship, instead of feeling the compunction he would have done shortly before, at hearing Lucy's fair remembrance almost tarnished by the remarks of such a man, entered readily into the badinage, observing, "She is, indeed, a charming creature. I must improve the acquaintance, Greville."

"By all means, my dear fellow, splendid pastime for your leisure! I could not conceive so refined a little thing could be found out of the purlieus of May-fair.

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

I am free to admit, if Kent alone contains such an exotic. Transplant her to a richer soil, Morton, and let the full sun of your prosperity add new lustre to her beauty!"

"That was the subject of my most grave and abstracted meditations, when you appeared to lend me your sage advice. She is a tenant's daughter of mine, an only child, and perfectly unsophisticated, evidently, from her rash visit to me."

"How long have you known her?"

"Only two swift and fleeting hours!"

"What! is it possible that *that* vision of loveliness blessed your eyes for the first time, to-day?"

"Too true, alas!"

"That comes of employing a rascally agent! another of the evils attendant on wealth. I'll bet any sum you like, that jesuitical looking fellow, Sackville, has enjoyed many *a tête-à-tête!*"

"If I thought so, I would dismiss the villain, instantly."

"Come, come, no undignified flights; no aberrations of mind; no falling into a serious passion, if you regard my friendship."

"The girl is yours by right of your manorial privileges—a perfect treasure-trove; claim your just dues, therefore, never abandon them, for what is the earthly use of being the possessor of large landed estates, unless you avail yourself of all the little comforts they afford?"

Lord Morton laughed heartily at these lively sallies of his vivacious and witty friend; and then with a secret remorsefulness, suddenly remembered the beautiful purity of the sentiments so lately expressed by the innocent girl, they were cruelly and wantonly traducing,—her sweet and trustful reliance on him,—the almost hallowed opinion she had inspired him with of her artlessness and virtue; and he felt lessened and degraded at the unmanliness of his conduct, in suffering for a moment, the vile insinuations of Greville to remain unrefuted. He, therefore, said, in a more serious manner:

"Jesting is all very well; nay, perfectly allowable between friends, particularly when a pretty girl is the subject; but still there are, or ought to be, some limit to one's wit; distress accompanied by unblemished virtue, is too sacred to sport with; Greville, believe me, Lucy Harcourt's principles ——"

"Ha, ha, ha! excuse me, my dear Morton, but really that is too good! Principles, indeed, why what sort of principles can they be which induce a young girl to seek a private interview with a fashionable *roué?* a perfect stranger, in a costume too, sufficiently *distingue* for a *fête-champêtre* at the HOO: where all is most *recherche?*"

"Now you're hypercritical; for what in the world had she on, but a simple straw bonnet, and white dress?"

"And what would you have more dangerous for a man *blasé*

with brocade and diamonds? Could all the Ladies Arabellas and Selinas of Almacks, tricked out by Victorine or Laure, appear half so seducing as that little rustic in her *chapeau-de-paille*, and robe of white muslin? even *my* heart was touched by her chaste simplicity."

"Granted, however, that she is as free from design as you, in the boundless generosity of your nature, are inclined to admit; the coming here alone, was an act of unpardonable imprudence, surely? Why did not her father ——?"

"Oh, he knew nothing of her intention."

"Well, for a young lady without design, the scheme is the best organized I ever heard of. Depend upon it, you have been completely imposed upon. Does it appear feasible that a mere child, without having it suggested to her, should have devised and executed such a plan, *con amore?* No, no! her father, who, either by carelessness or want of ability, finding himself horribly embarrassed, looked on his daughter, and lo! seeing she was passing fair, hit upon the expedient of her beauty, to extricate himself from his difficulties:

"My child, said he, no doubt, flinging back the sunny curls from her brow; you wish to save your father, do you not? You *can* do so,—

> "Go to Lord Angelo,
> And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
> Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
> All their petitions are as freely theirs,
> As they themselves would own them.'

And so she came forthwith."

"I do not believe it, I *cannot* believe it!" cried Lord Morton, vehemently, "If there is deception in Lucy Harcourt, where shall we look for candour and truth?"

"'*Où la beauté va-t-elle se cacher?*' once asked a faded countess, gazing with envy, on a lovely villager; and one might ask with equal propriety, I fancy, Where truth hides its fair self? Not in the wilds of Kent, I humbly opine."

"Ah, Greville, you are as unbelieving as a Hebrew."

"No! pardon me, only slightly incredulous."

"Well, I'll prove the truth or not, of this girl's assertion, cost what it will. I'll test the strength of the virtue she assumed, if money, flattery, or even threats can do it. She shall *feel* in her turn, what it is to play with false dice!"

"Go, and triumph, exclaiming, like another Cæsar: '*Veni, vidi, vici!*'"

"Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind."

Try their potent influence, Morton, and if she resist them, and your most fascinating self together, I'll renounce all former opinions, and willingly own, there *is* virtue in the frail sex still."

"To-morrow shall settle the question; but, if Lucy Harcourt remain inflexible, if she prove in fact that which, on my soul, I consider her, how shall we atone for the grievous wrong this illiberal, this base trial exposes her to?"

"By forgiving the old man for not paying his rent; she will be inclined to pardon much, for the mercy extended to her father; if not, *c'est la même chose*, she is powerless to resent injury."

"*That* consideration should make me pause."

CHAPTER IV.

"'Tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the weight of sorrow:
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel,
My griefs cry louder than advertisement."
Much Ado about Nothing.

On Lucy's return home, she found her father pettish and impatient at her long absence, and more so at the mystery attending it; having sent to the parsonage, where he naturally concluded she must be, and having received the assurance, that the family had not seen Miss Harcourt, the whole day, much to their disappointment.

He had, besides, been much vexed and annoyed by one of those Job's comforters, who, under the name of friend, takes the liberty of giving the most unpalatable advice,—freely censuring our conduct, prying into our affairs and, without scruple

or delicacy, attributing our most untoward misfortunes entirely to our own want of prudence and forethought.

Galled and irritated to the last degree, the poor, brow-beaten, careworn, old man longed for the presence of his ever-soothing child, to calm his indignant spirit, and hush his rising resentment against the world, and the fortunate ones of it.

To evade his questions before the servant, Lucy affected to be in extreme need of her tea, a meal her father also generally enjoyed, so busied herself in its preparation; after partaking of which, and, when they were quite alone, drawing her seat close to his, and taking her work to appear as unconcerned as possible, she gradually led the conversation to the state of his circumstances, hinting, with infinite caution, that, perhaps, before long something might occur to restore him to independence and comfort again; and strongly urged him not to despair, and particularly to defer the sale of his old favourite grey mare, Rose, for a day, as she trusted he would not be obliged to part with any more of his property.

"My dear child, what can induce you to encourage such extravagant hopes? I am quite shocked to see you so sanguine; pray endeavour to moderate your feelings, you will suffer so severely from every disappointment, if you do not. I thought I had clearly explained to you, darling, that there was nothing left in this world for your poor old father to hope for? Have you forgotten, in the giddiness of your youth, that I am a ruined man, Lucy? That I have, after a hard struggle with a rebellious spirit, learned to submit to the will of Almighty God, confessing in lowliness of heart, that all is for the best; and, that it is GOOD for me to have been afflicted?"

"My dear, precious father!" exclaimed Lucy, throwing her arms fondly round his neck, and kissing his forehead and eyes, with inexpressible affection; "that is precisely the frame of mind I was most anxious for you to attain. Our afflictions are sent for our improvement, and until they produce that salutary effect, we cannot hope that God will extend the loving hand of mercy to raise us above them; but when he sees that his chastisements are received in meekness and humility, then is the scourge removed, and his trusting servants become more prosperous than ever."

Then, with the tender caution of a mother administering the nutriment of her bosom to the babe prostrated by sickness, did Lucy impart to her wondering father, the happy result of her long and mysterious absence.

Great was her mortification, and disappointment, at perceiving that Lord Morton's promises, the promises on which she relied

so confidingly, produced anything rather than a joyous effect on her father.

"Lucy, my child," said he, with a solemnity truly appalling; "there wanted but this to complete your old father's disgrace and misery. If you take to bad ways, I shall be wretched indeed!"

"Me! father! me do wrong, what can make you have so horrible a thought?"

"Your own confession! have you not had a lengthened and clandestine interview with one of the most dissipated men of the age? have you not received a promise of assistance from him? and when SUCH men promise, what can a rational being conclude, but, that your youth, beauty, and innocence, must be the sacrifice for such unwonted generosity?

"As to pretending interest on my account, Lucy, believe it not. I might have gone to Lord Morton, with these white hairs, this bowed and wasted form, and even knelt at his feet, and laid the dust with my tears, without obtaining one of the offers, of which he has lavished so many on you, merely because he saw you were a flower worth the gathering, the child of that poverty which precludes resentment."

"You judge him too harshly, indeed, indeed, you do, father; you are led away by the erroneous reports ever circulated in a small confined neighbourhood, to the prejudice of our superiors. But see him, my father, hear his noble sentiments, watch his eloquent countenance, the candour depicted on it, ere you condemn him utterly!

"Never did I witness such condescension! such contrition! it was beautiful to hear him reproach himself for allowing you to suffer a moment's anxiety; you! one of his most ancient, most respectable tenants!

"How should I grieve to be compelled to think him otherwise than the best, the most honourable of mankind!"

"I hope I may be wrong in my conjectures, I trust I may; but I lament to say, my experience of human nature has taught me to be suspicious of perfect disinterestedness, when youth and beauty solicit favours from the rich and unprincipled.

"So long, my darling, as it was in my power to shelter your unsullied innocence, beneath the roof of virtuous competence, so long, I esteemed it a sacred duty to keep you in ignorance of the remotest knowledge of the stalking monster, vice, prowling abroad to prey upon the unsuspecting; but, NOW that we are poor, NOW that that poverty exposes you to its insidious temptations, NOW that filial affection is even enlisted in its baleful cause, for, to save a father, a daughter will do many and des-

perate things, it would be unpardonable in me not to breathe the oracle of warning in time. Beware then, O my child! of this man's affectation of benevolence, of his specious self-accusations, distrust him, distrust even your own heart, when it pleads for him, and censures me, for what it will whisper, are narrow-minded prejudices. Let me know ALL that passes between you, conceal nothing, for if you do, dissimulation will infallibly be your total and entire destruction. I do not ask it as a favour, I demand it as a right, to repay me for all my care of you."

"My dear father, fear not, to the angels above, I will not be more candid, than to yourself."

"Amongst which, my Lucy, is the mother who died to give you birth! The day on which I consigned her to the earth was intensely cold, the hollow wind sighed its melancholy requiem through the bending branches of the sombre yew-trees, the thick dark clouds sailed heavily over the looming sky, and all nature appeared to sympathize with the wintry chill, the more than midnight gloom of my bereaved heart.

"After the mournful ceremony was over, and whilst I still lingered beside the grave of my hidden and most costly treasure, to shed those tears over it, too sacred for any mortal to behold: the wind grew more tempestuous, and the brooding clouds discharged their weight of snow, until the grave by which I knelt, was enveloped in a silvery mantle, which, in my anguish, I fancied, for grief is ever fanciful, that the angels, of whom your mother had become one, had scattered it thus, as an emblem of the purity in which I should enwrap the sinless mind of the babe committed to my charge.

"Influenced by this solemn idea, I religiously vowed to endeavour so to do. Recall the years that are flown, the first lessons I instilled into you until now, the example I have set you, the advice I have given you, not to permit your past experience to be lost for your future felicity; but to remember, even as far as you could carry your young remembrance back, and reflect, that the very trifling errors of almost infancy, the *pretty* faults, love is so ready to palliate, still cost their proportionate degree of compunction, and that every graver offence has deteriorated from your internal happiness; and to recollect, despite the suggestions of self-love, so apt to flatter and mislead, the pain and sorrow they occasioned you, the difficulty of concealing them, the humiliation of confessing them, and the pleasure and satisfaction of having repented of them; and then judge of my feelings when I learned, that after all my tender and never-slumbering vigilance, you have, by this one inconsi-

derate step, exposed yourself to the risk of losing the sweet fruits of my long labour of love, by your contact with vice in its most alluring, most seductive form. Oh! my child, poverty may be borne, but disgrace never!

"My poor riven heart has been a sealed book for you, hitherto, with its manifold regrets, its tearful remembrances, its poignant retrospections. For you, I will unfold its leaves of secret and cureless sorrows—for you, I will lift the veil of its aching memories, that you may learn what you owe me, and repay the debt by retaining that spotlessness of character, it has cost me so many years of lonely solicitude to nourish to its present perfection.

"When I returned at last, to my desolate home, how desolate! on that fatal night, whose solemn anniversary is regularly hallowed by my tenderest tears, drenched with rain, and cold as the corse I bewailed; I found you, my first-born, the babe of so many fond anticipations, calmly slumbering on the bosom of a *stranger*,—the hireling nurse,—a creature without one warm reciprocal sympathy, either for you or your agonized father; yet, happily, you were unconscious of the awful loss we had both sustained, you were unconscious of the scalding drops of anguish with which I bedewed your infant face, as bending over you, I asked, in the frenzy of my soul, where is the young mother, the almost bride, who, with a lovely and winning coyness, should now be performing the sweet and gracious offices of maternity? Where, oh where is she whose soft eyes, beaming with lambent joy, should now meet mine with a glance of modest triumph, whilst her heart o'erbrimmed with gratitude at the dear fruition of our mutual and holiest hopes?

"Let HIM answer, for he only can, the widowed husband, the wifeless father, who, like me, finds the brightness of his hearthstone suddenly darkened by the eclipse of death; who, like me, has had its radiance extinguished in the grave, the clear unwavering radiance to which he fondly trusted to light his path from earth to heaven!

"This, this, has made me what I am; this, this, and not time, has blanched the hairs of my head, bowed down this frame, and, but for you, Lucy, would have plunged me into an early grave. For you, I struggled against despair; for you, I endured a loathed and wearisome existence; for you, HER love-legacy, I consented to live. Therefore, be grateful, be holy, be virtuous, as you hope for mine and heaven's mercy, for you see you owe me something."

"Every thing, every thing, my own adored, too, too tried father! I will be all you wish, all your care deserves. I swear, and my mother's spirit will sanctify the vow, that the moment

I feel that I am in danger of deviating from the strictest rectitude, I will fly to your bosom for safety, as the dove flies from the threatening storm."

"Enough, my child; now let us retire. A few hours will decide whether or not my fears for you are groundless. May they be so!"

"Oh, may they indeed be so!" responded Lucy, from the depths of her throbbing and agitated heart.

CHAPTER V.

"Oh! that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!"
Richard the Third.

"Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long-traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency."
King John.

On the following morning, soon after Lucy had removed the breakfast things, a messenger arrived from Lord Morton, requesting Mr. Harcourt's presence at the Hall, wishing to have some private conversation with him respecting his affairs.

At first, the old man demurred about obeying such a summons; but the messenger, who was his lordship's own confidential man, urged the absolute necessity of his going, stating his lordship's anxiety for the interview, and his indignation against Mr. Sackville, for having driven so respectable a man to such extremities, and his determination, in consequence, to look himself, for the future, into the state of his tenants' affairs more narrowly: that at length he yielded, even inspired by some of the hope, which glowed in his daughter's eyes, as she assisted in preparing him for the short but important journey.

Lord Morton had sent his own tilbury and steady horse for him; so there was no possibility of Lucy's accompanying him, to support and encourage his wavering resolution, and subdue that honest pride which involuntarily shrinks from exposing its

naked poverty to the pampered and supercilious gaze of fastidious luxury.

Lucy vainly endeavoured, after his departure, to divert her mind by her accustomed domestic avocations. She watched the carriage until it disappeared, and then strained her ear to catch the faintest reverberation of its receding wheels, following it to the Hall, depicting its gay and handsome possessor receiving her father with the fascinating courtesy so irresistibly attractive, and, in a tone of unaffected generosity, fulfilling those hopes so liberally promised to herself on the preceding day.

That he had been misrepresented to her father, she entertained not a shadow of a doubt. He could not be so utterly devoid of principle as he imagined. Could it be possible, that beneath that fine open countenance lurked the narrow and contracted heart of dire iniquity? Could that voice of sonorous melody breathe the impurities ascribed to him? Could a being who bears the outward impress of all that is good and gracious, deliberately seek to destroy the innocence he might strengthen and charm to every better purpose? "Oh, no, no, no, ignorant as I am of the world, ignorant as I am of mankind," she continued, whilst tears started to her mild eyes, "I cannot credit such horrible turpitude, such daring and demoniac depravity. Indeed, does not his very conduct now give the most irrefragable proof to the contrary? Is he not at this moment engaged in the godlike task of soothing the distressed, of comforting the sorrowful? How is my father secretly reproaching himself for his late unfavourable opinion, and blushing with self-conviction to receive benefits from such a maligned benefactor!"

She was aroused from this train of sweet and bitter fancies by hearing a horse, at full speed, enter the yard; and ere she had time to seek the cause, Lord Morton entered the room in which she was seated.

The piece of needlework her hand mechanically held dropped from her relaxed fingers, and, starting up in inexpressible terror, she exclaimed, "My father! something has happened to my father, and you have come to break the intelligence to me!" and before his lordship could reply she darted to the door, guided by the impulse of the moment to seek a solution of that evil her active imagination suggested to her, conceiving her father, or his corpse, might actually have followed Lord Morton's steps.

"Your father is quite safe, quite well, I assure you, dear Miss Harcourt," said his lordship, soothingly, gently forcing her back into the room and closing the door.

"Then why have you left him? I thought your lordship sent for him expressly?"

"So I did. I have seen him, and arranged every thing to his entire satisfaction, and then hastened here to receive the only reward my heart covets, the thanks of those sweet lips, the thanks of those lovely eyes. Is it a crime in me to expect such gratitude?"

"Oh no! more than you ask my heart has freely given already. My *dear* father, you will then once more lift up your venerable head among your fellows! you will change your opinion of Lord Morton; you will confess that your Lucy was a true prophetess. Oh, my lord, how ever can we repay you for this happiness?"

"It was to talk of THAT," replied his lordship, in an embarrassed and hesitating manner, whilst his brow became crimsoned with the hue of guilt, and his eye turned from the inquiring glance of the innocent girl; "it was to talk of that," he repeated, "that I stole away whilst your father and Mr. Sackville were too much engaged in business to note my absence.

"There is ONE condition, I admit, dear Miss Harcourt," he continued, endeavouring to take Lucy's hand, "on which you must purchase the happiness you so much prize for your father.

"Human nature is proverbially selfish, and I am compelled to confess, I am not exempt from the universal failing of our kind. You love your father?"

"I idolize him! to see him only moderately happy, I would make any sacrifice consistent with—"

"There is no need of sacrifice; all I ask of you is not to hate me."

"Hate you, my lord! hate our benefactor! hate the saviour of my father! Oh, my lord, are you jesting with a poor girl's feelings?"

"You do not quite understand me, Lucy,—Miss Harcourt; you are indeed exquisitely simple; but, when I implored you not to hate me, I—I meant, but dared not presume to implore you to love me."

"Love YOU! the deepest respect, the profoundest esteem, the most heartfelt gratitude, I can and will bestow; but love, my lord, that is for my father alone. The very term, when applied to another, shocks and offends my delicacy."

"What! have you never loved any one save your father?"

"Never."

"Oh, transporting confession! Lucy, beautiful, matchless Lucy, you must love me. On that condition alone can you rescue your father from penury."

"My lord, prepossessed as I already am in your favour by gratitude, esteem, veneration; with time, with assiduity, sanc-

tioned by the approbation of the father who will owe you so much,—I do not say it will be either difficult or repugnant to entertain that degree of affection you flatter me by averring is necessary to your own happiness. The greatest obstacle, alas, is the disparity of rank between us. I fear I should but unworthily represent the dignity incumbent on your wife."

"That is the curse of rank and wealth," he exclaimed, vehemently; "one can never hope to be loved for oneself! Lucy, either you do not, or you WILL not understand me. Oh, why will you torture me thus? Your father must not even know of my proposal, that is, at present."

"Not know of it! oh, why keep it a secret from one who would so rejoice at the unexpected prosperity of his child,—one who would consider you an especial agent of providence? It was the fear of my poverty more than his own which brought him to the brink of that despair from which you have just snatched him. Dear, blessed father, nothing would be pleasing or valuable to me of which you did not freely partake. He must be informed of your offer, my lord, the instant he returns, or I renounce it for ever."

"Let me conjure you to grant me a little delay. He shall, I swear, know all; but not now, not now, there are imperative reasons."

"What do you mean? what CAN you mean by this mystery?"

"Why will you not divine my meaning? why will you compel me to unfold, leaf by leaf, the violet flower of your artless innocence, to distil into it the subtle poison of sophistry? why must I explain in cold systematic terms the wish your heart should intuitively conceive? what could I mean, idolizing you as I do, but that I pant to call you mine, wholly and solely mine, to be assured of your love, uninfluenced by the selfish advice of age and craft?"

"My lord, breathe not another word! dull as I am to comprehend the language of your corrupt class, I should be a very idiot, did I not guess the dark and sinister insult so thinly veiled beneath the sophistication of your base and most unmanly proposal. Either quit this room instantly, or I will call those who shall turn you out."

"By heaven! I will not go until you hear me to the end."

"What more can you say to sink you in the lowest depths of my contempt? Have you not endeavoured, under the cloak of the vilest hypocrisy, that of affected benevolence, to entail on the poor old man you pretended to rescue from a temporary and endurable distress, a more lasting and irremediable one, one that would follow him beyond the grave, and cast a scorn upon his memory?

"Oh, my lord, you do not know what poverty is; you cannot guess how its iron fangs grip those dearest to us closer to the heart, deprived of all warmth save the glow of pure natural affection; you do not know how an only child, brought up in solitude with a widowed father, who has lavished every drop of the sparkling fount of his bosom's love on her, can doat and venerate such a parent. Yet dear, inconceivably dear, as he is to me, anxious as I am to snatch him from his present misery, joyfully as I should hail his restoration to comfort and health, I declare before God that, sooner than purchase his deliverance at the price you have dared to name, and which I blush to revert to, I would see him consigned to a pauper's home, a pauper's grave. Nay, interrupt me not. I condescend to this first and LAST explanation, to destroy any latent hope your vanity may lead you to encourage.

"I know not what inspires me to speak thus fearlessly to you, what benign power assists my unschooled inexperience to express its utter abhorrence of you, unless it is that guardian spirit which ever watches over innocence."

"Then you do utterly despise me?"

"Most utterly."

"Yet hear my justification; on my knees hear it, and let these tears witness its sincerity," and he sank on his knees, sobbing convulsively.

"I cannot suffer you to remain longer. I have heard enough: for what could you say in palliation of such baseness? justification, indeed!"

"Oh! what can I do to regain your good opinion?"

"Nothing."

"Say, in pity," he continued, grasping her robe to prevent her going, which she was about to do, with a look of withering contempt; "did you ever think more favourably of me?"

"I did. An hour ago, your name was on my lips, in those heart-breathed prayers which angels record in the great volume of mercy. An hour ago, I trembled at the idea of appearing in the august presence of one so highly favoured by providence, to thank him for his boons to us,—one endowed with wealth and rank,—one reared in refinement and elegance, with every advantage of education to lend a lustre to birth,—one who must be good and virtuous, from the very absence of temptation to deviate, ignorance, and privation. But my fears are fled, my thoughts are changed, and instead of shrinking as from a superior, I feel elevated above so debased a thing, and blush that my own purity lends a sort of countenance to your pollution, by breathing the same vitiated atmosphere.

"As you do not choose to quit the apartment your presence

renders so obnoxious to me, you must excuse my waiving all affectation of ceremony by retiring myself," saying which, she advanced towards the door; but Lord Morton, goaded to desperation by her firmness and contempt, rushed before her, and actually turned the lock, and put the key into his pocket.

"What! are you so common a ruffian as to try to detain me by force?"

"No, Lucy, no! But as you have no mercy, no compassion, in your nature, as I know this will be the last time you will ever suffer me in your presence, I cannot allow you to leave me in such an unforgiving frame of mind.

"Can you make no allowance for the errors, the impetuosity, of youth, the possession of luxury, the baleful influence of bad associates, the flattery and falsehood which beset our path? I was taught that no woman could resist the allurements of splendour, the gratification of vanity."

"You had a mother: did she so vilify and traduce her sex, by instilling such pernicious doctrines into the mind of her son? You have sisters: what would be your indignation against them, against the villains who should tempt their honour and destroy their reputations?

"Learn, my lord, and learn with contrition, that there are women, myriads of women, who, although victims to want and persecution in their direst shape, are yet superior to the dazzling seductions of that wealth which is linked with the infamy it vainly attempts to gloze.

"I must now become a suitor to your lordship, since you have neither the remorse nor delicacy to leave the house you have so deeply scandalized, by imploring you to release me, that I may recover the agitation you have occasioned me, before my poor, deluded father returns."

"I will go, Lucy; I will leave you, yet, oh! if you knew the struggles of this heart, its love, anguish, despair, you would feel some slight touch of pity for me, would restore me to some partial degree of favour and confidence,—would think of me with something like kindness."

"Ah! my lord," said the almost softened girl, "who has compelled me to think or act otherwise? What would have been my sentiments now, had you saved my father, from the spontaneous generosity of a benevolent heart? Then would my cheek have worn the blush of pleasure, not of shame, whilst expatiating on your disinterested goodness; then would mine eyes have become dimmed by the tear of thankful joy, not remorse, when he, lifting up his feeble hands to heaven, blessed his God, his benefactor, and his child!

"The consciousness that the being dearest to us," she con-

tinued enthusiastically, led away by the train of pure and pious thoughts her filial love awakened, rather in soliloquy than reply, "is really worthy of our best affections, heightens the sunshine of prosperity, sheds a radiance on the darkness of adversity, and reconciles us to the bitterest sorrows of humanity. The most acute pang which can be inflicted on a father's heart, is to feel that his child's guilt has not only quenched the divine flame for ever, but, alas! also rendered him powerless to defend her against the taunts of the uncharitable, and the reproaches of the virtuous. Such a pang, but for the intervention of the Almighty, you, my lord, would have inflicted on that defenceless, heart-stricken old man.

"Farewell, and for ever. Whatever your mortified pride or hatred may devise against us, will be cheerfully borne, for, that you will revenge yourself, I have not the smallest doubt."

"Cruel, ungenerous girl, to think me capable of revenge! But, since you DO dread its power, for your implacability, it may, perchance, fall heavier than even your haughty spirit can brook."

"Do your worst, my lord;—drive us from our home,—snatch the pillow from under our head,—warn us off your estates as trespassers and vagrants; we shall go forth with a conscience void of offence,—martyrs,—victims of persecution,—slaves, yet glorying in our chains, for the soul will be free from the skackles of guilt oppressing your own. This is still our home; I am still mistress here:—give me, then, the key, I command you, sir."

"Wonderful, extraordinary girl! I feel I must obey you!" So saying, he unlocked the door, and bowing respectfully, slowly quitted the apartment, remounted his horse, and returned to his splendid but distasteful home, overwhelmed with humiliation at the cowardly part he had acted, cursing the now abhorred Greville, for giving him such demoniac advice, and admiring the immeasurably superior mind of the poor girl who had the fortitude to resist it.

More than once he was on the eve of returning, to fling himself at her feet, declare his contrition, implore her pardon, and offer his hand, heart and fortune, as an atonement for his conduct; but pride, and the recollection of Lucy's almost sarcastic scorn, deterred him.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

THE CURSE OF THE LAND.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

There was a land, a fair, broad land,
  An isle of the Northern Sea,
It was called the land of the wise and brave,
  And the home of liberty.

Ages on ages rolled away,
  Bearing their myriads on;
Leaving them gulfed in the dark abyss
  Of the ages that were gone.

And a world of human wretchedness,
  And a world of human strife,
Sorrow, and wrong, and weariness,
  That began and closed with life—

Sin, that was born of ignorance,
  Headlong, because 'twas blind;
Utter wrecks of humanity,
  In spirit, heart, and mind—

Passed with those myriads down the stream,
  That flows back eternally;
And none looked on with regretfulness,
  That this might no better be.

For the curse of a festering selfishness,
  Ruled the few that ruled the land;
And to human weal these could give no heart,
  And to human woe, no hand.

Crushing down, ever crushing down,
  Whether to curb or kill;
Crushing down, always crushing down,
  They worked with a right good will.

But men arose, with a wondrous power,
Of the good and ill to speak;
They shook the pride of the selfish strong,
And spake cheerly to the weak.

And the power of mind with which they came
Was a torrent none might stay,
For their ranks were swelled, as years pass'd on,
With mightier men than they.

Mightier to rouse the common heart,
And to lead the myriads on;
To waken the slumbering energies
Should be stilled again by none.

* * * * * *

Alas! alas! for the mortal power
Founded on mortal trust!
Alas! alas! for the arm of flesh,
For the proud words writ in dust!

The human masses swarmed and swarmed,
And the men of mind waxed strong,
And they said, "the good came on apace,
That was waited for so long."

But meanwhile, the wail of myriads rose,
And dense darkness filled the land;
For good, when it dwells not in the heart,
Is never found in the hand.

And nought sprang up from the sounding words,
Nor no blessing with them came,—
They were written neither for God nor man,
They were written alone for fame.

And the curse of a festering selfishness,
Lay on them that ruled the pen;
And the darkness of the darkest times,
Threatened the land again.

The curse of a festering selfishness,
Through their lives and actions ran;
They would help with words the whole human race,—
With deeds not a single man.

Never a single human soul,
  Would they help in human strait,
The while they cried, in their hollow zeal,—
  "Wait yet a little, wait!"

Least of all, would they hail the light
  Of mind that around them shone,
In the selfishness that might not brook
  A "brother near the throne."

Crushing down, ever crushing down,
  Whether to curb or kill,
Crushing down, always crushing down,
  They worked with a right good will.

And they bore with this weight on all that sought
  For good not to work in vain,
Till death upon many a heart had seized,
  And madness on many a brain.

Many a noble heart and brain,
  That had wrought for the common weal,
Fell in that war of selfishness,
  Fast as men fall by steel.

And the hollow hearts, and the ready hands,
  Placed the cause where they list,—
"Anywhere, anywhere but with us:
  "Of their need we did not wist!"

Selfishness, selfishness everywhere—
  'Tis a fearful thing to see!
And never to find, in a lifelong search,
  Aught from its black taint free.

Selfishness, selfishness everywhere,
  From the teachers to the taught!
They are wrong indeed, that say, the creed
  Of our day shall come to nought!

Selfishness, selfishness everywhere!
  God save us from the time,
When the myriad hearts it is charging now,
Shall start up as one:—so prays, I trow,
  The rhymer of this rhyme.

CORDELIA.

BY WALTER R. CASTELLI.

Well might the philosophic Hamlet exclaim, "What a piece of work is man!" The human heart presents an infinite field for the exercise of thought, and the more deeply we study it, the more palpable and startling does its complexity become. We may seek to unravel the mazes of our nature, and wander on and on, till wearied and bewildered by the ever increasing multitude of fancies, we sink exhausted, with a thrilling sense of the boundless space that still extends beyond us; whence, though we know not how, many a resistless impulse flashes on us, like a meteor whose flight we see, yet know not how it cometh nor whither it goeth. Yet whilst the study of character is so difficult, few could be found more interesting or profitable. The traveller who wanders over the face of the earth, with inclination for his only guide, does not see more varied and picturesque scenes than doth the student of the heart; indeed, there is a singular sympathy between the two pursuits. The one wends gaily to the sunny south; he passes through a land of flowers and fragrance; the skies above him are blue and cloudless, the breezes gentle and refreshing; fountains murmur round him with a placid coolness, a peaceful pleasure, as though their very life were music. He passes on; the path becomes less downy, the thorn ofttimes usurps the place of the graceful rose, the gale is colder, and the skies less liquid. On; and he is 'mid the mountains, where he hears the tempest groaning through the pine trees, the waters thundering o'er their rocky courses, and the avalanches tearing down the rugged slopes, with terror and destruction on their breath. The other views a gentle heart, where innocence and truth have made their dwelling; where heaven is yet the firmament of its purity, and where the fragrant breath of memory has yet no sting to nip the opening flower-buds, that fling their sweetness o'er it. He watches the o'erstealing beams of love expanding every thought and hope beneath their holy influence, and blending with each word, each sigh; and here he lingers, for this is beautiful. But away! there comes another; the outward guise is not so fair, and inwardly there is a passion-selfishness; the warmth and

kindness of the heart is not on every accent, there is a chilliness, as on the gale that wafts along the night-cloud. Another; pride, anger, jealousy, revenge; and he trembles 'neath the sweeping of their fury, as with unrelenting purpose they prepare the poisoned chalice for their victim, and in their reckless progress overthrow alike the innocent and the offending.

The majority of mankind exhibit their peculiar characteristics equally in their conversation as their conduct. They are not content with practising the virtues and talents they possess, but must needs publish to the world their benevolent intentions and acts, their generous and exalted sentiments—how often without just warranty, we will not pause to consider. But there are occasionally found gentle beings, and they are almost all of the fairer sex, who are satisfied with the exercise and the reward of goodness; who do alms, and wait on many an act of mercy, without sounding the trumpet before them; and whose beauty, like the hidden violet, is discovered only by its breeze-borne sweetness. And we cannot too highly appreciate their charms; they are the pure ones of earth, the angels sent on blessed missions to our world. To this class does the beautiful Cordelia belong.

It is evident that a character of this description, whose manifestations are so silent and unobtrusive, rather to be felt than heard, must be the most difficult of delineation. If she be the herald of her own perfections, and raise the veil that shrouds at the same time that it shrines her with a glory, to attract a passing praise, the charm is at once destroyed, and in proportion as she stood high in our estimation before, does she thenceforth fall. The extreme delicacy, therefore, which is required in the portraiture of such an one, so that this principle may never be infringed, is the gift only of the most refined genius; and although amid that constellation to which our hearts turn for all that is lovely in woman, there are many which bear more obvious traces of the master-hand, no creation, in our opinion, is more worthy of our immortal Shakspeare than Cordelia. Whether we consider the conception or execution, we must equally admire. Her disposition is so loving and gentle, so pure, guileless, and untainted with the selfishness common to mortality, and withal, so firm and uncompromising in its fidelity and truth, that she wins our affections at once, by a silent yet subduing influence. She appears only in one short scene at the commencement of the play, and having by her conduct given us the key to her character, she departs. But though she is absent, the developement of her nature is still proceeding, trait after trait being brought to light, till on her return we are prepared to greet her with the

reverence and love which acquaintance with her true desert inspires.

Without the slightest intention of attempting to lessen the importance of so glorious a delineation as king Lear himself, who towers above us like a lofty mountain, whose base, indeed, is on the earth, but whose summit is lost in heaven, we unhesitatingly assert that the whole action of the play is intended to work out the delineation of Cordelia's character. Whilst the various events possess an interest which irresistibly carries us on with them, making us thrill with horror or burn with indignation, as the case may be, there is an under current still flowing onward, which may escape the unreflecting mind in the excitement of the moment, but which ever advances till the re-appearance of Cordelia. She is never forgotten, although she be not present, but lingers on the mind throughout the whole progress of the play; indeed, from the very opening, everything is conceived and arranged to develope her character, the misfortunes and madness of Lear even tending to this end.

Shakspeare never wrote a play without an object independent of the plot. He ever set himself the task of dissolving some social problem, some delicate phase of character; and so deeply read was he in the human heart, so endued with the faculty of unravelling the mysteries of our nature, that his delineations have all the force and vitality of the original—the more abstruse and difficult the case, the more vivid the portraiture. It seems as though he exerted his powers with greater pleasure on such occasions. Alexander, when he had vanquished the world, would have despised the conquest of a petty province; but he sighed for another *world* on which to plant his victorious standard. Ambition cloys with every new gratification; what was a triumph yesterday is monotony to-day. So Shakspeare, in the greatness of his mind, seized on every knotty point which presented itself, as the epicure does on some *bonne bouche*, which may restore his pristine enjoyment. Cordelia was just such a being, then, as he would delight to discover; for apart from its intrinsic beauty, he would find infinite attractions in the difficulty of delineating the character of one, who, though teeming inwardly with warm and ardent impulses, with pure thoughts and womanly tenderness, nevertheless preserved a placid exterior, a silent and unobtrusive manner, and contrary to the generally received character of her sex, *felt* yet *spake not*. We may gaze upon the bright and cloudless ether of a summer evening, when all is still and peaceful, when the very airs that wanton 'mid the sunbeams are hushed and motionless, and the perfume of the flowers hangs above them all, unable to ascend; and gazing on its

liquid placitude, undimned by any shadow,—what dream we of the heavenly messengers, whose wings perchance are sweeping through its currents, as they bear sweet thoughts and holy aspirations to the gates of heaven: and thus to represent a being who, whatever stirred within her spirit, did not let its voice be heard, was an undertaking truly worthy of genius. What wonder, then, that in its execution he should have produced the noblest tragedy the world e'er saw. He went forth like a giant when the spirit of his strength is on him, and burst the withies that bind us to the earth like fibres of the undressed flax.

The play opens with king Lear's partition of his kingdom amongst his daughters, and it is essential to our argument to determine what was the intention of this introduction; for Shakspeare almost invariably commences his dramas, by giving a clue to the subject whose characteristics he is about to exhibit. Thus Romeo and Juliet opens with a brawl betwixt the servants of the Montagues and Capulets, ominously presaging the woe which those dissensions wrought. Hamlet, with the conversation respecting the appearance of the ghost, whereon the whole plot hinges. Macbeth, with the incantations of the witches, whose murderous inspirations so mainly contributed to egg on the superstitious general, and "screw his courage to the sticking point." And so it is with his other works. Then, was this first step intended only as a preparative for the madness of Lear? We think not, for many reasons. Whilst the mere fact of his abdication of the kingdom, and intent

> To shake all cares and business from *his* age;
> Conferring them on younger strengths, while he
> Unburdened crawl'd toward death;

certainly did not indicate the probability or possibility of his future sorrows and madness, the singularity of the mode of partition, is calculated, in the extreme, to call attention to the peculiar trait in the disposition of Cordelia, whose predominance constituted the unity and beauty of her character. He thus expounds his intentions,—

> Tell me, my daughters,
> Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
> That we our largest bounty may extend
> Where merit doth most challenge it.

By this course, not only was her character brought into action most forcibly, but it was also placed in direct and striking con-

trast with those of her voluble, but hollow-hearted sisters. A being constituted like Cordelia with exquisite sensibilities, hearing the fulsome and degrading protestations of the covetous Goneril and Regan, would, through mere disgust, and fear of being classed with them, apart from her natural aversion to breathe openly the thoughts that lie "too deep for tears," be silent. The working of this feeling is clearly exhibited, for whilst she listens to the flatteries of her sisters, she whispers to herself,—

"What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent."

And again :—

Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so, since I am sure my love's
More richer than my tongue.

And when Lear turns, the very words he uses are such as would confirm her resolves of silence, since anything she might say must have appeared dictated by a sordid motive :—

What can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sister's? speak.

This manner of procedure was admirably calculated to give point to her reply, which, without some clue, might have appeared but the evidence of stupid taciturnity,—

Nothing, my lord.

Here commences the development of her character, after the whole attention has been centred upon her. In answer to the wonderment of her father, at a conduct so different from her subtle sisters, so different from what he expected from her who was "his joy," she says,—

Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty,
According to my bond; *nor more*, nor less.

Yet how much is signified by this expression! A gentle and feminine heart whose impulses are all tender and holy, viewing the love she felt for her parent as a duty, wherein there could be no supererogation, and thus blending with filial affection, a sweet religion and sanctity, would far more truly love, than

one who felt but the mere promptings of sense, which we have too good reason to know, are oftimes capricious and unconstant. That such a feeling actuated Cordelia, is evident. She does not assume any merit, nor attempt to exaggerate her sentiments; nay, fearful that what she had said might be construed into boasting, she even qualifies this, to the thoughtless, ambiguous declaration, shrinking from the utterance of aught like self-praise. That she did not underrate her obligations to her father, we see from her subsequent explanation :—

> Good, my lord,
> You have begot me, bred me, loved me : I
> Return those duties back as are right fit ;
> Obey you, love you, and most honour you,

Nor did she bear a callous heart, and live and move but as a cold automaton, in a dull round of senseless *duties*. She had a due appreciation of the worth of love in all its branches, therefore, she asks :—

> Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
> They love you all ? Haply, when I shall wed,
> That lord whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
> Half my love with him, half my care and duty :
> Sure I shall never marry, like my sisters,
> To love my father all.

During the whole of this dialogue, the quiet beauty of her disposition is exquisitely preserved, and although in every word she utters, we may discover the goodness and purity of her spirit, not one "comes near the praising of herself." It is the perfection of love, to "love, and yet be silent ;" the love that is not content with the dear "happiness of loving," but still is prating of its own excess, has at least as much *self*-love in its composition. Even the exclamation of Lear, "so young and so untender," unkindly touching, as it does, the very quick of sensibility, for it is most bitter to be belied on such a point, fails to elicit from her any further avowal, or a single word breathing of asperity ; she only returns,—

> So young my lord, and true.

Never was there juster word than that of Kent,—

> Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
> Reverbs no hollowness.

The experience of ages, handed down in many a pithy proverb, wherein all great and universal truths resolve the observation of each one amongst us, and it may be, the stings of many a heartfelt lesson, all attest its truth. And what ever may be their true use, we are compelled to admit that their abuse gives much point and force to the maxim, that "words were invented to conceal thoughts." Certain it is, that they who can descant so glibly on their emotions never feel very deeply.

It is not difficult to discover traces of her course of action previous to the present scene. It is evident she was the favorite child of Lear, indeed he declares this in terms; and we also believe that the feeling which actuated him in this mode of dividing his possessions, according to the comparative degree of love for him they should express, was largely mingled with the hope and the intention that she who had ever shown most love in actual practice would not come scantly off; and when he turns for her declaration, it is with a pleasure and alacrity which he does not exhibit to either of the others, nay, he even asks what she can say, to draw a *larger* share than they had received, in this clearly echoing his thoughts and wishes.

Again he exclaims that he had,—

> Thought to set *his* rest
> On her kind nursery—

and this is a beautiful comment and testimony to her former assertion, that she had "loved him according to her bond." How much does it not convey to us of the past, of the tender care which had watched over his motions, and strewn his path with flowers, when else the stony way had made him weary and footsore; of the loving smile which was wont to greet him when, perchance, his heart was heavy with the cares of state; of the gentle form which was the prop and staff of his old age? All this would he review, and, remembering the happiness of the past, picture a peaceful and joyous future.

Lear's love for his children, and his desire for a full return of affection, amounted to a monomania, which afterwards, through opposition and disappointment, rose to actual madness. Had this not been the case, he never could have forgotten the practice of years, in the momentary and proper backwardness of the tongue.

The words with which she prays her father to proclaim the nature of the fault which had lost her his favour, and whose effect was like to impress the king of France and Burgundy

with the idea of some fearful crime, are very beautiful, and still further develop her character:—

> "I yet beseech your majesty
> (If for I want that glib and oily art,
> To speak and purpose not; *since what I will intend,*
> *I'll do't before I speak,*) that you make known
> It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
> No unchaste action or dishonoured step,
> That hath deprived me of your grace and favour:
> But even for want of that for which I am richer,
> A still soliciting eye, and such a tongue
> That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
> Hath lost me in your liking."

Although treated so cruelly and capriciously by Lear, she never betrays anything like anger towards him, but rather the contrary. She proves that her love was not one of those fragile and transient emotions which, like the full-blown rose, are dispersed by the first breeze. In preparing to depart, she turns to her sisters, saying,—

> "Use well our father;
> To your professed bosoms I commit him."

The peculiar circumstances under which it is uttered, render this touching appeal the more charming and admirable. How strongly can we sympathise with the words of the French king,

> "Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor;
> Most choice, forsaken: and most loved, despised!"

The whole of the first scene is thus dedicate to Cordelia. She is the centre of attraction, and all its events turn on her peculiar character. A clue has been given to the loveliness and purity of her disposition, and our interest powerfully excited; and this being done, she withdraws until nearly the end of the play. But whilst she is away, her character is ever being developed; the flower is expanding more and more, till at length it stands displayed before us in all its sweetness and beauty.

A striking contrast has been drawn between Cordelia and her sisters. They have been commanded to declare the measure of their love, and the one is silent and reserved, answering the demand with apparent coldness; the others pour forth a stream of protestations of the fervour of their attachment, endeavouring by boundless expressions to describe a boundless love. The con-

tinuance of this contrast is the means employed to give us a true insight into the extreme beauty and delicate tracery of her being. And this negative mode of unveiling her loveliness is peculiarly charming and appropriate to one who was not wont to make herself known, in whose gentle heart the deep spirit of love lay hid, but whose presence alone was known by the thousand genial acts which it inspired. Goneril and Regan could breathe forth words like the water-springs; but they were mere empty sounds, indicating by their very glibness that they came but from the lips, and not the heart, although they did vainly mimic that voice whose music lends a sweetness and significance to every little syllable.

A very short period elapses from the time they made their ardent demonstrations of love and tenderness, till we find how ill their practice accords with those professions.

The doting father had endowed them with his lands and sovereignty; he had given them all but the small train he had reserved to wait upon himself; but regardless of the claims of love, of common gratitude, these false and hollow-hearted daughters were not yet content: they had an ell, and yet they coveted the little inch that still remained. They soon began to scant their duty towards him, to slight his wishes, and to disregard his comfort. At first "a faint neglect," "a falling off in that ceremonious affection wherewith he was wont to be entertained;" then a great abatement of kindness both in his daughters and their attendants; till at length, upon the merest pretence, they sought to diminish his train, refusing to receive him till he had dismissed them. Step by step did they advance, ever with increasing boldness and insolence, with more open and unblushing cruelty, till, with the curses of the broken-hearted father on their heads, they closed their doors against him, and left him to the mercy of the pitiless storm, upon a night when—

> "The wrathful skies
> Gallow'd the very wanderers of the dark,
> And made them keep their caves."

"Blow, blow, thou wintry wind; thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude!" How could they act thus to the poor old man, so noble in his nature, so good and kind a father, so "every inch a king?"

> "Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
> More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a child,
> Than the sea monster—
> * * * * *

> Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
> For lifting food to't? "

How different a termination this to their former vows, from what we could have looked for! and the immensity of woe that overwhelms the noble Lear, and overthrows his very reason, tends further to impress on us the hellish spirit of these daughters, and causes an irresistible revulsion of feeling towards the silent but deep feeling Cordelia. The mask is torn from those who late had worn so fair a guise, and whose deceit had triumphed over her truth and innocence. We feel how vain and unsubstantial are those professions which arise, at the first call, to publish their own existence; and we therefore turn with tenfold love and admiration to her who, though she spake not, yet performed.

We shall now see the effect of this contrast on the mind of Lear himself. Although he had banished his daughter from his court, reft her of his favour, of his gifts, and "pierced" her with his open displeasure, he could not banish her from his thoughts, he could not pluck his darling from the heart round which she had entwined for many a year, ever closer and closer, till they had almost become one, one in feeling, one in love. Ah no! his was too good a spirit, too kind, too sensible of affection, to be able to root out so deep-seated an emotion; and though the object of his love was gone from before his eyes, he turned to every thing which brought even a remembrance of her, and loved it for her sake, though, in his deep heart-sickness, he scarce knew or would confess this cause. His regard for the Fool, one of the most affecting and beautiful exhibitions of the supremacy of nature amid all those griefs which would fain steel the heart, and nip its kindred sympathies for ever, sprung thence. We find him asking for his fool again and again, as if impatient of each moment's absence, and he complains, "I have not seen him these two days." One of his knights replies,—

> "Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the
> Fool hath much pined away.
> *Lear.* No more of that; *I have noted it well.*"

Here is the key, then, to his affection for his follower; here the cause of a fondness which manifests itself even when the rain and wind of heaven are beating on his head, when the thunder and the lightning rage above him, and in his bosom knaws the canker-worm of grief, and the sharp sting of heartless ingratitude,—filial ingratitude,—is piercing him to the quick: even then, when sorrow might well have extinguished every

other sentiment but one of self, he folds his mantle round him, saying,—

"How dost, my boy? art cold?
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee."

When Goneril first shows her evil disposition, and begins to exercise her cruelty and arrogance towards her father, in the affliction of the moment, he looks back regretfully at the past, and, referring to the disinheritance of Cordelia, and the partition of his kingdom between her sisters, he exclaims,—

"Woe that too late repents!"

and immediately afterwards,—

"O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame of nature
From the fixed place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear! Lear! Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
And thy dear judgment out." (*Striking his head.*)

We see now the progress of the heart back to its former love, and the gradual dissolution of those hard and unjust thoughts which had blinded him once to her truth and goodness, but which were soon too bitterly expiated by sufferings such as might melt the coldest soul to tears. A short time after this, we have another more advanced and decided manifestation of this revulsion of feeling. The fool, who has been hinting very broadly that the two sisters Goneril and Regan are of one spirit in their rapacity and cruelty, recalls to Lear's remembrance the partition of his kingdom. This leads him to review the comparative conduct of Cordelia and her sisters; and, feeling the difference of their natures, and the trifling and unjust reason for which he had condemned her, he cries in the bitterness of his soul,—

"I did her wrong."

Yes, innocence has triumphed! It is beautiful to remark how, after this conclusion is arrived at, he adopts the words with which Cordelia had once told her love, as though doubtful of other expressions of attachment and duty; and addressing Regan, whom he would, though almost against hope, deem true, he says,—

> "Thou better know'st
> The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
> Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude."

But she was not one with whom the gentle bond had influence; she was not one to recognize in the love of a parent, and the thousand kind and affectionate acts by which it still displayed itself, the links of a chain which ought to have bound the heart of the child ever in closer and more endearing union. No! "she tied sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture," on him, and was more cruel than the winds of heaven. All Lear's abjurations amid the storm, and his denunciations of his children, are levelled against Goneril and Regan; and Cordelia is not once included, for he emphatically appeals against his "*two* pernicious daughters."

His conduct on arriving at the French camp, near Dover, more than all testifies the state of his heart towards Cordelia. Although he was in the same place with her, he will not consent to see her, and the reason, we are informed by Kent, is that—

> "A sovereign shame so elbows him. His own unkindness,
> That stripped her from his benediction, turned her
> To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
> To his dog-hearted daughters: these things sting
> His mind so venomously, that burning shame
> Detains him from Cordelia."

How deep must be the sense of wrong in a father towards his child, when he is thus ashamed to see her! And with one like Lear, whose sensibilities were so finely strung, the more clearly her purity arose in reproach against his injustice, the stronger would this feeling of humiliation exist. It is a fine testimony to her goodness.

Thus progressed the establishment of her innocence in the mind of Lear; and the contrast betwixt her and the wretched sisters being brought to a climax, the time has arrived for her reappearance, when we can sympathise with her still and noiseless motions, nor impute her outward calmness to frigidity of soul. But ere she comes again, another tint is added to her portrait, charming as well by its own beauty, as its exquisite harmony with all that we have conceived of her disposition. A gentleman who brings letters from her to Kent is describing the effect that the intelligence of her father's state had on her; he says—

> "Now and then an ample tear trilled down
> Her delicate cheek. It seemed she was a queen

Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

* * * * * *

Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day. Those happy smilets,
That played on her ripe lip, seemed not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropped. In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most beloved, if all
Could so become it.

* * * *

Once or twice she heaved the name of 'father'
Pantingly forth, as if it pressed her heart;
Cried, 'Sisters! sisters! shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believed!' There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moistened: *then away she started,*
To deal with grief alone."

After such an account, it is a most natural transition to the bedside of the sick and broken-hearted monarch, to be introduced again to our long-lost Cordelia, there, smoothing his pillow, and raising to his parched and fevered lips the cooling draught, as she perchance had oftimes done of yore,—to see her exercising the "kind nursery," beneath whose tenderness he had once hoped "to set his rest," fulfilling the expectations he had formed in the days of his happiness, and rendered now more affecting by being so unlooked for, so unconsciously experienced. The circumstances under which she reappears are well worthy of her, and tend further to enhance our admiration for her noble and estimable character. Hear the words she murmurs over the sleeping Lear:—

"O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be exposed against the jarring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder;
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross-lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, Alack!"

Well may we exclaim, with Kent, "Kind and dear princess!" O Woman! whatever may be the failings of some of thy sex, whatever their errors and weakness, be they such as may appal us with their guiltiness and make us blush for human nature, they cannot stain thy loveliness, for whilst thou art *woman*, whilst thy *true* character is displayed, thou art all grace and beauty! Goneril and Regan had nothing feminine in their characters, and could acts have cast a lasting stigma upon woman, theirs might well have done so, for they were indeed worthy the foul fiend himself; but we turn to the sweet Cordelia, and feel that "she redeems nature from the general curse which twain have brought her to."

The awakening Lear recognizes her, and remembering the wrongs he has done her, most pathetically addresses her amid her tears,—

"If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not."

Very beautiful and comprehensive is her heartfelt deprecation, "No cause, no cause." Ah! did she not love him "according to her bond?"

The joy of the poor old king, even in the midst of misfortune and imprisonment, at his reunion with his beloved, speaks volumes for her. It is still a pursuance of the necessary course of delineation, that her praise should come from others, not from her own lips. He shrinks from meeting the cruel-hearted daughters into whose power he has fallen, but forgetful of all suffering whilst she is by his side, he exclaims,—

"Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness—so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies. . . . .
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes.

Poor Cordelia! how sadly did she die! But o'er her death,

she had a mourner whose sighs were meet to rise to heaven with her pure spirit,—an old and grey-haired father, the monument of filial cruelty and ingratitude, was yet the monument of her true goodness, the herald of her gentle and guileless being. She died, the victim to her filial piety, and "upon such sacrifices, the gods themselves throw incense." And was it not an end the most appropriate, thus to seal by her silent fate, the holy truths that were her guides through life!

How exquisite is the description of Lear,—

> "Her voice was ever soft,
> Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."

It is such a perfect realization of the Cordelia of our imagination! But in all things does Shakspere preserve the harmony of his characters; not even amid the grandest design does he neglect the minute details, which a less expansive mind had either not observed, or deemed unnecessary to the completeness of the picture.

And now, have we said too much, in styling Cordelia one of the most glorious of the Bard's creations? In conception it is so beautiful, so redolent of gentleness and purity, and encircled with that indescribable charm which makes the very name of *woman* come to us—

> Like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour,—

and in execution so refined and delicate, that we feel assured all must agree with us.

SONG OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

BY MRS. ABDY.

The bridal veil is on thy hair,
  The wreath is on thy brow,
Thy vows are breathed—why, dearest, wear
  A look of sadness now?
Say, dost thou tremble to remove
  From friends long tried and known?
Oh! doubt me not—my fervent love
  Shall far surpass their own;
My tender care shall never sleep,
  Still shall I prove thy friend and guide:
One lot is ours—then wherefore weep,
  My loved, my gentle bride?

Love shall direct my faithful breast,
  Thy wishes to prevent;
Or, if a wish be half expressed,
  To crown it with content:
The friendships of thy early youth
  May lessen and decline,
But Time, which weakens others' truth,
  Shall only strengthen mine.
Thy future way is strewed with flowers,
  Then let those timid tears be dried,
And smiles succeed the April showers—
  My loved, my gentle bride!

THE DISEASES OF TOWNS:

THEIR EFFECTS, CAUSES, AND THE MEANS OF PREVENTION.*

'A HEALTHY body is good; but a soul in right health, it is the thing beyond all others to be prayed for; the blessedest thing this earth receives of heaven.' Thus writes, and not untruly, Thomas Carlyle; but a soul in right health has never yet existed in a body in bad health. If we would have the former strong, the latter must be strong as well. The sane body is essential to the sane mind. Good digestions, and hopeful, joyous, energetic states of mind are inseparable. Men have come to learn this. From a woeful waste of human life and happiness this truth has been at length evolved.

This has been learnt by individuals, and their mode of life has been shaped accordingly. They have studied the laws of health, and disease has, in consequence, been avoided, or its virulence decreased. In a general sense, even the average health of the world has been increased; the epidemics which carried everywhere sorrow and death in the middle ages, now no longer exist. From the annals of the times we learn that, in England, in 1093, the living could scarcely bury the dead. In 1196, a fierce pestilence broke out, which destroyed such numbers, that scarcely any were left to minister to the sick; the customary funeral services ceased. In many places large ditches were made, into which the dead were thrown. In the summer of 1257, during the dog days, two thousand dead bodies were carried to the cemetery of St. Edmonds. In the following year, about the feast of the Trinity, the pestilence grew intolerable; 15,000 perished in London alone; in England and elsewhere many thousands died. In 1348, the black death, which broke out at Southampton, destroyed half the population. In a royal edict of December, 1349, it is said, "non modica pars populi

* Popular Lectures on the Prevailing Diseases of Towns. Recently delivered a tthe Brighton Literary and Scientific Institution. Published by general request. By W. Kebbell, M.D., Physician to the Brighton Dispensary.

est defuncta;" in another, of 1350, a stronger phrase is used, "magna pars populi est defuncta." In 1352, scarcely a fourth part of the people had survived the plague. It spared the great, to fall with redoubled fury upon the workmen and servants. Crowded cities were depopulated. In 1379, a plague broke out in the northern part of the island; villages and cities were stripped of their inhabitants. In this extremity, the Scots fell upon the country, and, before making their incursions, prayed "God, and St. Mary, and St. Andrew, shield us this day from the foul death that Englishmen die from." In 1477, the pestilence, which occurred after the death of the Duke of Clarence, was so fierce that the past fifteen years' war consumed not the third part of the people, that only four months miserably and pitifully despatched and brought to their graves. In 1484, shortly after the 7th of August, a disease appeared among the people, lasting the rest of that month, and all September, which for sudden sharpness and unwonted cruelty surpassed the pestilence. It killed some in opening their windows; some in playing with children in the streets; some in one hour, many in two it destroyed; and, at the longest, to them that merrily dined, it gave a sorrowful supper. This was the *sweating sickness*, which recurred in 1506, 1517, 1528, and 1551. Owing to the want of any systematic registration of deaths in those days, we have no means, says Dr. Kebbell, of forming more than a conjecture of the probable number that fell victims to these desolating pestilences, either in this country or abroad: but their great fatality may be judged of from the following record of deaths from the plague in London during the seventeenth century; at which time, it must be remembered, a considerable abatement had taken place in their severity. According to M'Culloch there died of the plague in London, in 1598, 26,005; of other diseases 15·764; in 1603, the plague killed 36·269; while other diseases destroyed but 5·773. In 1625, the deaths from the plague were 35·417; from other diseases 18·848. In 1665, the numbers of the dead were, from the plague, 68·596; from other diseases 28·710. In the other towns of Europe the pestilence was generally more destructive than in those in this country. In consequence of improvement in living, we no longer suffer such scourges. The epidemic of the greatest consequence which has occurred since the great plague of London, is the cholera of 1832; but the deaths occasioned by this disease were trifling, compared with those which resulted from the pestilences of former days. In London and its vicinity the number of deaths from cholera was estimated at 5,000, that of the entire country at 65,000; but had the same rate of mortality prevailed from this epidemic

as in the plagues of the seventeenth century, the deaths, in the metropolitan district alone, it is computed, would have exceeded half a million. The royal navy affords remarkable illustrations of how disease may be checked, and life preserved. Admiral Rosier, in 1726, sailed with seven ships of the line for the West Indies, but so destructive were the effects of disease that he buried his ships' company twice, and afterwards died himself of a broken heart. In 1740, Anson sailed with a fleet of five ships, carrying 1,250 men. After they had been but two months at sea the ships' companies became very sickly, and after twelve months nearly two-thirds of the crews had perished. The sanitary condition of the sailor is now better attended to. The result is shown in the following statistical return of Dr. Wilson:—

In 1779 the proportion dying was	1	in	8	of the employed.
1811 " "	1	—	32	"
From 1830 to 1836 "	1	—	72	"

Before Howard went, like an angel of mercy, to visit the felon in his jail, our prisons were the fruitful sources of disease. A great change has been made in this respect. Mr. Chadwick states that the medical practitioners, who are well acquainted with the general state of health of the population surrounding the prisons of Edinburgh and Glasgow, concur in vouching to the fact upon their own knowledge, that the health of the prisoners is generally much higher than the health of almost any part of the surrounding population; that the prisoners, as a class, are below the average health when they enter the prisons; that they come from the worst districts; that many of them come from the lodging-houses, which, in those towns, are the constant seats of disease; that they are mostly persons of intemperate habits; that many of them were in a state of disease from intemperance and bad habits, and notwithstanding the depressing influence of imprisonment, the effect of cleanliness, dryness, better ventilation, temperance, and simple food is almost sufficient to prevent disease arising within the prison, and to put the prisoners in better working condition at the termination than at the commencement of the imprisonment. Our modern pestilence, for such typhus fever may be called, inasmuch as it annually attacks from 150,000 to 200,000 individuals, of which number it destroys 16,000, always haunts the abodes of filth. The track of the cholera, in 1832, was found to be pretty nearly the same. The natural conclusion is, that as we have escaped the diseases by which parts of Europe were almost depopulated in times past, a more diffused knowledge of the laws of health, and a better observance of them would

free us from many of those diseases by which man is yet made to mourn.

Men rarely die of old age. They die the victims of circumstances that might be at once removed. Of the 125 people who die in London every day, only nine die of old age. Death may generally be attributed to bad air and bad food. Hence it is that the mortality of towns is much higher than that of the country. It appears, says Dr. Kebbell, that in a million of population, the mortality of towns exceeds, annually, that of the country districts by 7,773. Estimating the population of towns in England and Wales at 4,500,000, which is considerably under the actual number, as this estimate includes only the metropolis and the chief provincial towns, the excess of deaths in the towns of that portion of the country, as contrasted with the mortality of rural districts, amounts annually to 34,978; that for the United Kingdom, on the supposition that the amount of town populations, and the rate of mortality among them is the same in other parts of Great Britain as it is in England and Wales, to more than 60,000 annually. Thus, as compared with the rate of mortality in healthy, rural situations, there is in the towns of the United Kingdom, at the lowest computation, an annual sacrifice of more than 60,000 lives. But a more correct way of estimating the mortality of our large towns, is to ascertain the sum total of deaths which occur in them over what may be considered a healthy standard. This has been considered by sanitary reformers as a mortality not exceeding two per cent., and to which it is considered possible to reduce the rate of mortality in all towns, there being a great many towns in the kingdom, some of them of considerable size, in which the average mortality does not exceed that amount. According to this view, therefore, all the deaths which occur in any town above this rate of mortality, are to be considered as sacrificed to the neglect in them of sanitary measures. Now it has been ascertained by Dr. Guy, that the excess of deaths over two per cent. in thirty-six of our large towns, taking the average of three years—1841, 1842, and 1843—amounted to 20,100. The population of the metropolis, at the period of the census, was 1,873,817; and the average annual excess of deaths above two per cent. for the same three years, was 8,404, which, when added to the preceding number, makes the excess of deaths amount to 28,505. But there are several large towns, not included in this calculation, which also suffer from a high rate of mortality, and if they were added, the total excess ofdeaths would be raised to considerably more than 30,000. If the sanitary state of the entire population of England and Wales were raised to one annual death in fifty, instead of its present rate of one

death in forty-five, there would be an annual saving of life in that portion of the country of no less than 35,000 lives, and in the United Kingdom, on the supposition that the mortality in Scotland and Ireland is only equal to that of England and Wales (it is in fact much greater), there would be an annual saving of upwards of 60,000 lives. But to be able to realise the whole of the evils consequent upon the neglected state of our towns, in addition to the actual waste of life thereby occasioned, there must be taken into the calculation the attending amount of unnecessary sickness, and the various other evils which are the result of a high rate of mortality. We are not in possession of the requisite data from which to ascertain the proportion which the number of cases of illness bears to the number of deaths; but, taking Dr. Lyon Playfair's estimate of twenty-eight cases of sickness to one death, which must be somewhere near the truth, the number of cases of unnecessary sickness in England and Wales, will amount to 1,000,000, and in the United Kingdom to 1,700,500. "If you find it difficult," observes Dr. Guy, "to realise so enormous a waste of health and life, you have only to imagine a town of 35,000 or 60,000 inhabitants annually swept away from the face of the earth, above those who would die in the course of nature if sanatory measures were in universal operation. To form a vivid idea of the amount of unnecessary sickness in the United Kingdom, you must imagine that, in a city the size of the metropolis, every man, woman, and child it contains, is the subject of one attack every year over and above the sickness which would occur in the course of nature under a wise system of preventive measures." Another mode of illustrating the difference in the degree of salubrity between town and country districts, is to compare the average age attained by the respective populations. "The average age attained by the labourers in the county of Rutland, is thirty-eight years; that by the labourers in Wiltshire (the county of the lowest wages) is thirty-three years. Taking the latter as our standard of comparison, the lower orders in Liverpool lose eighteen years of life, in Bethnal Green seventeen years, in Manchester sixteen years, in Bolton union fifteen years, in Leeds borough fourteen years, in Derby twelve years, in Whitechapel union eleven years, in the Strand union nine years, in Bath eight years, in Kensington union seven years, in Truro five years."

This increase in the amount of deaths in towns, over that in the country, arises generally from culpable indifference, or an undue regard to private interests. Nuisances are permitted to breed fever and disease. A grand exemplification of this we draw from the present rate of mortality in Liverpool. In

1802, the corporation of that town being about to apply to parliament for powers to improve the streets and police of the town, the physicians were requested to make such alterations as might contribute to the health and comfort of the inhabitants. In the report which the physicians accordingly drew up, the removal of the slaughter-houses and of all other offensive trades and manufactories, the consumption of smoke, the enforcing cleanliness in the streets, an improved system of sewerage, and other sanatory measures were strongly recommended. Every attention was paid to the report in the common council, and a bill was drawn up for the purpose of adopting those recommendations. As is usually the case, private interest interfered, and the public health was sacrificed. Had these recommendations been attended to, and had the rate of mortality in Liverpool, in consequence, been reduced to thatof Birmingham, by this time nearly 40,000 lives would have been saved. Wars are generally considered inimical to human life, but death finds more prey in the undrained streets and crowded unventilated rooms of our great cities, than in the carnage and destruction of the battle field. It has been calculated that the chance of life was at the

Siege of Flushing	420	to 1
„ Antwerp	68	„ 1
„ Badajoz	54	„ 1
Battle of Waterloo	30	„ 1
Shopkeeping (Liverpool)	19	„ 1
Weaving (Manchester)	17	„ 1
Saw-making (Sheffield)	14	„ 1

It is the opinion of many of the first medical writers, that a large proportion of cases of scrofula and consumption amongst the poor, arises solely from the depressing effects of the polluted and stagnant atmosphere of towns on the human constitution. Sir James Clark says, "If an infant, born in perfect health and of the healthiest parents, be kept in close rooms, in which free ventilation and cleanliness are neglected, a few months will be sufficient to produce tuberclous cachexia." "There can be no doubt," he observes in another place, "that the habitual respiration of the air of ill ventilated and gloomy alleys in large towns, is a powerful means of augmenting the hereditary disposition to scrofula, and even of inducing such a disposition, *de novo*. Children reared in the workhouses of this country, and in similar establishments abroad, almost all become scrofulous, and that more, we believe, from the confined, impure atmosphere in which they live, and the want of active exercise, than from defective nourishment." This idea is confirmed by the

fact, that Sir James Clark has actually succeeded in inducing consumption in rabbits, by confining them in cold, damp, and close situations, and supplying them with innutritious food; the same phenomena have also been observed in the cows which are kept in the close stables of the metropolis and other large towns, and amongst the monkeys which, in winter, are generally kept in a confined heated atmosphere, and amongst whom consumption most extensively prevails.

Now the high rate of mortality thus engendered brings with it many evils. There is, as Dr. Kebbell observes, "1st. The expense of medical attendance in sickness. This is either public or private; the former, when families are attended by the parish officers, or by the medical men attached to the dispensaries and similar institutions; the latter, when families employ their own medical man. We are in possession of no data, to enable us to form any satisfactory estimate of the total cost entailed upon the country by this item of expense. The only calculation of the kind we possess, is one for the county of Lancashire, framed by Dr. Lyon Playfair. He ascertained that there are practising in that county, 76 physicians, 1,246 general practitioners, and 1,581 chemists and druggists, making altogether 2,581 persons connected with the medical profession; and supposing each to receive, on the average, £300. a-year, the annual sum expended in medical attendance and medicines in this county alone amounts to £774,000. Supposing this estimate at all near the truth, the annual cost for the United Kingdom, on the same account, cannot be less than £14,000,000. or £15,000,000. 2nd. There is the cost incurred for the support of hospitals, and charities for the relief of sickness; also the expense thrown on the rates and private individuals, in maintaining the poor during the periods of illness and convalescence, when of course most of them are unable to support themselves. It is stated by Dr. Southwood Smith that the extra expense incurred by the Bethnal Green and Whitechapel unions, during the quarter ending Lady Day, 1838, was—Bethnal Green, £216. 19*s.*; Whitechapel union, £400.; altogether £616. 19*s.*, which is at the rate of £2,467. 16*s.* a-year. And if such is the cost of a single district, and for a single disease alone, what must be the expense entailed upon the united country, by the whole class of diseases? 3rd. There is the immense burthen thrown on the contributors to the poor rates, and on private individuals, for the support of the widows and orphans of those who die prematurely. The total number of orphan children, on account of whose destitution relief was given from the poor rates, in the year ending July, 1840, was 112,000; the number of widows chargeable on the rates at that

period, was 43,000: of these numbers more than 100,000 cases of orphanage, and 27,000 cases of premature widowhood, were ascribed by Mr. Chadwick to removeable causes. Reckoning the cost of maintaining each of these persons at 4*s.* 6*d.* per week, the total expense amounts to £1,860,000. per annum. The aggregate cost incurred by the surviving relatives and friends, in the support of the widows and orphans not chargeable on the rates, is probably much greater than this. 4th. There is the expense consequent upon the loss to the country of the productive labour of those who die prematurely, or have the natural period of working ability abridged by sickness. 5th. In the expense incurred on account of sickness, it is fair to include a considerable portion of the charges attending vice and crime; for, as we shall presently see, disease and sickness have an invariable tendency to lower the morals of the people.

"We are not in possession of the requisite information to enable us to form any estimate approaching even to exactness, of the aggregate expense thus incurred by the United Kingdom, on account of sickness and a high rate of mortality; but it is known, and I am sure you will not be inclined to doubt the fact, to amount to a great many millions annually. I am afraid to mention the sum at which I should be inclined myself to estimate it, lest you should think I was exaggerating; but I do not hestitate to say, that it must be considerably more than we pay annually for taxes—that is to say, more than £50,000,000. Now it is not pretended, that even the most general and complete sanatory measures can ever beget such a state of health among the entire population, as to save the whole of this vast expenditure; but, in the opinion of many talented and trustworthy individuals, whose attention for many years has been directed to the subject, a large proportion of it is preventable. Thus Dr. Lyon Playfair has estimated the loss and cost of all preventable sickness and death: for Liverpool, at £1,072,381.; for Manchester, at £810,086.; for Bury, at £254,444.; for Charlton and Worsley, at £290,563.; for the whole county of Lancashire, at £5,133,557. Mr. Hawkesby has estimated the loss for Nottingham at £300,000.; Mr. Clay, the loss for Preston at £999,000.; Mr. Coulthart, the loss for Ashton-under-Lyne at £235,000. According to Dr. Lyon Playfair's estimate for Lancashire, Dr. Guy has calculated that the annual loss and cost for the metropolis would greatly exceed £2,500,000.; for England and Wales, it would fall little short of £11,000,000.; and for the United Kingdom, it would be nearly £20,000,000. I shall now illustrate the foregoing account I have given you of the various ways in which disease

and premature death entail expense on the community, by bringing under your notice a very interesting document, prepared by the Rev. G. Lewis, of Dundee, for the purpose of showing the expense which he considered the inhabitants of that town had incurred, from the fever which prevailed amongst the poor. This I am anxious to do, because I believe that there are but very few who have any idea of the enormously expensive nature of disease; and I do not think that this fact can be better brought home to the mind, than by the actual display, in one view, of the various items of expense. Mr. Lewis's calculations extend over a period of seven years—from the year 1833 to the year 1839—during which period there occurred 11,808 cases of fever, and 1,312 deaths; the half of which cases and deaths he considered were those of persons in the prime of life. The different items of the amount are represented in this table:—

FEVER BILL OF DUNDEE, FROM 1833 TO 1839.

	£	s.	d.
Loss of labour for six weeks of 5,248 adults, at 8s. a week	12,595	0	0
Attendance, medicine at home and at infirmary, at 1s. 6d. each	5,248	0	0
Loss of labour for six weeks of 5,248 under age, at 4s. a week	6,297	12	0
Expense of treatment of the above at infirmary or at home, at 10s. a-piece	2,624	0	0
Loss by death of 656 adults, at £150 each	98,400	0	0
Loss by 656 deaths under age, at £75 each	49,200	0	0
Treatment of 1,312 cases, at £1 each	1,312	0	0
	£175,676	12	0

The first items are not very difficult of comprehension. "The next two items of expense," observes Dr. Kebbell, "may not, probably, be intelligible to many of you. They are called loss by death of 656 adults and 656 under age. You may think it strange that any one should set about estimating the money value of human beings, in the same way that the farmer does his cattle. But it has been shown by political economists, that every able bodied person is of a certain value to the state, and when, accordingly, that person dies, so much capital is lost to the country. Now Mr. M'Culloch has estimated the value of a full grown workman, just arrived at maturity, at £300. Mr. Lewis, however, sets down the money value of these male and female adults, at the one half of this, or £150., and that of those dying under age at £75. each, which makes the loss by premature death for the former to be £98,400., and for the latter, £49,200.

To this is to be added £1. a piece, or £1,312., for attendance and medical expenses. These several items of expense, added together, amount to the enormous sum of £175,676. 12*s.*, or £25,096. 12*s.* per annum. I do not, of course, pretend to say, that the estimate is correct to the figure, but even allowing a great deal for exaggeration, there will still be a very large sum left to which no objections can be made. Nor do I wish you to understand that I adduce this estimate, as indication of the average expenses incurred in the towns of England on account of fever, for, happily, this complaint is, on the whole, far less prevalent and fatal in our towns than in those of Scotland. But, even amongst us, and in this town*, which is as exempt from fever as most towns, the cost entailed upon the community by that complaint is considerable. Taking this estimate as our grounds for calculation, the cost of the 146 deaths from fever, and the corresponding cases of illness which occurred in this town, during the five years to which our attention has been called, amounted to about £20,000., or to £4,000. annually."

But, besides the tremendous cost of sickness—a cost which amply justified the assertion of Dr. Southwood Smith, that the heaviest of all taxes is the fever tax—another injurious effect is the necessary tendency it has, by prematurely removing the middle-aged workmen, to substitute a young and thoughtless population in the place of a more mature and experienced one. As a general rule, the number of births is dependent upon the number of deaths, increasing as the number of deaths increase; by which means, even in places where the rate of mortality is at the highest, the number of deaths is more than counterbalanced by the increasing proportion of births. From tables published by the registrar-general, it appears that the mortality is sixty-six per cent. higher in the unhealthy than in the healthy subdistricts, and that the proportion of births is fifty-one per cent. higher in the unhealthy than in the healthy subdistricts. The fact of an increase of births being a general attendant on a higher rate of mortality may be thus illustrated. A young man, we will say at the age of twenty-one, finds employment, and in consequence of that marries. But, instead of living to the natural period of superannuation, which is estimated at sixty years in the healthiest districts, at the age of twenty-five, owing either to an unsound hereditary constitution, or to the unhealthy nature of his employment, or place of residence, is attacked with consumption, and dies, leaving a widow and two orphan children. His vacant place of work is immediately occupied by another young workman, who, we will say,

* Brighton.

lives to the age of thirty-five, when he is carried off by some epidemic, leaving a widow and seven children. The vacancy occasioned by his death is occupied by a third, who lives to the age of forty, when he is killed by an attack of inflammation, leaving a wife and five orphan children. Thus the period of time that ought to have been occupied by one only, has been filled by three generations of workmen, all of whom died prematurely, leaving three widows, and three families of orphan children, amounting to fourteen in number. Had the first workman lived to the natural period of superannuation, which it is considered, by a judicious combination of internal and external sanitary measures, may be prolonged to sixty years, there would have been but one family, consisting, we will say, of nine children reared, instead of three families of fourteen children, causing the increase of births to be fifty per cent. greater than it would have been in the former case, which more than makes up for the excessive loss by deaths. Another cause of excessive births being a general attendant upon a high rate of mortality is, that a large proportion of the deaths are those of children under one year of age, which enables the mothers to bear children in more rapid succession. The vacancies in work occasioned by premature deaths, do not, of course, occur in any one place in the precise manner I have narrated; but it fairly illustrates the general mode in which the vacancies caused by premature deaths are filled up by young men, who, in consequence of finding employment, marry early in life, thereby increasing the fecundity of the population. Had these young men been unable to have procured employment, the most cautious of them would have delayed their marriages to a later period of life, or would have sought for employment elsewhere." Dr. Playfair states, that out of 2,824 married men, working in factories in different parts of Lancashire, he found that the average age of marriage among the males was not above twenty-five years. These young, inexperienced men, too, are easily made the dupes of the designing demagogue. The mobs against which the police of the metropolis have to guard, come from the depressed districts, and consist generally of very young men. In general they appear to consist of persons between sixteen and twenty-five years of age. The riots at Bristol were created also by mere boys.

Another evil resulting from a low sanitary condition of the population arises from the fact, that it is invariably attended with deteriorated physical qualifications. The human frame gradually becomes stunted in size, and deficient in strength, the breed deteriorates. Hence it is, that the working inhabitants of our manufacturing towns are inferior in size and ability to

labour to the inhabitants of healthy country districts. It is found that two out of every three of the candidates for admission into the metropolitan police, coming from the depressed districts of the metropolis, such as Spitalfields and Whitechapel, are rejected on account of deficiency in their physical qualifications. Similar observations have been made by officers employed in recruiting for the army. Sir James M'Gregor says, that "a corps levied from the agricultural districts in Wales, or the northern counties in England, will last longer than one recruited from the manufacturing towns, from Birmingham, Manchester, or near the metropolis. Indeed, so great and permanent is the deterioration, that out of 613 enlisted, almost all of whom came from Birmingham and five other neighbouring towns, only 238 were approved for service." In support of this view, Dr. Lyon Playfair publishes, amongst other testimony, the evidence of Serjeant Farrell, of the 47th regiment.

"Have you been long engaged in the recruiting service?"

"For nearly ten years."

"Do you find it equally easy to recruit in Lancashire now as formerly?"

"Where I could get ten recruits formerly that I could venture to send up, I can now get only one; and that one is often rejected. Out of seven I got lately only one passed."

"Do you think that this difficulty arises from people getting better wages at factories than in the army?"

"No, not at all. When persons go to work so soon, they do not grow up to the proper size; they have always some deformity; and in the towns, somehow or other, they are pale, sickly, and thin in the flesh. The only places where I can get good men are from the country districts."

"What reason does the surgeon assign for refusing the men you send from the towns?"

"For being too thin, not being sound chested; and not standing straight."

"From what towns do you find it most easy to procure good men?"

"I have been only in Yorkshire, Somersetshire, and Bristol. In Yorkshire there are some good men, better than I have found in Lancashire; but they are by far the best in Somersetshire. In that and other country districts I could easily get good men, but here, in Rochdale, there is almost no use in staying; I have only been able to pick out thirty good-looking men, for the last eighteen months, and out of these only one was passed by the surgeon for every four rejected.'"

It appears that the total number of recruits sent from all the districts to the staff-surgeon in Liverpool, between the 1st

of January, 1843, and 31st of October, 1843, was 1560, of which 876 were approved, 684 being rejected. The same physical deterioration is found to exist on the Continent. At Mullhausen, once celebrated for its fine race of men, so pernicious has been the influence of the manufacturing system, that for every one hundred conscripts found fit for military service, one hundred are rejected; at Rouen, it also appears, one hundred and sixty-six, and at Elbenf, one hundred and sixty-eight are rejected for every one hundred passed. These facts speak plainly enough. Men were stronger and finer than they are. Sir James Clark has expressed his opinion to the same effect. Were our grandfathers, stout, rosy cheeked, old gentlemen, to rise from their graves, they would see much, undoubtedly, to astonish them; our railways, our electric telegraphs, might excite their wonder, but our half-grown population would make them mourn over our national "decline," and prophecy our "fall." They would scorn to trace their descendants in the stunted pigmies of Whitechapel and Spitalfields.

> "'Twas not the sires of such as these
> That dared the elements and pathless seas,
> That made proud Asia's monarchs feel
> How weak their gold 'gainst Europe's steel,
> But beings of another mould—
> Rough, hardy, vigorous, manly, bold."

That our town populations suffer great physical evils, that those evils are attended by many yet greater, we think no one can deny. Disease and death are not the only ills produced by defective sanitary arrangements. An enormous expenditure is created, which certainly might be much better employed. A young, irritable, reckless population, is substituted for one more tractable and rational—the productive power of the country is abridged, and what is worse still, the mind is depressed, and the victim too often sinks into apathy or despair. The healthy stimulus, by which man is urged on to better himself and his fellows, is totally destroyed. Dr. Southwood Smith says, "That as they have not the bodily vigour and the industrious habits of a healthy, independent peasantry, so they have not the intelligence and spirit proper to such a race. One of the most melancholy proofs of this, is in the quiet and unresisting manner in which they succumb to the wretchedness of their lot. They make no effort to get into happier circumstances; their dulness and apathy indicate an equal degree of mental as of physical paralysis; and this has struck other observers who have had

opportunities of becoming acquainted with the real state of these people.

In the Poor Law Commissioners' Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population, there is the following statement, which impressed my mind the more, because it recalled to my recollection, vividly, similar circumstances witnessed by myself. "In the year 1836," says one of the medical officers of the West Derby Union, "I attended a family of thirteen, twelve of them had typhus fever, without a bed, in the *cellar*, without straw or timber shavings, frequent substitutes. They lay on the floor, and so crowded, that I could scarcely pass between them. In another house I attended fourteen patients, there were only two beds in the house. All the patients lay on the boards, and during their illness never had their clothes off. I met with many cases in similar conditions; yet amidst the greatest destitution and want of comfort, *I have never heard, during the course of twelve years' practice, a complaint of inconvenient accommodation;* now this want of complaint under such circumstances, appears to me to constitute a very melancholy part of this condition; it shows that physical wretchedness has done its worst on the human sufferer, for it has destroyed his mind. The wretchedness being greater than humanity can bear, annihilates the mental faculties—the faculties distinctive of the human being. There is a kind of satisfaction in the thought, for it sets a limit to the capacity of suffering, which would otherwise be without bound." Nor must we forget that the seats of disease are also the seats of crime, that the atmosphere that pollutes the body, also pollutes the mind. The most unhealthy district in London, that of Whitechapel, is where the most dishonest and profligate portion of the community live.

The fact of the existence of this misery—of this immense amount of disease—is not more true than the fact that the cure of it all is easily applied. All of us, the poorest as well as the richest can, to a greater or lesser extent, remove the ills we deplore. We can ventilate our rooms—we can refuse to live in houses in which good sewerage and drainage are not provided—we can select wholesome food and drink—we can more frequently and effectually bathe and wash than we do. These are things that can be done without an act of parliament. They need not be endorsed with the signature of the queen, like a thanksgiving proclamation, or a national fast. They commend themselves to our common sense. As private individuals, these things can be done. There are two praiseworthy associations, the Metropolitan Working Classes Association for Improving Public Health, and the Health of Towns Association, which are

labouring the most successfully to enlighten the public mind. The information they have collected and distributed, has done much to give an impetus to the demand for sanitary reform. Amongst their supporters may be ranked some of the most eminent philanthropists of our day. Lord Morpeth's bill will effect great good. We sincerely trust it may speedily become the law of the land; it may possibly deprive some parish burghers—some mute, unglorious Bumbles, of their "little brief authority;" it may interfere with some vested interests; but we trust that the nation will not be found ready to tolerate the existence of monopolies of disease and dirt, nor will they permit human life to be sacrificed to local neglect, or parochial mismanagement. We are not frightened by a name, centralization, if it put down disease and secure health; we infinitely prefer it to local typhus fever. The opposition of our modern Dogberries, we can easily understand, but we are thankful to say, we see in it no cause for fear. To all such, we quote the language of Charles Mackay:—

> "We raise our heads, survey their deeds,
> And cheerily reply,
> *Grub, little moles, grub under ground,*
> *There's sunshine in the sky.*"

The excess of mortality in town over country districts, arises, principally, from atmospheric impurity. The circumstances by which the air is vitiated, are, though varying to some extent in different towns, according to the nature of the soil and climate, the condition of the inhabitants, and the arts and manufactures carried on in each; and present necessarily a close similarity in all, the difference being rather one of intensity than kind. For the purpose of submitting them to more convenient consideration, they may be classed under three heads. The first, containing all animal and vegetable collections, which it is the object of scavenging and drainage to remove; the second, containing what may be called social nuisances, as pig-styes, slaughter-houses, and the noxious matters generated in the trades and manufactures; the third, all such circumstances in the arrangement and disposition of the streets and buildings, as serve to obstruct and impede the currents of air through the town, thereby preventing the frequent renewal of the air, which is necessary for the maintenance of healthy respiration. The animal and vegetable refuse of towns have a very fatal influence. When exposed to the influence of the air, heat, and moisture, they pass rapidly into decomposition, and generate large quantities of gases, which it has been clearly demonstrated, when respired by human beings, act in a most destructive manner, either as predisposing

or exciting causes of fevers and epidemic diseases. This evil can be remedied by the plan of sewerage carried into effect by Mr. Roe, in the Holborn and Finsbury divisions of the metropolis, where the scavengers at every opportunity sweep all the refuse into the gully holes, and it is carried away without any inconvenience. The object of drainage in towns, is the removal from them of all surplus and waste water. "This is derived from two sources, the rain which falls from time to time upon the town area, and the refuse moisture derived from the houses. This last contains, either chemically dissolved or held in suspension, large quantities of animal and vegetable matters, which, when exposed to the atmosphere, and to the effect of heat, pass rapidly into decomposition, giving out a variety of noxious gases excessively offensive to the senses and destructive to the system. One of the principal gases evolved by the liquid refuse of towns under these circumstances is sulphuretted hydrogen, which, in a concentrated form, acts as a fatal poison on the animal system. Small birds plunged into air containing only one fifteen-hundredth part of its volume of sulphuretted hydrogen perish immediately; a dog of middle size is destroyed by being compelled to breathe an air containing one eight hundredth part of it; and horses fall victims to an atmosphere containing one two hundred and fiftieth part. It is even sufficiently powerful to destroy life, when applied only to the surface of the body. A young rabbit died in ten minutes after being enclosed in a bag containing the gas, though it was left free, so as to allow its breathing the pure atmosphere. Hence it is apparent that refuse of such a nature should be conveyed from dwellings, as quickly as possible. This can be best done by means of underground drains, passing through every street and district, and communicating with every house. The social nuisance, such as smoking manufactories, pig-styes, slaughter-houses, churchyards, require parliamentary interference. Amongst these sociable nuisances must be placed the lodging-houses for the poor. They are generally the seat and nursery of disease. Dr. Duncan, speaking of them as they are in Liverpool, says, "that in them the over-crowding of inmates is carried to the highest pitch. The worst description of houses are kept by Irishmen, and are resorted to by the migratory Irish, among others who may, perhaps, not remain more than a night or two in the town, as well as by vagrants and vagabonds of all descriptions. In every room of such houses, with the exception of the kitchen, or cooking room, the floor is usually covered with bedsteads, each of which receives at night as many human beings as can be crowded into it, and this too often without any regard to sex or decency. But there are cellars, double cellars, which are

used for the same purposes; and here the over-crowding is carried on still further, if that be possible, and is certainly more prejudicial to the health of the inmates, from the still more defective ventilation of these dark and miserable abodes. At night the floor of these cellars; often the bare earth, is covered with straw; and there the lodgers, all who can afford to pay a penny for accommodation, arrange themselves as best they can, until scarcely a single available inch of space is left unoccupied. In this way, as many as thirty human beings are sometimes packed together under ground, each inhaling the poison which his neighbour generates, presenting a picture, in miniature, of the black hole of Calcutta.

These great evils call with a giant voice for government interference; there has been too little legislation for the public health. Life has been sacrificed to avarice, in the pursuit of wealth; the weak and the poor, all have been overlooked. Dives has forgotten that the disease of Lazarus might be contageous, and possibly might spread. Owing to neglect and mismanagement, 51,000 persons are annually being destroyed in the towns of this kingdom; and this state of things is to be permitted, forsooth, because Lincoln's bearded and brainless Colonel prefers the only ways of the constitution, physical as well as political, or because some men see in government seeking to preserve the public health, an approximation to the centralizing policy of France. With such, we have no sympathy. We would, rather than the present wretchedness and disease be permitted to exist, take thankfully even an imperfect bill. Our taste may be singular, but we prefer a government commissioner, Whig though he be, to typhus fever. We should prefer an occasional visit from a government inspector, to a sudden escape of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. In taking leave of Dr. Kebbell's excellent volume, we must say, that we cordially agree with him in the following extract: "Now, what is manifestly required from government—and what the public have, I think, a right to expect—is the framing of some general Act, applicable to all towns that would be effectual in carrying out those objects in them, which, according to the concurrent testimony of scientific and experienced individuals, have been considered necessary for ensuring the health of the community. The main objects essential to be carried out in towns, and for which competent provisions should be made in the act, are, first, the enforcement of cleanliness in every part of the town over which it is possible to extend the jurisdiction of the authorities. And, secondly, such a structural arrangement of the town as would best facilitate the currents of air through it." The arrangements by which these ends would be attained, would, of

course, be carried into effect by local bodies, "but,"—and here we perfectly agree with our author—"inasmuch as numerous instances have occurred throughout the country—and here I beg leave to disclaim entirely all local allusion; my observations are intended to apply to the local administration of towns, taken as a body—in which, either from neglect, prejudice, or interested motives, these bodies have neglected their obvious duties, much to the injury of the health, as well as to the discomfort of the inhabitants; and the same system of negligence and inactivity is liable to recur—in order to ensure the safety of the public from the repetition of such neglect, it is, I think, necessary that these bodies should be subject to the supervising and controlling authority of the Crown; which, on complaints being made by a certain number of the inhabitants of any kind of defect in any part of the town, should have the power of ordering inquiries to be made by competent persons, into the state of the districts, and order that to be done which the general welfare of the inhabitants should require. To such a superintending authority, I believe, the present local bodies would not generally object to be subjected. It would ensure the enlightened portion of them from being overruled, as is often the case at the present time—by the numerous interested and prejudiced persons, who often gain admission into these administrative bodies. And, in conclusion, I must beg to make the very obvious remark that, however zealously and intellectually the duties of the local authorities may be performed, their plans must fall far short of producing the desired beneficial effects, unless the general body of the inhabitants join with them in carrying out the sanitary objects."

We need an efficient measure of sanitary reform; above all things we need that London, with its one hundred and fifty hospitals—with its unwholesome alleys—with its crowded courts and churchyards, be made its subject. We regret Lord Morpeth has failed to touch the great home of disease and dirt. His lordship is one of the best of his class; he sheds honour on the "order" to which he belongs; we never knew a better hearted man. For a public dinner, or for presiding at a public meeting, we know no one so well fitted as himself—his good natured face keeps every one smiling and peaceful. But he is no hero. He is too fond of peace and quietness. He forgets that if good must be done in this world, antagonism must be aroused; and that the creeping things who feed and fatten on abuse and wrong, will snarl, and hiss, and sting, as best they can. Whilst he has been conciliating opponents—becoming all things to all men, that he might win some—making one place and then another an exception—granting a favourable repre-

sentation to this deputation and that—disease has been ripening in our midst, and death has been slaying its thousands in our land. Our country needs a great and efficient measure, and till that be done—till the poor man be raised from the degradation in which disease has sunk him, and placed in circumstances more congenial than those by which he is at present surrounded, we, as a nation, can make but few improvements in civilization, in morals, in religion itself. It becomes then every one's duty to join the sanitary reformers of our day. It is a great crying sin and shame that we tolerate disease, and court the approach of death. We have suffered them to grow, and become strong in our midst. A false theology has come to our aid, and we have seen in their ravages—not our neglect—our sordid love of pelf—the avarice of employers, and the culpability of our statesmen; but the anger of a God, whose balmy air and golden sun are the common blessings given every one of us richly to enjoy. It is mournful to see how man stands in the way of his fellow man—how little is said or done that may benefit him—how with cool unconcern we can permit a crime-producing and disease-generating class to poison the land. One would have thought, long before this, selfishness would have learnt that the disease bred in the peasant's hut, may reign and riot in the halls of the peer. Government has begun the work of sanitary reform. Public opinion cannot be too loudly expressed in its favour. Political abstractions are worth little, when compared with a great tangible public good. A healthy body, a wholesome meal, a comfortable room, are quite as good in their way, as the charter and the five points. Perhaps just now they are of rather more importance. However this may be, the time has come to do something for the national health. Men and women are dying; families are plunged into pauperism and vice; to many life has become a curse, while we are solemnly debating whether it is in the province of government to prevent contagion and diminish death. For nine years the question has been agitated—the facts have been published—the remedy devised; hitherto in vain has the plea for suffering humanity been raised. Nine years have been suffered to glide by, with their accumulated woes and death. For that fresh amount of needless suffering we, as a nation, stand condemned before a higher tribunal than that of man. Atonement for the past is beyond our power. Let the future show that we have grown in wisdom and in will.

MARMADUKE HUTTON;

OR,

THE POOR RELATION.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXVIII.*

The buzz of admiration that greeted Joseph Linton, as he led his trembling daughter up his crowded and brilliantly lighted saloon, tended but little to restore poor Dinah to that self possession, which she now felt herself to stand more than ever in need of; the glitter and glare, the eager voices, and still more eager eyes that met her own on every side, were more than sufficient to unnerve the coldest temperament; the strange faces of so many men, amongst whom she found herself the only female, made her draw still closer to her father, even whilst she felt how unnatural and cruel it was for him to subject any woman, and much more his own daughter, to such a painful and dangerous ordeal.

Her pale face, which well nigh rivalled the whiteness of her simple and unpretending dress, made her beauty, if possible, still more touching than was its wont; and although amongst Mr. Linton's guests, there were many who after the first glance turned away with a disappointed "Pshaw! the girl's well enough, and that's all!" yet the majority of them, who by their birth and breeding were gentlemen, albeit their tastes had degraded them from the rank, expressed to their host's keen and cautious scrutiny, by their own ardent glances, that the bait had taken, and that Dinah had received the stamp of their approval.

"Allow me to be introduced to your lovely daughter, Linton," broke upon Dinah's ear, as a very handsome man, scarcely

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beyond the grand climateric, elbowed his way through the throng that pressed upon them.

"With the greatest pleasure, my lord," rejoined Mr. Linton, with great suavity, "Lord Cavendish, my love," he added, turning to Dinah with one of those grand, lofty bows, which Dinah had already learned to dread.

Dinah's quiet curtsey, and his lordship's deferential inclination of his magnificent head, were in the best contrast to this.

"May I be permitted the pleasure of conveying Miss Linton through the rooms," inquired his lordship, turning from Mr. Linton to his daughter.

Joseph Linton felt, by the convulsive touch of the hand that hung upon his arm, that this must not be, and so he said,

"Your lordship must excuse Miss Linton at present, but she must give you some coffee in a moment—at a later period, my lord——"

"I shall count the moments, Linton, until I can have that felicity," and taking the arm of another gentleman he bowed, and disappeared amongst the crowd.

"Courage! courage, my love," whispered Joseph, as an averted glance of his keen eyes caught a glimpse of Dinah's perfectly colourless face; "the first plunge will soon be over, and then you will be yourself again," and this worthy parent turned his attention to what was passing around him once more.

Other gentlemen, with flushed faces, and bolder gaze, and thickened utterance of speech, now crowded round them, to every one of whom Joseph presented Dinah, and from each of whom her ears were assailed by speeches, the flattery of which made her feel sick and faint; and then to her great relief, the groom of the chambers brought in the coffee, and Joseph seated her at a table, desiring her in a whisper, to fill the cups, adding that she need not trouble herself about speaking to any of the danglers about her, as a smile and a glance of those bright eyes were all that was necessary.

Dinah felt sick and faint, with mingled terror and indignation; she felt that she was in one of those dens of vice and dissipation of which she had read only in romances, where the needy sharper plunders his unwary and simple victim. With one of those sudden gleams of thought, which at the time are little short of inspiration, she discovered that this was the case, and yet there was nothing in the room in which she was seated, that gave her a clue to this; it was richly furnished and nothing more, but her quick ear caught the rattle of the dice, and the sharp click of the billiard ball in the adjoining saloon; and

Joseph Linton's calling was now unbared to his daughter's view.

Dinah neither turned pale nor fainted away on making this discovery; nay, more, her self-possession came back to her at the moment, and with a steady hand she poured out the coffee, and listened, or seemed to listen, to the persiflage that was circulating around her; Joseph Linton did not again come near her--indeed, he had already taken up his position in the saloon, with a *rouleau* of guineas lying before him, on the green cloth of the hazard table, and had almost entirely forgotten his daughter's existence.

Amongst the company assembled were Messrs Boodle and Tooley, the former attired in extraordinary magnificence, with a dazzling collection of jewellery on his breast and fingers; the latter looking as shy, and sheepish, and stupid as ever. When Dinah first discovered them, they seemed to be debating whether they should come and speak to her or not, but Mr. Boodle, apparently, soon overruled his companion's objections on this score, and the next moment they were at her side.

"How d'ye do, Miss Linton," cried the small, shrill voice of the aspiring Boodle, "its very warm, ain't it? Linton fills his rooms far too full, always, in my opinion, eh? don't you think so—it throws one into a perfect fever—au!

Mr. Tooley bowed, and smiled, and coloured up to his eyebrows, whilst Dinah said, "that it was very warm."

"Do you know any of the people here, Miss Linton?" inquired Mr. Boodle, patronisingly.

"Oh no—I never saw any of them before."

"Aw! nobody very extraordinary—that fat, red faced man, with the bald head, just coming out of the saloon, is Mr. Jeremiah Birax, a sugar merchant or something of the kind in the city, he's lost a pony of two, I'll wager. That sleek, sly, oily-faced rascal following him, is Sir Pipley Tapp, the great philanthropist member, who bores the House twice a week, with the woes of the factory children—he's a very pious man is Sir Pipley, reads prayers every morning at eight o'clock precisely, in his study; to all the household, from my Lady Tapp down to the scullion; has cold dinners on Sundays, and makes all the servants attend church twice; and yet, you see he comes here at times as well. Then there's little Rushout, who has a tiller's place, or something of the kind, in the tape and sealing wax office, which brings him in one hundred and fifty pounds a year, out of which he manages to give white-bait dinners, all through the season, to his own particular cronies, and keep a couple of crack hunters into the bargain; I'faith its precious queer how

some of these government employés manage to get along," and Mr. Boodle sighed as he said it.

"Here's Cavendish coming," said Mr. Tooley, nudging his elbow, "hadn't we better move on?"

"Perdition seize him," growled Mr. Boodle, grinding his teeth; "is there never a pretty girl, he cannot have the generosity to let slip through his fingers?"

"Come—come we had better be gone," stammered Mr. Tooley, edging away as the peer approached with his eyes fixed on Dinah.

"May I venture to intreat the fulfilment of the promise, Miss Linton was good enough to make her devoted admirer?" inquired his lordship, in a very musical voice.

"Oh! has he got her in his toils already?" thought Mr. Boodle, as this speech broke upon his ear.

"Your lordship is very kind," and Dinah's graceful little hand was passed through his lordship's arm.

"Oh, it's all up now," muttered Mr. Boodle, as he watched them move through the crowd, "a poor fellow never can cherish the flame of love for a girl, but some confounded villain steps in and snatches her away; come on, Tooley, we'll follow them," and linking his arm within that of his companion, they mingled with the stream.

It was no alleviation to Mr. Boodle's jealousy to perceive that his lordship was evidently laying himself out to fascinate Dinah, to the utmost; his deferential look, the impassioned gaze, the fire that flashed from his eyes, the few well chosen sentences which were uttered in the sweetest tones imaginable, every gesture of his elegant person, the beauty of which he believed to be irresistible, all were put in requisition, as a skilful general marshals his platoons and squares of cavalry and infantry, and disposes them in the most advantageous position prior to giving battle.

"Does Miss Linton honour the opera with her presence, tomorrow evening?" inquired his lordship, in his sweet voice.

"I do not know what are papa's arrangements; he has not said anything to me," said Dinah, looking down.

"I shall be very happy to place my box at your disposal; they act Fidelio, I believe, for Grisi's benefit."

"I have very often heard Madam Grisi's extraordinary talents mentioned, but have never yet heard her," said Dinah, ingenuously, "but I dare not accept your lordship's kind offer wirhout papa's consent."

His lordship smiled—I wish you could have seen these beautifully modelled lips part, as the sweet expression that in-

variably lingered in his features, stole over them, as he listened to the artless speech of this beautiful rustic—and assured Dinah, that Mr. Linton would not make the slightest objection, as, indeed, he would not.

"You are very kind," was Dinah's innocent answer.

"Nay, but I expect a return," he added with a tender look.

Dinah looked up with a transient feeling of alarm; what return could a man of his lordship's wealth and rank expect at her hands?

"Don't look so frightened, my dear Miss Linton, it is enough to be enrolled in the number of your ardent admirers—that is ample reward enough for any exertion on my part.

At that moment Joseph Linton accosted them.

"Dinah, my love," he said, "I want you for one moment; you had better say good night to his lordship," he added, significantly.

"How! you surely are not going to snatch Miss Linton away, at the very moment when she is beginning to enchant your company, Linton," said his lordship, earnestly.

"I regret that I cannot indulge your lordship further, at present," said Joseph Linton, in a sullen voice, as he drew his daughter's arm within his own; "at another time."

"I shall live only on the hope of meeting again," said his lordship, bowing over the hand he relinquished; and with a stately bow, which was entirely lost upon Dinah, the peer departed.

Joseph Linton, edged his way through the crowd and drawing his daughter after him, accosted his various guests as he passed them, in his usual careless manner; when they had gained the lobby he led her into his study, and locking the door after him, motioned her to a chair, took another himself, poured himself out a large tumbler of brandy, which he drained at a draught, and then knitting his brows and clearing his throat, he demanded, "And how do you feel, my girl, after your plunge?"

Dinah burst into tears:—the effort she had made with so much pain to herself, during so long a period, had been too much for her to bear; and although she had determined, cost what it might, to conceal her shame and disgust from her parent, yet she now felt that this resolution required more strength than she possessed, to carry through with success.

Joseph Linton, contrary to her expectations, did not speak for several minutes, but suffered her to weep on, unrestrained; —his own appearance was little less sorrowful, had his daughter dared to lift her gaze up to his face; but at length, with a gloomy frown, he said, in a hoarse, hollow voice, "This is per-

fect folly and weakness, Dinah, and I must beg to be favoured with no more of it:—dry up your tears, and listen to me."

Dinah still wept on.

"Do you hear me, girl?" he continued, in a voice of thunder; "I insist upon your giving over crying."

With a violent effort, Dinah became calm in an instant. She lifted up her pale face, still wet with the tears which trembled on the jetty lashes that shaded her dark eyes, and turned it upon him. He could see, by the indignant workings of her countenance, how deep was the anger and contempt he had awakened in her soul, and yet with blind daring he ventured to go yet farther.—

"I have begged you once before, Dinah," he said, harshly, "to oblige me so far, as to favour the company, I sometimes invite here, with your presence: in future, I shall command you."

"It is very unnatural," said Dinah, in a low, calm voice, that ought to have thrilled through his heart like the stroke of a dagger, had he had a heart; "it is very cruel to subject your daughter, sir,—a poor country girl, totally inexperienced to the ways of the world, and whose maidenly modesty seems to be her only safeguard, to such a bitter ordeal."

Joseph Linton swore a great oath, and half rose from his chair, as if he would strike her as she sate.—Dinah's cheek flushed over, as the thought crossed her mind, but she did not move her position, and he went on:—

"Listen, foolish girl, once for all.—I have brought you from an obscure farm-house, and have installed you here as the mistress of one of the most luxurious establishments in London:—you have all that money can command; and, if you only observe my injunctions, may secure an establishment, which the proudest lady in the land would give her head for.—Do you understand, Dinah?—I say, you may contract an alliance with a man, whom the proudest daughter of a line that dates back from the Saxon Heptarchy, would fain unite her fate with."

Contrary to Joseph Linton's expectations, this dazzling vision brought no glow back to the pale cheek of his terrified daughter. —With her head bowed on her hands, she listened, or seemed to listen, to what he said; and it was only by the quick, convulsive heaving of her throat, and the laboured breathing, that he knew that she heard him.

"And now, Dinah," he said, patting her neck playfully with one hand, as he rose to go, "you and I understand each other."

Dinah shrunk from his touch, as if it had been that of a viper.

"So far, sir," she said, hurriedly and painfully, "we understand each other:—one word more before you go:—if you expect that I can love this man, whom you seem thus determined to thrust upon me, or if you expect I will receive his attentions in the spirit you would seem to dictate, you are most lamentably mistaken:—I cannot love him, and therefore I will not perjure my good faith by professing a passion I do not feel."

"There is not the slightest occasion, child, for such a feeling.—In the fashionable world, love is a disease you never hear of:—love is only fit for ploughmen and milkmaids, you little fool."

"I will never marry him, then, sir; if you force me to be so explicit," continued his daughter.

"We must be certain, first, you pretty simpleton, that he loves you;" retorted Joseph Linton, who thought it politic to dissemble his wrath; "but hark'ee, Dinah, I don't expect you to fly in my face, in this manner, or we shall have a change:" and with this threat he unlocked the door, and left her to rejoin his guests.

Dinah's first impulse, when she was left alone, was to throw herself upon the ground, and give herself up to her sorrow; but hearing the voice of her maid Harrison, in loud altercation in the passage, she got the mastery over her grief, so far, as to restrain her tears. It was fortunate that she did so, for in a few minutes the saucy lady's maid bounced into the room.

"Do you wish to be undressed now, mem, or will you wait?" she inquired, in her usual impertinent manner, "because, if you do, you'll perhaps be good enough to come up stairs at once," and she looked with a keen, hard look, at Dinah's harassed features.

"Go up and light the candles on my dressing table, I will follow you shortly," said Dinah, who detested the woman.

"You had better comè at once, mem, for the house is in a pretty mess to night," persisted the forward minx, "there's nothing but valleys and grooms lounging about from attic to cellar, and there'd be fine goings on if I'd give them the least bit of encouragement, which I would'nt," and with a toss of her head, the vile creature flounced out of the room.

Dinah felt that her best refuge was in bed at such a time, and so drawing a shawl over her head, she took up a candle and hurried across the vestibule up stairs, glad to escape the inquisitive glances of the gentlemen's gentlemen, who lined the entrance-hall.

"A pretty white figure you are to-night," said the abigail with a sneer, as she surveyed Dinah's pale face, over her head, in

the glass, "you look for all the world as if murder had been committed down stairs, though I warrant me there hasn't been so much as a love-speech whispered in your ear all the night through."

Dinah made no answer to this speech; indeed she had fallen into a painful reverie and did not hear it, which, Harrison perceiving, the latter young lady immediately began to utter a series of the keenest inuendoes, all of which Dinah suffered to pass by her unheeded, as indeed they were.

"You need not undress me farther," she said, when the girl had arranged her hair, "you can go," and without appearing to notice Harrison's saucy stare and smile, she followed her to the door and locked it upon her.

Then coming to the bed, she sate down at the side, and with her hands pressed convulsively upon her breast, her face wan and bewildered in its expression, her eyes glassy and vacant, she sate gazing vacantly before her, thinking over all the horrors of her situation, and murmuring the name of Walter Mordaunt, almost unconsciously to herself.

There was something perfectly appalling in the sight of this young creature, giving herself up to the terror that thus lay so heavy upon her soul. I know not why it is so, but the sight of grief in the young is always to me tenfold more terrible than in the aged. It is as if the perils of their situation were superadded to their inexperience of the world, making, both combined, more than sufficient to overwhelm them in their affliction.

Dinah sat thus without ever changing her position, until the failing light of her taper warned her that it was time for her to undress; and yet, ever as she removed those robes which seemed now to her a hateful part of her slavery, she fell from one waking dream into another, at one moment giving herself up to a paroxysm of tears, at another gazing gloomily and sternly at some object before her, which at length resolved itself into some ordinary object of domestic furniture.

How gladly would she have exchanged these costly, and luxuriously furnished apartments, which her father had adorned with so lavish a hand, for the plain and homely room in which Lucy and she had been accustomed to fall asleep, locked in each other's arms! How she loathed the sight of the very pictures upon the walls, the costly trinkets on her dressing-table, and the thousand elegant trifles that strewed the tables, as the price of her own independence and liberty, if not worse! How she wept, as she thought of poor, good, guileless old Mrs. Harding, in her white widow's cap and weeds, and the kiss she was wont to give her every night before she went to bed.

And Walter! with a smothered cry, that almost sounded like

a wail, she flung herself upon the bed, and wept long and sore, as she thought of all her cruel speeches to him! How vividly did he come back to her mind as she recalled it all! his very look and gesture, and the frank, manly tones of his voice, revived again before her, as she lay buried amongst the pillows, upbraiding herself for all her unkindness towards him.

Never had she felt so utter a sensation of misery as she did when, having murmured her prayers, broken as they were with sobs and tears, she crept into bed, and lay, cold, and wretched, and thoroughly overcome, without the power of calming her thoughts sufficiently to sleep, and yet so bewildered with the misery in which she found herself involved, as to start up at short intervals, as if she had just wakened from a horrid dream.

Then she would lie down again, and fold the clothes around her shivering frame once more; the same weary thoughts would crowd upon her fevered brain again, to be again chased away by the feverish start, and smothered scream, as she woke up to the reality of her situation.

Dinah had never, from the first moment of her life, as far as recollection carried her back to that artless time, felt what sorrow was. Even her parting with the relatives with whom she had lived so long, bitter as it was at the time, could scarcely be called a grief, as the character of her father was at that time unknown to her; now, however, the veil was rent so completely from his pursuits, that all concealment was impossible, and Mr. Linton himself felt that further finessing was impracticable, if not quite unnecessary.

He knew, for he could read character at a glance, that Dinah was very clever; and he was too sanguine to fear that she would be more fastidious than himself, in following up the road he had already marked out in his own mind, which he intended should lead them both to fortune, and her to rank as well.

He saw,—for he had a quick eye, and was a worshipper of beauty *per se*,—that she was very lovely: a loveliness as rare and unhackneyed as the modesty which accompanied it, and which, like the covering that adorns the moss-rose, added yet a fairer charm to nature's lavish gifts.

I wish you had seen her as she entered his brilliant saloon on that fatal night, timid, and bashful as a fawn, yet with the sweetest air of modesty on her downcast eyes, and heightened colour, that even Joseph Linton's guests, jaded, and satiated, and hardened as they were, felt awed into a feeling they had heretofore been strangers to, and insensibly did homage to her timid and unprotected beauty and youth.

Joseph Linton did not, in all his bad and vicious dreams, ever for one moment harbour the thought that he could or would

make shipwreck of this beautiful young creature's purity and happiness. No parent could ever be so abandoned as to do so. But he did dare to believe that he could so twist and turn her to his crooked policy that, whilst her heart was entirely safe in his keeping, she could not only make a splendid alliance for herself, but also establish him firmly in the position he had so long struggled to maintain.

It was this that he dared to hope from Dinah's introduction to those who were accustomed to meet beneath his roof. Of these, many were undoubtedly gamblers by profession, men who would stake their very souls upon the hazard of the dice; but there were others who were less impure in taint, and more wealthy in purse. Amongst these was the nobleman to whom, as we have seen, Joseph Linton entrusted his daughter on that occasion, and whose character, Mr. Linton confidently believed, he fully understood.

As I recall to mind the peril to which this most unnatural parent would expose his only daughter, and remember the character of the men with whom she is thrown into contact, I tremble as I picture to myself the fate that awaits her when ——But let us not anticipate.

Dinah, as we have seen, passed a wretched night, towards the close of which she fell into an uneasy slumber, and from which she was aroused late in the forenoon, by a loud and angry knocking at the door.

"Who is there? what do you want?" she cried, gazing languidly around the room, in her forgetfulness of what had happened; "am I wanted down stairs so early?"

"Early, marry!" echoed a sharp voice, somewhat muffled by the speaker's efforts to speak through the keyhole; "pretty time of day indeed it is to call early, Miss Dinah! I suppose you call half past twelve early, do you?"

"Is it so very late, Harrison?" said her young mistress, slipping out of bed, and unlocking the door; "I have passed such a very unpleasant night that I have slept longer than I intended. Is papa up?"

"Up, indeed! and out and away this hour or more," said the woman, giving her a hard, scrutinizing glance, as if she would fain read her very thoughts. "He had his breakfast by ten o'clock, and is away into the country miles off, by this time. But come; do you intend to go to bed again, or am I to dress you?"

"I had better get dressed," said Dinah, with a heavy sigh; "but indeed I have such a very bad headache, that I am quite unfit for any thing, to-day."

"That's with all the flattery you had last night, miss," said the coarse, impudent woman, as she peered into the pale,

harassed face of her young mistress; "I said it would turn your brain, and it has."

An indignant flush for a moment shot over Dinah's pale cheek. This vile creature, then, had dared to discuss how she would acquit herself in her new position, and was already triumphing in her failure. The bitter tears started to her eyes; but with one of those strong efforts which had now become habitual to her, she overcame the weakness, and submitted to the woman's ministrations in silence.

"I had to tell you, miss," said she, as she was leaving the room, "that you had to take your work into the blue drawing-room, as soon as you had breakfasted, and that you had on no account to go out until your pa came home," and she slammed the door behind her.

Dinah had been standing in front of a large mirror when the woman said this; and the involuntary start she made, for she was not yet so entirely mistress of her emotions as to stifle all action, made her aware of the error she had committed. She permitted the girl, however, to leave the room without uttering a syllable, and then, almost unconscious of what she did, she began to pace the room with rapid strides, completely absorbed in her anxiety to discover what this imperative message could portend.

Her temper must have become completely altered, since the time when we saw that she had treated Walter Mordaunt with such apparent cruelty, or she would have resented deeply such a message, coming through so coarse and impertinent a messenger; never for one moment, however, after the first pang of anger, which she could not overcome, did she harbour such a feeling, and presently her whole mind had become absorbed, in the endeavour to discover a clue to this new mystery in which she had become involved.

Neither did she dare for one moment to disobey the injunction thus imperatively given. She felt that Mr. Linton had both the power and the will to compel her to obey him; and until she saw that that will was about to lead her into error, she had already resolved to obey him most implicitly: further than that, she determined not to go.

She had but little appetite for breakfast, for her head still ached very much, and she felt sick and wearied as well. She lingered for a few moments after the breakfast equipage had been removed, as if loath to leave the privacy of her chamber, and then, taking her work, she went down stairs with what heart she might.

The blue drawing-room had not been polluted by the orgies of Joseph Linton's guests. She entered with downcast eyes, for she was absorbed in thought. A slight movement near her

made her look up quickly; then, starting back, as the figure of a man approached between her and the window, the rich colour rushed to her pale cheeks, and, in spite of herself, she exclaimed, in a slightly terrified voice,—

"You here, my lord?"

"Yes. I made it my first errand to ride round by Baker-street, and inquire how Miss Linton was, after the fatigues of last evening. But I need not ask; your charming looks are sufficient," said his lordship, in his most engaging manner, as he took her hand.

"Do not. Pray excuse me," and Dinah's hand was quickly withdrawn.

"It is I that ought to entreat forgiveness. I perceive I have offended Miss Linton, however unwittingly," and his lordship's handsome features became clouded with disappointment. "When I left you yesterday night, I felt a rapture in my soul that it had until then been a stranger to. I was charmed; I was delighted; nay more, I was intoxicated with admiration! Dear Miss Linton, can you then blame me for flying hither at the very earliest moment, to offer my homage at the shrine that had captivated me?"

Dinah's countenance expressed the disgust she felt at this ardent, and, I am afraid, rather foolish, speech. The indignant blush that mounted to her temples (for poor Dinah could and did still feel indignant, schooled and tried as she had been within the last few months) warned him that he had already overstepped the boundaries of good breeding.

"What a miserable wretch I feel myself to be!" he exclaimed, bitterly; "every word I say has the misfortune to offend you."

"Your lordship is right," said Dinah, summoning up courage to look him steadily in the face. He shrank back at the firm determination he read there. "Such a speech neither becomes you to utter nor me to hear. You, a peer of England, with immense wealth, and the time-honoured fame of your family to sustain, cannot—ought not, I would say—stoop to a humble maiden like myself."

"Miss Linton,—nay, now, upon my soul, every word you utter only makes me more ravished with your thousand bewitching charms—allow me but to say one word," cried his lordship, interposing between her and the door; "you shall hear me, madam," he added, with a stern look.

All the impetuous passion of Dinah's nature swelled her heart at that gaze. She was not frightened now; she felt bolder and stronger than she had done for many a long day, and, with a heaving breast, and an angry defiance stamped upon her now perfectly colourless countenance, she turned upon him

with, "This is indeed most honourable treatment to receive at the hands of a gentleman! I, a poor, defenceless girl, too weak to defend my own honour; you, my lord,—is there not mockery in the very title?—a most accomplished nobleman, so vile and cowardly as to dare to take advantage of my apparently unprotected condition. Ha! ha! ha!" and with an hysterical laugh, she advanced upon him.

He stood his ground, however, unflinchingly, and for one moment a dark frown distorted his haughty features, as he said, "May not the eagle mate with the dove?"

"The allusion is most unfortunate, my lord," retorted Dinah, still advancing upon him; "you remember the fable?"

"I forget every thing but you! I shall forget my own being! I shall forget——"

"You have already forgot yourself!" said Dinah, with bitter scorn. "How easy it is to forget that you are a gentleman!"

"This pretty passion, my charming girl," cried his lordship, snatching and retaining her hand, in spite of her struggles, "only makes me more ardently in love with you. Dinah! Dinah! can you not believe me? by all that I hold most sacred, I declare that in heart and soul I am entirely yours. Your beauty, your grace, and wit, the very spirit that urges you to flout me thus, only fans the flame that consumes me."

"Will your lordship listen calmly for one short minute to me?" said Dinah, whose disgust had now entirely exhausted the little stock of patience she had at command.

"Say on; I can listen for ever when you speak," was the ardent reply.

"Then, in the first place, resign my hand," said Dinah, sharply.

It was pressed, then raised to his lips, and then resigned, with a look of despair.

"And now, my lord, that we are on equal terms," said she, speaking very quickly, and looking him steadily in the face, to mark the effect her words had upon him, "your lordship will perhaps attend to what I have to say."

He remained silent, although his countenance, haughty and stern as ever, changed with every word she uttered, and Dinah continued—

"You saw me last night for the first time; were in my company for a very few minutes, during which time I scarcely opened my lips twice; we parted, and now, in the morning, you come to tell me—my lord, I can scarcely forbear smiling at the absurdity of such conduct—that you are dying of love! Oh, my lord, if your passion rises so rapidly, will it not cool equally soon?"

Her auditor looked perplexed and humbled, in spite of him-

self. To be turned into ridicule so unexpectedly by a silly, unsophisticated, country girl, who, he fancied, had been awed and dazzled by his rank and station; to be laughed at to his face so daringly, was almost more than he could brook. There must have been some passion lingering amongst the feelings which actuated him, even with all this, for his voice had more of sorrow than of anger in it, as he said,—

"I have been a fool, a very great fool, indeed. And yet it is very bitter to be humiliated thus, when, amidst all the degradation I feel, Miss Linton, at my conduct, I still remember that towards you, at least, I was only actuated by the most honourable sentiments."

"If you are what you profess to be," said Dinah, who felt that there need be no ceremony towards him, "you will instantly quit this house, nor ever attempt again to annoy me, sir, in such a manner. I command you to do this, my lord!"

"I may not have strength sufficient to enable me to obey you entirely, in all that you demand," said his lordship, respectfully; "but as much as I can do I will, as you are probably aware I am in the habit of visiting Mr. Linton here;" and a slight smile spread itself over his countenance, "so that I must occasionally meet you in company; that, however, I rather rejoice at, as it will give me an opportunity of proving how deep is the determination I feel to merit your respect, by the silent respectful homage with which our interviews shall invariably be marked; and as regards the world, what has passed this morning between us shall be for ever buried in my own breast; may I intreat that Miss Linton will be equally circumspect?"

"You may—I will even forget it myself, if I can," said Dinah, still looking him steadily in the face. "And now, my lord, we had better part."

"If you were less inexorable than by your countenance and manner I see you are," said he, with more spirit, "I would, at some future time, venture to indulge the hope to strike some pity for a poor wretch from that flinty heart."

Dinah stamped with her little foot, an old trick of hers, and turned upon him a look of contempt, as she said, bitterly, "What faith can I put in your promises of abandoning the annoyance of attentions that are so entirely odious to me, when before the very words are scarce cold upon your lips, you so obstinately renew them? Lord Cavendish, you had better at once take your departure," and she rung the bell hurriedly, and long.

"How charming she looks in that spitfire mood!" thought her courtly lover, as he stood with imperturbable coolness eyeing the light and airy form before him, every limb and muscle of which seemed quivering with passion, whilst an angry

flush now mantled on her pale forehead; "but if I linger longer at present, I shall spoil all," and with a respectful bow, he followed the footman from the room.

All the way, as he rode down Piccadilly and Park-lane, the image of Dinah, angry, and impetuous, as he had left her, mingled with every form that floated with dreamy indistinctness through his mind. And so he rode on, until he found himself entangled in the whirl of horsemen and carriages that swept round the ring in the park. All the young men who ordinarily drew up in a knot near the statue, to laugh, and quiz, and criticise every new or old face they saw pass by them, wondered why Cavendish was so absent and out of sorts, and why, after enduring their badinage for a few minutes in silence, he at length rode abruptly off, and was the next moment seen walking his horse slowly over the grass, in the shade, until he disappeared on the bridge over the Serpentine.

These butterflies of fashion, as they sat in twenty different attitudes on their horses, laughed at the young man, as they watched the air of abstraction with which his lordship pursued his solitary way.

"What new dream can Cavendish have got in his head now?" cried Mr. Rushout, who thought himself a wit; "some new opera-dancer, like La Esmeralda, or Il Figlia di Regimento, who they say died of a broken heart, from his neglect of her."

"Bosh! when did you ever hear of a merry *danseuse* dying of a broken heart," chimed in Lawless, of the tenth; "pho! pho! pho! they're made of harder metal, those pretty little creatures, my dear fellow. But harkee! they say Linton's got a very pretty girl in Baker street—a daughter, or niece, or something of the kind, and my lord was there—you can guess the rest."

"The poor gull!" muttered Mr. Rushout, as he nodded carelessly, and rode off; "then it won't need a wizard's power to foretell what will be the upshot."

Poor Dinah! how little she knew with what disgraceful epithets her modest name was coupled.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening of the same day: the windows of a small room in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor

Place were open, through which was visible the park, now comparatively quiet and deserted, which, with its majestic trees and green sward, almost made you believe yourself to be within some nobleman's domain, so sweet, and retired, and verdant was the picture, in its dark setting.

The room was furnished in the best taste, with beautiful pictures, chiefly landscapes and *compositions de genre*, as the French call them. The landscapes, in their rich frames, almost refreshed one to gaze at them, so cool and dewy were their tone. The compositions were by Wilkie and Teniers, and had cost their possessor a sum which few but a nobleman would venture to expend upon such costly luxuries. Above an elaborately carved-oak cheffonier, hung two hunting pieces by Berghem, and on the other side, between the windows, a Landseer—the death of the red deer—outvied them all for its exquisite brilliancy of colouring

The statues had been brought from Rome, the bronzes from Paris and Naples; and amidst all these treasures of art lay their listless or unhappy possessor, to all appearance asleep, on a couch.

He had come home in an ill humour from the park; he had endeavoured to forget Dinah, or to think of her only with contempt, as something too much beneath him; he had attempted to imagine her an adventuress, whose only end it was to entangle him into a low and disgraceful connection; she, the daughter of a man who traded and fattened upon the vices and follies of rich and thoughtless young men.

He had thought of the distinguished alliance his position entitled him to aspire to, with more than one ducal house who had smiled upon some temporary interest he had appeared to take in one of its fair and high bred scions. He, a peer of the realm, with a rent-roll which a Jew might envy; and she, the daughter—it might not even be that, again he thought—of a gambler, who might have been bred up at the hulks.

It was in vain that he endeavoured to reason himself into this train of thought; his new creed was so entirely opposed to his *feelings*, that again and again he detected himself recurring to his remembrance of her, as she stood in the doorway before him that morning, as they parted.

It was not her beauty that had charmed him, for he had seen many women in his time, whom he had remembered even at that moment to be more beautiful. It was the sprightly air which made Dinah's loveliness so captivating; it was the spirit with which she repelled his attentions, coming as it did from a quarter he least expected, at the very moment when he felt himself sure of certain victory; it was the fire and the passion

with which she cast him off, and trod upon and crushed the hopes he had nourished in his heart; it was the discovery of this courage in a girl, in whom such a feeling was a dangerous gift, that made her image whirl through his brain at the present moment, to the entire destruction of every other feeling and emotion; it had become his life, his hope, his ruling passion!

And at that moment, a footman opened the door and announced Joseph Linton.

Had Lord Cavendish been sufficiently collected at that moment, he might have detected in his visitor's face an uneasiness and a concern to which his usually gay, self-satisfied countenance had heretofore been a stranger. Joseph Linton came in with a bustling air of consequence, which generally characterised him, but with this was mingled on the present instance, a fawning deference and obsequiousness, which was entirely thrown away upon his host, who, raising himself lazily on his cushions pointed to a chair, and then elevating his eyebrows, said, in a drawling voice,

"Well, Linton, have you come about the I. O. U. you hold of me?"

"Not exactly, my lord," said his visitor, with a certain nervous trepidation, which he strove hard to conceal, "I was passing your house, in my way from Sir Harry Mostyn's, and I thought I'd look in and hear how you were entertained last night."

"Oh, very well—very well, indeed; may I trouble you to touch that bell?" drawled his lordship.

"Certainly, my lord, you may command me," said Joseph Linton, springing up with unwonted celerity to obey the request.

"Jervis, give Mr. Linton a glass, and wheel that table more to the light. You just dropped in upon me at the lucky half-hour after dinner, Linton; will you drink claret or burgundy?"

"Claret, with your lordship's leave," rejoined Mr. Linton, who was more than ordinary obsequious and polite; "what an exquisite bouquet! it's a perfect nosegay, my lord."

"I always ship it direct," said my lord, languidly; "these confounded parties, and balls, and dicing, ruin one's health, Linton. I left your house far too late last night."

"Say too early, rather, my lord—it was three o'clock."

"It must have been later, for Jervis told me I'd only been four hours in bed this morning, and he never calls me till ten —I lost—ah, let me see——"

"Oh, never mind your lordship's losses," interposed Joseph Linton, with great trepidation, "you were in very good case when you left."

"By the bye, Linton," cried his lordship, with sudden animation, "that little girl of yours is the most bewitching little gipsy I ever had the good fortune to be fascinated with—she is perfectly peerless, sir."

Joseph Linton's heart went pit-a-pat against his ribs, as he heard this encomium, which from a man of his lordship's fastidious temperament, was the very highest praise. He had tact enough, however, to conceal his triumph with an easy smile, and an affectation of disbelieving what his lordship had just uttered.

"Dinah," he said, "was all well enough in her way; she was pretty, that is, with the excusable fondness of a father; he thought her pretty, though most men might think her too bashful."

"Bashful!" growled his auditor, "why, my good, simple, honest, money lending, dice-cogging villain, the girl has more fire and cunning in her composition than a whole tribe of Indians, and that she'll teach you before you are a month older; she is bashful and timid after a manner, but beneath all her modesty, there lurks a coolness and a determination that would put either you or I, old and practised villains as we are, to the blush."

Now all this gave Joseph Linton the most exquisite pleasure, and yet he never permitted, by the changing of a single muscle, the other to read his thoughts. Lord Cavendish read only in his broad, red, portly face, as it lengthened and darkled before him, how angry and disappointed he was becoming, and nothing more.

"I really hope that your lordship is mistaken," he said, at length, "I should be very sorry to think that my daughter could act so deceitfully, as to mask her character under a pretension of timidity which she did not possess. I should very much prefer seeing her hoist her true colours at once, and declare herself an out and out schemer."

"That, you may take my word for it, she will not do, at least not yet—this girl you have transplanted from some obscure country village, as I remember you told me."

"From Herefordshire, my poor wife's native place; Dinah has entirely been brought up by her grandmother," said Mr. Linton, solemnly.

"Humph! you bring her from this obscure retreat, and introduce her in a moment to all the glare and glitter of London life—you make no preparation before hand—she comes fresh and pliable, this pretty rustic, with dreams of cowslips and daisies running in her head, to open her eyes to the luxurious profligacy and extravagance of our existence; believe me, Mr. Linton, the change is too violent, and as a necessary conse-

quence, that girl has already learned to deceive; she may appear as simple and as innocent in her manner as ever, but it is scarcely possible that she should be so in heart."

"I really believe you are mistaken," rejoined Joseph Linton, who wondered what all this would lead to; "for instance, take my daughter's conduct last night; could anything be more proper and yet more modest at the same time?"

"It delighted even me!" said his lordship, "caviller as I am, at everything the other sex does. Miss Linton acted with so much grace and simplicity last night, that she quite won my heart; I lost heavily, as you know, for which I have none but her to thank; when I awoke this morning, I felt that I was in love with her—pray don't smile, for you know my ardent temperament—well, I got dressed and breakfasted, and rode down to Baker Street, and made a ninny of myself."

"How, my lord?"

"Why, I took the opportunity, as we were entirely alone, to tell her how strong was the impression her charms had made upon my heart; I was very impassioned and very poetical I dare say; at any rate I was horribly in earnest, and finished by declaring that I would live and die for her, and her alone."

"Well! and she confessed,—did she not, my lord,—eh? did she not own that she felt something—an interest, my lord, in you?" inquired his companion, earnestly..

"No, she didn't! the little jade flouted me—spurned me—laughed at me—ridiculed me to my face—threw cold water upon my burning vows—sneered at my offers—commanded me to be gone from her presence—ha! ha! this gentle, timid, bashful, rustic, Mr. Linton!"

"The little jade!" thought Joseph Linton, who was beside himself with rage, "she is going to mar all my plots! she will spoil all my schemes for her advancement and my own,—oh, the little vixen! but, I'll teach her to show off such vagaries in future!"

"Now, Linton, I have told you all this in the strictest confidence," said his lordship, shaking him by the shoulder, after a long pause, to fix his attention; "before I came away I promised, like an arrant ass, as I was, that I would never breathe a word of our interview to living man!"

"I understand you, my lord; Dinah shall never hear of this interview from me. May I, in turn, ask one question of you, in confidence?"

"You may; although I venture to say, I believe I can anticipate it,—you wish to know whether I am sincere in saying, I admire your daughter. Is it not so?"

A peculiar smile flitted across Joseph Linton's solemn coun-

tenance, as he heard his own thought thus expressed with so much candour.

"I do, my lord!" he said, frankly.

"Well, then, upon my word, Linton, I do!"

"It is not, I hope, my lord, the evanescent, fleeting passion of an hour,—a fancy that a good night's rest may extinguish,—an hallucination which the next pretty face will destroy, by substituting its own."

"No, no, no! I never felt in love before. Dinah has a spirit, a sprightliness, a fire in her composition, which no other woman I ever met with possessed; her mind is even more lovely, Mr. Linton, than her body."

Joseph Linton thought his lordship a very clever man, to have discovered the beauty of Dinah's mind already, although their acquaintance had been of a very few hours' duration; he was, however, much too prudent a man to throw any obstacles in the way of a passion which, properly managed, might bring such golden harvests to himself; and so he set himself seriously to the task of discovering a remedy for the mischief which Dinah's spirit and fire, as Lord Cavendish termed it, was likely to produce.

Suddenly he lifted up his head, with an exclamation of delight.

"Will your lordship lend me your opera box, this evening?"

"Certainly! but it will be useless, as Dinah knows perfectly that it belongs to me, and will refuse to go!"

"Leave that to me,—we will go alone; Dinah shall fancy that it is merely a hired box; and soon after the curtain rises, you may join us; you may sit behind her for a whole act, before she will find out that you are there, and the rest may safely be left to your lordship's own tact. I shall expect to see you, my lord, in the course of two or three hours;" and Joseph Linton rose to go.

"You will not coerce the poor girl?" said his lordship, humanely.

"Trust to my discretion; Dinah shall capitulate by gentle means;" and Joseph Linton hurried away, to put his scheme into execution.

CHAPTER XXX.

The bride and bridegroom, with their two companions, had, in the meanwhile, arrived in London, and put up at an hotel in Piccadilly.

They were all seated at breakfast the next morning, discussing the plans for the day, which, after some little opposition from Dick, was at length determined to be wound up by a visit to the opera at night.

"We can hire stalls, for I saw an announcement to that effect, in one of the morning papers," said Walter, at this juncture; "so, Stephen, if you will come with me, we'll go to Ebers' and secure them, and leave Dick and Lucy to do what they please with themselves, until dinner-time."

Neither of the young men had ever before been in London; so that after the boxes had been purchased, which were to entitle them to a place in this realm of music and fashion, they strolled along, without caring much where they went, until they found themselves entering Hyde Park, which, as it happened to be still early in the day, was almost entirely deserted.

They had walked once round the ring, and were executing that feat a second time, when Stephen, lifting up his eyes, beheld advancing upon them the very gentleman they were in search of—to wit, Mr. Joseph Linton.

It was impossible to mistake him. The same portly figure, well-fed, slender, and attired in all the gorgeous splendour which had dazzled so many simple Herefordshire bumpkins; the same array of gold chains, and rings, glittering with jewels, decking the ungloved hand; a waistcoat of the same magnificent material as he had worn on the only occasion on which the two young men had ever seen him; the same stately air and pompous smile,—he was changed in nothing, from the glossy hat he wore upon one side of the elaborately-dressed head, to the patent leather boots he wore strapped down beneath his well-turned legs.

"Walter! Walter!—that is—that is my uncle!" stammered Stephen, clutching his companion's arm—"quick, quick! let us run after him, before we lose him in that crowd!"

"Come on, then!" cried Walter, beginning to run after the receding figure of the worthy Joseph; "oh dear, that confounded carriage!"

Now Mr. Joseph Linton's keen eyes had detected and recognised the figures of the two young men, at the very moment

that Stephen had recognised him; and as it by no means suited his purpose to be accosted by them, he had very cleverly turned upon his heel, and had managed to dodge through a walking party advancing towards him, and then taking advantage of a carriage, or two, had managed to escape, how or where, neither Stephen nor Walter, who were entirely unacquainted with the locality, could divine.

Once Walter fancied he recognised his figure in the midst of a knot of young men near the statue, but, on hurrying thither, he perceived it to be a totally different person; and, after walking round and round again, until they were both completely tired and out of temper, they were compelled to give it up; and own that they had been outwitted.

There was, notwithstanding, some consolation, however small, in the certainty that Dinah and her father were really in London; and Walter, with the buoyant hope of youth, fondly cheated himself into the anticipation of discovering the retreat of his mistress, in a very few days at most.

Of course it was entirely out of their power to conceal from Dick and Lucy, on their return, the little adventure they had had in the Park, and, perhaps, after all, it was as well that they were made acquainted with the circumstance, as their sympathy alleviated, in some measure, Walter's dejection at their ill success.

"Odd's life, what a queer thing, Wat, that you should really clap eyes on the fellow," cried Dick, who could think and talk about nothing else all the day after; "If I had only been in your place, I'd never have lost sight on him, until I had his arm in my fist."

"I wish you had, Dick," cried Walter, despondingly; "slight as was the gleam of hope his sudden appearance gave me, thus to be so cruelly disappointed of it almost overwhelms me, it does, indeed."

"But Lon'on is a hugeous place to seek a body in," continued Dick, in a soliloquising voice; "a pebble in a mountain's nothing to it at all; you may look and look, and look, till you're tired entirely, and out of all heart with searching."

"But Dinah must now, to a certainty, be in London," rejoined Lucy, hopefully; "which is always some consolation."

"Yes, and that's too true, wife;" said Dick, who always adopted what Lucy said; "and yet, what's the use of knowing that, after all? We can't take Lon'on by house-rows, and knock at every door i'the place, to know whether she lives there or not; then as to putting a wartisment into the *Times*, earnestly requesting D. L. to let her afflicted and devoted—ain't

that the epithet, Wat—her afflicted and devoted W. M. know where she lives, without a moment's delay; why you'd get such a shower of letters from imaginary D. L.'s, that you might read your eyes blind, to see what they were all about; besides, after all, a hundred to one but the real D. L. wouldn't answer it at all; and then, as to going to the Park again, why I'm afraid old Linton is too cute a fox to show himself there again in a hurry, so that hope's gone; its allays as well, Wat, to kick a rotten beam from under you at once, or it may prove treacherous at your sorest need."

"What, in the name of goodness then, would you counsel our doing?" demanded Walter, who felt sick at heart, when Dick pointed out the little probability there was of his discovering Dinah, by any of the means he had mentioned.

"Do! why I'd go about the thing in a quicker sort of way, entirely: I'd go down to Hereford again, and trace out the coachman that drove Dinah and her father up to Lon'on, and get to know where they put up at when they came here; or, hold, they'd be sure to come to the same hotel as we did, the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly. I'd take a step down there about the time the coach comes in, and stand treat with the coachman; go quietly to work with him, and before he has got to the bottom of his second glass, my life for it, but he'll warm towards you; then you can ask him if he remembers the circumstance—a jolly, fat, pompous gentleman, all bedizened with rings, coming up in the coach with a pretty girl, don't overpaint Dinah, mind; and then ask him if he remembers whether they went away in their own carriage, or in a cab, or how; if he has anything of a memory, he'll remember that, and then you can stand treat again to the cabman if he had one, and find out from him where Linton and Dinah were put down; and that's the way to do it, and if I was you, I'd set about it tomorrow."

"I think I will, as it is really the most sensible plan we can hit upon, for the present; and who knows if something may not turn up in the chapter of accidents, that will give us a clue to her discovery, should that fail?"

His rival, for Lord Cavendish was his rival, was passing his time in the most painful anxiety, whether Joseph Linton would, in reality, induce Dinah to accompany him to the opera or not.

He knew, for he could read character rapidly, how firm and determined she could be, when once she had made up her mind with regard to any particular line of conduct, and in this case, he feared that she had already resolved not to be seen in any place of amusement, where she might run the risk of being subjected to his attentions.

He was so entirely absorbed in this master-passion which ruled him, that he entirely neglected that ordinary attention to his dress, which, from its fastidious elegance, had already made his fiat, law in the realms of fashion; so he passed the two or three miserable hours, between his interview with Joseph Linton, and that which was to carry him once more into her presence, should Joseph Linton's entreaties have had weight enough with her, to take her thither.

Joseph Linton, in the meanwhile, as he walked home, was debating in his mind how he should compel Dinah to appear in Lord Cavendish's box, without running the risk of producing a scene—a thing he abhorred.

To tell her that Lord Cavendish had placed his box at their disposal, would, he knew, have the instant effect of determining her against going; he had recourse, therefore, to falsehood, and resolved to make it appear that the box had been hired by him for the night.

He had been so little accustomed to treat her feelings with the slightest show of respect, that he scarcely thought it necessary, on entering the room where she was, to make much preface about the matter, merely requesting her to get dressed as soon as she could, as they were going to the opera and were pressed for time.

Dinah started, and Joseph, who, notwithstanding all his pretended carelessness, was watching her narrowly, detected the hurried and indignant blush that rose to her face.

"I did not know you had an opera-box," she said, quietly and firmly.

"Neither have I, my little Di," said he, patting her good-humouredly on the back; "the truth is, as I have a notion of indulging you for the proper way in which you conducted yourself last night, I have hired a box for to night, I believe they play Norma," he added, fumbling for the libretto in his pocket, in some confusion.

"I am not well this evening," she said, in the same quiet, firm tone, "can you not excuse my going with you?"

"If you are really so very unwell, I will not press you to do so," he said, restraining, with a great effort, the inclination he felt to break out at this moment; "nevertheless, my love, as I have hired the box, and as I really shall be much pleased by having you with me, I really hope you will make an effort to go, if possible."

"I will endeavour to please you, if possible," she said, in the same sternly quiet tone, as she left the room.

All further interchange of feelings was now, she knew, for ever ceased between them; as she went up the stairs, leaning languidly

on the bannisters, and pausing frequently for breath, she felt that henceforth all relationship, if there ever had been any, was dissolved; and that, for the future, a wide gulf lay between them, how wide, and deep, and black, and threatening, she almost shuddered to imagine.

When she came down again, which she did not until it was well-nigh time for them to set out, he could not refrain from noticing, little as it affected him, how very pale and ill she looked; she was so silent and abstracted, too, that he felt constrained and uncomfortable, in spite of himself; and he was not sorry when they got out of the carriage, and were swept on by the glittering stream of beauty and fashion, from the steps into the crush-room, when he once more breathed freely.

It was a very brilliant house; and, to Dinah's great relief, the box he had secured was entirely untenanted, and remained so during the entire of the first act. After that, Dinah had become so absorbed in the delicious music, that she entirely forgot where she was, until a very sweet voice said, in a low tone, close to her ear, "You have relented—you are not as cruel as you would make your slaves believe; I behold you, Dinah, once again!"

She started, as if a viper had stung her.

"This is your box, then, my lord?" she said, shrinking from him.

"Hush! I will explain all at another time; do not alarm your father," whispered his lordship; "do not, however, take umbrage at the little deception I have been a party to."

"It is a deception, sir!" she repeated, emphatically; "a deception, believe me, which no gentleman who valued his own good name, would attempt to practice towards another person; do not attempt to speak to me,—do not stir from the place you occupy, or, unpleasant as the consequences may be, I will instantly insist upon returning home."

"You will not be so mad—so foolish—so ridiculous!" he whispered, still hanging over her, until their figures nearly met. "Dear Miss Linton, why will you thus persist in rejecting the homage of so sincere and so humble an admirer of your charms? Why will you not listen to the voice of reason, and, by making me happy, escape from the painful position in which you are now placed? Look at that man," pointing to the figure of the worthy and respectable Joseph Linton, as he lay far back in the box, surveying the house through his glass, "would not a home, shared with the man of your heart, be tenfold preferable to the society of such a being?"

To escape from his importunities, Dinah had gradually drawn closer into her own corner; and at this moment, scarcely con-

scious in her agitation of what she was doing, she was leaning as far out of the box as she could possibly do. The next moment, she uttered a faint exclamation; and his lordship, leaning over her, beheld the faces of a party of four eagerly fixed upon them; the next moment, two of the party had arisen, and were leaving the pit.

"Do you know those people, Miss Linton?" he inquired, in a low voice.

"Hush—hush! they are coming here;" she whispered, casting an anxious glance round to her father, who still continued his amusement; "they are—at least one, is a relative of mine!"

"Then, I will immediately take my leave;" and before she could prevent him, he had sprung up, and was leaving the box.

It was at that moment, that Walter Mordaunt and Stephen were engaged in an angry altercation with the box-keeper, to admit them.

PHARAOH:*

A DRAMATIC POEM.

PART II.

AN ANTE-CHAMBER IN THE PALACE.

Soldiers on guard. Bands of the royal household in waiting. Groups of men, in the costume of various countries, in different parts of the chamber. Two pages conversing apart.

First Page.—Pharaoh was greatly troubled.
Second Page.—For the moment:
But all seems now forgotten. He sits proudly
Upon his throne, transacting business

* Continued from p. 45, vol. lii.

With men of different nations. But I see
That in his eye that speaks him dangerous.
First Page.—The people are in tumult. In the streets
Groups gather still together, whispering
With ominous frowns, and darkly flashing eyes,
And passionate gestures. All looks threat'ning,
And ready for rebellion.
Second Page.—They have no leader;
Nor will they find one. Pharaoh is too prompt
To fear revolt. He crushes it in the egg;
Nor gives it time to hatch. Already, hundreds
Of gory heads lie heaped before the palace,
And Pharaoh's eye is every where at once:
It never sleeps.
First Page.—Well, wait the end. I fear
The issue yet. Who have had audience?
Second Page.—The ambassadors from Nineveh and Damascus,
From Amalek and Tyre.
First Page.—Has Jannes entered?
Second Page.—He is with Pharaoh now.
First Page.—All is confusion,
And hasty preparation, through the palace.
At such a time, who would command a marriage
And nuptial feasts?
Second Page.—But Pharaoh stands alone.
Who else would have resisted Israel's God,
Amid such fatal omens?
First Page.—There goes Jannes. (*Jannes enters.*)
Some mischief is afloat. I like not that
Triumphant smile; it speaks of some fell purpose.
No grisly demon he invokes from hell
Can boast a face more hideous than his own.
Second Page.—He whispers with that Nubian slave. Some villainy
Is going forward. Would I knew this secret!
First Page.—What can he mean?
Second Page,—I know not; but the prince,
My master, may perhaps find out his meaning.

THE PRESENCE-CHAMBER.

Pharaoh. Jannes. Guards and Executioners.

Jannes.—Seize on him as he enters. Strangle him.
Pharaoh.—Place them behind the curtains. Do your work
Quickly and silently. If he cry out,
Your lives shall answer it.

(*To Jannes*) Have you dispatched
An officer to bring the traitor hither?
Jannes.—The messenger is sent. Pheron will come
Without suspicion. Our plot cannot fail.
I go to watch for his appearing.*

A ROOM IN PHERON'S HOUSE.

Menes. Pheron.

Menes.—Wait but one hour, and it will be too late.
Jannes knows all your scheme, and has the toils
Prepared, soon to entrap the innocent bird.
Be quick: no time must now be lost.
Pheron.—And you?
Menes.—I stay in Memphis. Pharaoh may yet be moved
To enfranchise Israel, and avert this plague.
Pheron.—Where oft the voice of God has failed, can man
Hope for success?
Menes.—But still it is a duty
To make the attempt.
Pheron.—The step you take is fatal.
If you should fail, as I too sadly fear,
You are pre-doomed to death, as the firstborn
Of Pharaoh.
Menes.—And the sacrifice is noble.
If I succeed, I shall preserve a nation;
And, if I die, a victim for my country,
And not a foe to God. And so, farewell!
Long happiness await you! Should I die,
Even amid your bliss a thought of me
Will sometimes rise; and you will drop a tear
To the sad memory of your friend and brother.
Pheron.—Is this the end of our fond friendship? this
The future, bright with joy, we two have painted,—
Your glorious reign, when I should be your viceroy,
And Egypt should be happy? Menes, my brother,
I cannot leave you.
Menes.—If you stay in Egypt,
You cannot save me.
Pheron.—I can die with you.
Menes.—Cease, if you love me!
O prolong not this agony of parting,
And add not to the bitterness of death!
But go at once. One last embrace! farewell!

* The incident is borrowed from the history of the Ottoman empire. It occurred in the reign of Achmet II.

A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

Jannes. Jambres.

Jambres.—Crowds have gone over to the Hebrews' side.
If they should leave the land, they draw with them
The half of Egypt. As the time draws near,
I cannot choose but tremble: for we know
Jehovah's power.
Jannes.—Thou art a child, my brother;
A superstitious child. Let girls turn pale
With terror, and devour the mysteries
Of every temple. But we know the juggle,
And cannot choose but laugh. We go too far
To let our lie impose upon ourselves.
Jambres.—Be our gods false, some one may yet be true;
And that one Israel's.
Jannes.—Jambres, we may force
Our faith, and bend it to our wishes. I,
Though death were now before me, hand to hand,
Would not believe. Though reasons tenfold strong
Were forced upon me, still I would not.
Hatred fills my whole soul against this God,
Against his people. Moses has despised,
Dishonoured me, in public view. I live
But for revenge. And first the traitor, Pheron.
Jambres.—I had forgotten. Pheron has escaped,
And unmolested. But why stand you rapt?
He'll choke! he'll die! Jannes, you terrify me!
Jannes.—Ten thousand curses! Fiends and furies seize him
I had marked him; doomed him. To escape me thus!
No; though I drag the sea, and hunt the mountains,
Inch by inch—
Jambres.—Brother, be patient.
Jannes.—Patient!
And let him revel in bliss with his loved Rachel,
And laugh to scorn the impotent threats of Jannes.
Jambres.—What will you do?
Jannes.—Do! go on the instant,
And drag him from her arms: slay him before her.
Jambres.—And Pharaoh!
Jannes.—True! I had forgot. At once
Send in pursuit. Choose out the swiftest horses.
Take him alive, if possible; if not,
Kill him. Only be quick, and seize him,
Ere he arrive at Goshen.

GOSHEN. EVENING. THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

Rachel, and Maidens drawing water.

SONG OF THE MAIDENS.

Thus, at evening, Israel's daughters
To the shady palm-trees come;
Thus we bear our treasure home
Of the pure and sparkling waters.
Hour of waning day how sweet!
When the jocund maidens meet,
Forgetting Israel's bonds, and Pharaoh's cruel slaughters.

Ere eve's firstborn star is twinkling,
Oft, with youthful spirits gay,
Round and round, in frolic play,
We pursue, each other sprinkling.
Oft in summer twilight clear,
We our voices mingle here,
And twine the merry dance to our sweet cymbals' tinkling.

But earth's joy is wed with sorrow.
We shall visit thee no more;
Of thy ever-flowing store,
Lovely Nile, no more shall borrow;
Press no more thy springy sod,
Sandalled feet so oft have trod.
From thy wild melodies we shall be far to-morrow,

Oh! we cannot, without weeping,
Leave thee, scene of early joys!
Dear the murmuring, soothing noise
Of thy stream, to ocean sweeping;
Dear thy waving palm-trees be,
Well-known haunt of infancy;
And dear thy placid face, in summer's moonlight sleeping.

But we haste to lands more glowing.
Drink we soon of Kedron's wave;
And our limbs in Jordan lave,
O'er his fringed margent flowing.
Egypt's wells must yield to thine,
Glorious, sacred Palestine!
And Jordan boast o'er Nile, his banks with wild flowers strewing.

'Tis the last eve Israel's daughters
To their native river come,
Bear the last rich burden home
Of its sweet and sparkling waters.
Distant far we go to dwell;
Palm-trees of the Nile, farewell!
We haste from Egypt's bonds, and Pharaoh's ruthless slaughters.

Rachel. Tamar.

Rachel.—Look this way, Tamar.
Among those distant figures can you see him?
Tamar.—I see him not as yet. But wait in patience;
And meanwhile tell me how you learned to love
A noble of the court. Tell from the first.
Rachel.—Often I paint the well-remembered scene.
I had accompanied a friend to Memphis.
'Twas on a lovely evening I returned,
Beside the river. The bright, burning sun
Far o'er the golden Nile was slowly sinking.
All nature was attired in freshest green,
And jewelled thick with flowers. Vast flocks and herds
Covered the plain. Rich perfumes floating round
From the orange groves, with thousand other flowers
Mingling most sweetly, loaded all the air.
Long time I gazed about me, as I walked,
Musing on many things; and paused at last,
Close on the river's brink. 'Twas a lone spot,
Shut out from view. The tall papyrus rose
In reedy forests round me, and the palm
Lifted his branches like a canopy
Above my head. The spreading lotus leaf
Floated upon the waters, and its blossoms
Clustered together thickly. While I marked,
From the smooth Nile each brilliant bud reflected,
My fancy pictured Moses in his ark,
In his frail reedy cradle, and his face
Smiling in beauty 'mid the lotus flowers.
Just then a strain of distant music rose
From Israel's congregation. I was rapt.
You know my love of music, that dear art,
Pre-eminent in our race, the gift of heaven:
For in a robe of softly-flowing song
Our prophets clothe their new-born oracles.
But never rose the swell of melody,
Since in the groves of Eden angels sang
In concert, like that evening hymn. What time
I was entranced, I know not. When I moved,
A monstrous crocodile, crouched 'mid the reeds,
Glared horribly, as if about to spring.
I stood spell-bound. My blood was frozen. Sound
Did not escape me, and I thought my life
Utterly lost: when, whence he came I saw not,
A youth sprang forth upon the scaly monster,
And slew it, and delivered me.
Tamar.—And then?
Rachel.—And then I fainted, and—but all is told.
Thence our acquaintance and our love.

He comes not yet. I tremble for his safety.
Shame on me! When my faith should be most strong,
It fails.
Tamar.—What crowds are passing on to Goshen!
Hundreds and thousands press along the road.
What can it mean?
Rachel.—Some seek a place of refuge
From this night's plague: the pious proselytes
To Israel's worship. And thick crowds of Hebrews
Return from Memphis, bending with the gold
Of Egypt's presents. All the streets were thronged;
And every house is beggared. But see one
Who comes this way in haste. 'Tis he. 'Tis Pheron.

Pheron. Rachel. Tamar.

Pheron.—I have just escaped, my Rachel, from great dangers.
We must away, while time for flight is left.
My foes are close at hand. On yonder hill
You see a clump of spears: they are sent by Pharaoh
To intercept my flight.
Rachel.—Fear nothing, Pheron:
You are now in Goshen, where you will be safe,
Though kings and armies sought you.

A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

Pharaoh. Menes.

Pharaoh.—No. On this theme in vain you importune me.
Menes.—'Tis for yourself I fear, lest you should fall
A victim to this great and terrible God.
Pharaoh.—I know you love me, Menes. 'Tis the drop,
The single drop of sweet in my full cup
That overflows with bitter. All men hate me;
All loathe the tyrant; all plot and conspire
Against my life. And I, in turn, requite
Their hatred with revenge. But you, my son,
Unlike the mass of human kind, love one,
On whom men look with horror. Why is this?
Menes.—Because I feel you love me. Think, dear father,
What deep remorse, what self-accusing anguish,
What hopeless misery, will haunt your steps,
Should the sole son of your affection perish,
As Moses threatens.
Pharaoh.—You shall not perish.
There is no danger. 'Tis an empty threat.

Menes.—Yet the past plagues are real. Look at Egypt,
Blasted and ruined, and what does it speak?
Pharaoh.—Revenge! Let Israel go? Let go their children?
Their cattle? Let the slaves escape my power?
No! not while Pharaoh breathes and holds his sceptre.
No! sooner will I see all Egypt perish,
Throne, kingdom, people, cities, palaces,
Fall in one common ruin. 'Tis my final,
Unalterable will, fixed as the counsels
Of the eternal gods.
Menes (alone).—It is then hopeless.
Pharaoh persists to celebrate the feast
That ends in my destruction. This dread night
Closes my short career; and I shall die
'Mid dance and song, my bridal chamber turned
Into my tomb. O fatal, fatal madness!
And O, my bride and widow! We have loved
From childhood; and a more than common tie
Binds our two hearts together. Would we might
Have thrown aside our state, and princely robes,
And led together, on the mountain's brow,
In the Hebrew manner, the calm life of shepherds!
'Tis hard to die so young: to close my eyes
Upon this beauteous world; on the bright sun;
The glittering grandeur of the starry skies;
The pomp of ocean; the sweet bloom of flowers;
No more to hear the music of the woods,
Nor look upon the life and stir of cities.
Yet death has comfort. The next world has scenes
Brighter than earth, and music far more thrilling
Than nature's melodies. To enter early
Into that paradise, is to be made happy
Before my time. Better be blest to-day,
Than spend long years in waiting for my change.
Whom God loves best, they say, he first takes home.
And I have sought thee, Lord, in youth and health;
Have panted for thee more than for the spoils
Of battle; longed and thirsted for thy love,
More than for love of woman, more than friendship,
Gold, or pleasure. I have conversed with thee,
In the sweet calm of night, in nature's silent
Solitudes; and thou hast smiled and answered.
In crowds and cities thou hast been with me,
And kept my youthful garments from pollution.
Merciful Saviour, wilt thou leave me now?
Forsake me not amid the dark unknown,
A helpless stranger in that shadowy world
Which nature dreads to enter. But when heart
And flesh shall fail, be Thou my strength and portion!

To be continued.

A PLEA FOR EAST SUFFOLK.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

In these days when travelling has become universal, and when railways and steamboats afford pleasure-seekers every opportunity for gratifying their propensity, it may be as well to remind those of that interesting class who peruse our unworthy lucubrations, that the eastern coast of Suffolk is rich in antiquarian remains, in interesting, historical, and personal associations; that it is a land that has nursed here and there a man of note, and that it will repay the trouble of a visit. As most of our readers are aware, for unfortunately the Eastern Counties line, notwithstanding the superintendence of the railway king, has, as the worst and dearest in the kingdom, obtained an unenviable notoriety, there is direct railway communication between London and Ipswich. Arrived at the latter place, we should recommend our traveller at once to reach the sea at Aldborough, where he may spend some little time, not unprofitably, in looking over that pleasant town, rendered illustrious as the birthplace of Crabbe, and the scene of his youthful life. If he be at all familiar with the life-like painting of the poet, he will recognise many a description, and will be prepared to admit the truthfulness of the poet's verse. Not many miles from Aldborough, supposing the traveller's back still turned on London, he will reach Dunwich, a place not altogether unknown to song, since it was made the subject of a poem, by the late William Bird. At one time Dunwich was the seat of government, inhabited by the wealthy and the brave; here—

"There was a sound of revelry by night;"

but no trace of the stately halls where that revelry reigned can now be found. Dunwich is now silent and deserted—shorn even of the faintest record of the splendours of the past.

The associations connected with Dunwich, are of no ordinary kind. The last writer on the topography of this part of the coast, Dr. Wake, in his History of Southwold, mentions the

fact, that there was born John Daye, the printer of the works of Parker, Latimer, and Fox. With a strong lion-heart he imbibed their spirit, and shared their fate. In the reign of Mary he became a prisoner, and at length an exile for the truth. He also has the reputation of being the first in England who printed in the Saxon character. Among the records of type-founding, the name of Daye stands with the most illustrious. When the Company of Stationers obtained their charter from Philip and Mary, he was the first person admitted to their livery, of which he was master in 1580, and to which he bequeathed property at his death. The following is the inscription which marks the place of his burial, in Little Bradley, Suffolk :—

"Here lyes the DAYE that darkness could not blynd,
When popish fogges had overcast the sunne;
This DAYE the cruel night did leave behind.
To view and show what bloudi *actes* were donne,
He set a FOX to write how *martyrs* runne:
By death to lyfe Fox ventured paynes and health,
To give them light DAYE spent in print his wealth;
But God with gayn returned his wealth agayne,
And gave to him as he gave to the poor.
Two wyves he had, partakers of his payne:
Each wyf twelve babes, and each of them one man.
Als was the last increase of his store,
Who, mourning long for being left alone,
Set up this tombe, herself turned to a stone."

Obiit 23, July, 1584.

May all printers have an equal amount of light with Daye. But we must return to the town itself. Dunwich, or the splendid city, became a royal residence, and the capital of East Anglia, in the reign of Sigubert. In his time, also, it became the first episcopal see in this part of the kingdom. According to Rede, as quoted by Mr. Gardiner :—

"At DUNWICH then was *Felix* first Bishop
Of *Estangle*, and taught the Chrysten Faith,
That is full nye in Heven I hope."

Thus nurtured, Dunwich speedily became a place of power—learned and scientific men flocked to it—and we may suppose that the public buildings required by the circumstances of the times, were such as would beautify the town. According to our old historian, it was a city surrounded with a stone wall and brazen gates; it had fifty-two churches, chapels, and religious houses; it also boasted hospitals, a king's palace, a bishop's seat,

a mayor's mansion, and a mint. A forest appears to have extended some miles into what is now the sea. During the wars of the Roses, Dunwich, unlike the fickle fair, who, according to Chaucer—

> "To speken in common,
> They folwen all the favour of fortune,"

unhappily sided with the losing party, and King Henry VII. appears to have transferred his affections to the rival port of Southwold, and by degrees its superiority left it. Even in 1590, it was spoken of as a town that had once been great, but whose glory was now past away. Dr. Wake has reprinted a MS. of that date, in the British Museum, part of which we will extract. It describes Dunwich as "an ancient city of the East Angle king, although now a town and borough, wherein Felix, a Burgundian, placed his episcopal see, and was the first bishop of the East Angles, who reduced the same with the country adjacent, into the faythe of Christ, Anno Dom, 630. Wherein also was a mint and much coyn there, called Dunwich half-pence; which also in the reigne of King Henry the Second, was a town of great and strong defence, environed with great dykes and banks, withe many sundrye high hills about and within the same town and libertye; whereof eight of these remayne within the town, and within the palace dyke, and one without it. * * * Soe that at that time, in the reign of King Henry the Second, Robert, Earl of Leicester, which took part with Henry the son of Henry II., came to the said town of Dunwich to have it taken against the king. But when he came neere and beheld the strength thereof, it was terror and fear unto him to behold it; and soe retired both he and his people. It was also an ayde to King John, with divers shippes in time of his warres with their lords, for the which these good services he granted unto them the first charter of their liberties. It hath been greatly frequented by marchands and with marchandize, insomuch that divers and many townes of this land have made compositions with it for mutual commerce and trafficke, as by their compositions under their seals, remayning in their chest, may appear.

"It had in it sixteen fayer ships, twelve barkes or cray curs, four and twenty fishing barkes, in the time of King Edward the First, which few townes in England had the like. It served the same king in his warres with France, with eleven shippes of war well furnished with men and munition, the most of which shippes had seventy-two men a piece; the rest fifty, forty-five, and forty men a piece, and served thirteen weekes at their own cost

and chardge; of which shippes, four of them were taken by the Frenchmen, and many men slain.

"It lost in the time of Kynge Edward the Third, by the huge warres in France in the same service, the most part of their shipping, with the loss of five hundred men of the same town, which were slaine in the said warres; as by some of the ancient records of the same doth and may appear.

"There was in old tyme, between the sayd towne and the sea, a forest of the kings, as by graunts of the king unto some gentlemen for hawking and hunting therein, dwelling neere may appeere, which forest long time since is eaten in with the sea, and most part of the town also.

"It seemed it was a great cittye and towne in old time: for after that it began to be consumed and eaten with the sea (as it hath been wonderfully), soe that there was, in and before the xxvii. yere of King Edward the Third, taken in and consumed withe the sea above 400 houses, which payd rente to the town toward the fee farm, besides certain shops and windmills.

"The haven of the same towne, allso called Dunwich Haven, which did run out into the sea hard under the sayd towne, was large and deepe, about the same tyme and by the extremity of the sea stopped, and could never be brought, by all the cost and labours Dunwich men bestowed about it, to continue there agayne; although that before it stopped, the shipping that was there at and before that tyme, both in Bliburgh, Welberswick, and Southwold, came all down to Dunwich to go into the sea.

"The situation of the towne is upon a cliffe, for the most part of eight faddomes high, and the chiefest buylding there is about the market place and the market crosse, is not above eight rodds, and the rest of the buylding of the towne standeth most part scattered; and for parish churches there remayneth at this day only two, that is to say, St. Peter's, All Saints, and St. James's Hospital, and how many there hath been in old tyme, when it was a cittye, is not now certainly knowne.

"The towne hath been greatly consumed with fire allsoe, soe that one quarter of the towne remayneth not now of that it hath beene at this daye, bein the last day of August, Anno Domini, 1590."

Such was Dunwich in the gorgeous Elizabethan age, it was even then a wreck, a memorial of the past, when the impress of chivalry and feudalism was yet strong in the land. The ravages of time had already made silent and deserted its once thickly peopled streets, before England had worn for herself the imperishable wreath time has placed upon her brow. Not then was Shakspeare a household word, not then had Milton proclaimed truths that our children's children will do well never to

forget; not then had the freedom for which Eliot died in the dungeon been secured by the slaughter of one king, and the deposition of another; not then could the most accurate observer have perceived the presence of that potent spirit by whose magic spell it is, that the masses of Manchester, and Birmingham, and Liverpool, give the law not merely in St. Stephen's, but in Downing Street and St. James's as well, and by means of which the then untilled wastes of Lancashire are now teeming with indomitable life. Before leaving Dunwich, we must transfer to our pages the following graceful poem by a Suffolk lady, well known and honoured in the world of letters; we mean Miss Agnes Strickland:—

"Oft gazing on thy craggy brow,
We muse on glories o'er.
Fair Dunwich! Thou art lowly now,
Renowned and sought no more.

"How proudly rose thy crested seat
Above the ocean wave;
Yet doomed beneath that sea to meet
The wide and sweeping grave.

"The stately city greets no more
The home-returning bark.
Sad relics of her splendours o'er
One crumbling spire we mark.

"Unlike when ruled by Saxon powers
She sat in ancient pride,
With all her stately halls and towers
Reflected on the tide.

"Those who on each forgotten age
With patient care will look,
Will find her fate in many a page
Of time's extended book.

"Nor will we coldly turn away,
Because my verse shall tell
A story of that fearful day
When mighty Dunwich fell."*

When the traveller has gazed sufficiently on the few remains of what was once a powerful and well-peopled town, and meditated on the transitory nature of all earthly things, if he be fond of the sea, his best plan will be to hire a boat, and stretch across the bay to Southwold, a town not far from Dunwich, a town

* The remainder of the ballad is to be read in "Worcester Field; or the Cavalier: a Poem, in Four Cantos."

justly dear to housewives for its unrivalled salt, and yet dearer to the lovers of good living for its equally unrivalled soles. If we may be allowed to have an opinion on the subject, we would recommend Southwold, as the only place in which the true flavour of that delicate fish can be obtained. We state this as a fact. The philosophy of it is not intelligible to us, but such is the fact. It is most undeniable that particular localities develope certain substances better than others. Dorking rejoices in its fowls. Norfolk in its turkeys. Stilton in its cheese. Burton-on-Trent in its ales; and, in the same manner, Southwold in its soles. Far from us be all murmuring and repining on this head, let us thankfully record the fact, and repair to the chosen spots thus peculiarly blessed.

In common with the rest of the towns on this coast, Southwold has seen better days. A writer in the Harleian Miscellany—Tobias Gentleman, to wit—says, that "*Southwold, of a sea-coast town, is the most beneficial unto his Majesty of all the towns in England,* by reason all their trade is unto Iceland for lings;" but it is now remarkable for little more than being one of the most retired, picturesque bathing places, washed by the German ocean. A place where, gentle reader, you can wander at your own sweet will, and can get your cheeks fanned by breezes you may fain seek in London. Its common will give you glimpses of deep, luxuriant foliage, such as Gainsborough, —a name Suffolk yet reveres—alone could paint. The town has, however, its historical associations. Most of our readers have seen the well-known picture of "Solebay Fight," at Greenwich Hospital. Southwold overlooks the bay in which that fight was won. Here, on the morning of the 28th of May, 1672, De Ruyter, with his fleet of Dutchmen, sailed right against those wooden walls which have guarded old England in many a fierce danger, in days gone by, and found to his cost, how invincible was British valour. James, Duke of York,—not then the drivelling idiot who lost his kingdom for a mass, and died a beggar, in the pay of France; but James, manly and high-spirited, with a prince's pride and a sailor's heart,—won a victory that, for many a long day, was a favourite theme with all honest Englishmen, but especially, we doubt not, with the true and stout men who, on that May-morning,—alarmed by the roar of cannon, as it boomed along the blue waters of that generally-peaceful bay—stood on the cliffs of Southwold, wishing that the fog that intercepted their view would clear off, and that they might welcome as victors their brothers on the sea. The details of that fight, however, are matters of history, and we will not dwell upon them. They are and ought to be well known. The following 'choice' and 'merry song,' as the

writer terms it, 'on the duke's late glorious success over the Dutch, in Southwold,' is, however, not so; and we reprint it from the work of Dr. Wake, to whose valuable compilation we have been indebted for much of our subject-matter:—

"One day as I was sitting still
Upon the side of Dunwich hill,
And looking on the ocean,
By chance I saw De Ruyter's fleet,
With Royal James's squadron meet,
In sooth it was a noble treat
To see that brave commotion.

"I cannot stay to name the names,
Of all the ships that fought with James,
Their number or their tonnage,
But this I say—the noble host
Right gallantly did take his post,
And covered all the hollow coast,
From Walberswych to Dunwich.

"The French who should have joined the Duke,
Full far astern did lag and look,
Although their hulls were lighter;
But nobly faced the Duke of York,
Though some may wink and some may talk,
Right stoutly did his vessels stalk
To buffet with De Ruyter.

"Well might you hear their guns, I guess,
From Sizewell Gap to Euston Ness,
The show was rare and sightly:
They battered without let or stay,
Until the evening of that day;
'Twas then the Dutchmen ran away,
The Duke had beat them tightly.

"Of all the battles gained at sea
This was the rarest victory,
Since Philip's grand armada.
I will not name the rebel, Blake,
He fought for *Horson* Cromwell's sake,
And yet was forced three days to take
To quell the Dutch bravado.

"So now we've seen them take to flight,
This way and that, where'er they might,
To windward or to leeward,
Here's to King Charles, and here's to James,
And here's to all the captains' names,
And here's to all the Suffolk dames,
And here's the house of Stuart."

With those loyal, patriotic, and to the Suffolk dames whose daughters are still worthy of the compliment, gallant effusions, we take our leave of Southwold.

A walk of a mile brings us to one solitary farmhouse, known as Easton Bavent. In days of yore this was the most eastern extremity of the kingdom — it was the extensio of Ptolemy, and famed for its fishing-trade. It can now boast but a little shore, and a few corn fields of but barren soil. Its streets and houses, like the men who walked in them, are gone; the wear of waters for centuries has swept almost the whole of it away. Lowestoft, about twelve miles further on, is now the eastern extremity of the kingdom. Easton Bavent has not been able to preserve even that small claim to notice.

Two miles further on, we come to another place where decay has been ruthlessly at work. Covehithe, alias North Hales, known to literary men as the birth-place of John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, in Ireland. In the history of the drama, Bale takes a distinguished rank. He was one of those by whom the drama was gradually evolved, and all to whom the drama is a source of instruction and intellectual delight, must remember his name with respect. Mr. Craik, in his "Sketches of Literature and Learning in England," says, "Of what may be called at least the transition from the moral play to the history, we have an example in Bale's lately recovered drama of 'Kynge Johin,' written, in all probability, some years before the middle of the sixteenth century; in which, while many of the characters are still allegorical abstractions, others are real personages; King John himself, Pope Innocent, Cardinal Pandulphus, Stephen Langton, and other historical figures, moving about in odd intermixture with such mere notional spectres as the Widowed Britannia, Civil Order, Treason, Verity, and Sedition. The play is accordingly described by Mr. Collier, the editor, as occupying an intermediate place between moralities and historical plays, and it is, he adds, the only known existing specimen of that species of composition of so early a date." Bale was born on the 21st of November, 1495; his career was as follows. At the age of twelve, he entered the monastery of White Friars, in Norwich. Thence he went to Jesus College, Cambridge. In consequence, however, of the zeal with which he exposed the errors of popery, that society expelled him; and, had it not been for the timely interference of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and favourite of Henry VIII., a worse lot would have befallen him. On the death of that nobleman, Bale proceeded to Germany, where he appears to have been well received and hospitably entertained, by Luther and Melancthon. The accession of Edward VI. spread sunshine over the persecuted reformers. They emerged

into court favour. With the rest, Bale returned to England, and was promoted. In Mary's reign persecution again commenced, and Bale fled to Frankfort. He returned at the commencement of Elizabeth's glorious reign, and was made prebend of Canterbury, at which place he died, and was buried, at the age of sixty-three. His play, to which we have already referred as interesting in its bearing on our national drama, has been recently published by the Camden Society, under the able superintendence of Mr. Collier.

But Covehithe has yet much that a lover of the beautiful will rejoice to see. We mean the ruins, covered with ivy and venerable in their decay, of what must have been, at one time, a most magnificent religious edifice, and the grandeur and beauty of which now, to be rightly admired, must be seen. No description can adequately represent them. Davy, in his "Architectural Antiquities," thus describes them: "These splendid ruins attest the former wealth and populousness of a place which now ranks amongst the poorest and meanest parishes in the county. All the ancient part of this once stately pile is now in complete decay. But Divine service is performed in a small edifice, erected within the nave of the old one, though it does not occupy one half of it. This, as appears from an inscription on a stone in the north wall, was completed in the year 1672. The three grand arches at the east still retain their position, though much mutilated, and, for magnitude and form, may vie with the noblest specimens of the kind in the county. The tower, which appears of a more ancient date than the rest of the ruined fabric, still remains as a land-mark for travellers." The material employed is brick and white flint, chequered in a manner that must have had and still has, a pleasing appearance. Miss Agnes Strickland, who resides at Reydon Hall, not many miles distant, has thus sung the melancholy fate of Covehithe:—

"On gray Covehithe mild eve has cast
A soft and mellow ray,
But o'er its glories time has pass'd
With dark destroying sway.

"All roofless now the stately pile
And rent the arches tall,
Through which with bright departing smile
The western sunbeams fall.

"The ivy wreaths unheeded twine
In wild profusion there,
And oft with summer flowers combine
To crown the oriel fair.

"The choir is hushed and silent now,
The organ's thrilling sigh;
Yet swells at eve from many a bough
The linnet's lullaby.

"The grass-grown aisle all green and lone,
No musing footsteps tread;
And even o'er the altar stone
The mantling brambles spread.

"Tradition's voice forgets to tell
Whose ashes sleep below,
And fancy here unchecked may swell,
And bid the story flow."

Covehithe, deserted as it must have been then, was, however, visited by Cromwell's commissioners. Dowsing, who committed fierce onslaught on harmless pictures and peacefully disposed images, thus relates his visit to Cochie or Covehithe: "We brake down two hundred pictures—one pope, with divers cardinals—a picture of God the Father, among others which I remember not. There *was* four steps, with a vault underneath. But the two first might be levelled, which we gave order to the churchmen to do. There *was* many inscriptions to Jesus, in capital letters, on the roof of the church, and cherubims, with crosses on their breasts, and a cross in the chancel—all which, with divers pictures in the windows, which we could not reach, neither would they help us to raise the ladders—all which we left them a warrant to do in fourteen days."

But we must hasten a few miles further. Lowestoft, famed—and justly—for its herrings, terminates our travels. Its hard sands, and its direct railway communication with London, and Cambridge, and Norwich, make it extremely popular with seabathers. Under the fostering care of Mr. Peto, it promises to be a town of some note. It can also boast its men not unknown to fame; chief among them stands Nash, the satirist. Mr. Craik, a writer of no mean rank, describes him as the most brilliant pamphleteer of this (the Elizabethan) age. He was "the author of one slight dramatic piece, mostly in blank verse, but partly in prose, and having also some lyrical poetry interspersed, called 'Summers' Last Will and Testament,' which was exhibited before Queen Elizabeth, at Norwich, in 1592; and he also assisted Marlow in his tragedy of 'Dido, Queen of Carthage,' which, although not printed till 1594, is supposed to have been written before 1590. But his satire was of a higher order than his dramatic talent. There never was, perhaps,

poured forth such a rushing and roaring torrent of wit, ridicule, and invective, as in the rapid succession of pamphlets which he published in the course of the year 1589, against the Puritans and their famous champion (or rather knot of champions), who bore the name of Martin Mar-Prelate; unless in those in which he began, two years after, to assail poor Gabriel Harvey, his persecution of, and controversy with whom lasted a much longer time, till, indeed, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Whitgift) interfered, in 1597, to restore the peace of the realm by an order, that all Harvey's and Nash's books should be taken wherever they might be found, 'and that none of the said books be ever printed hereafter.' Mr. D'Israeli has made both these controversies familiar to modern readers, by the lively accounts of the one in his "Quarrels," of the other in his "Calamities of Authors;" and ample specimens of the criminations and recriminations, hurled at one another by Nash and Harvey, have also been given by Mr. Dyce in his Life of Greene, prefixed to his edition of that writer's dramatic and poetical works. Harvey, too, was a man of great talent; but it was of a kind very different from that of Nash. Nash's style is remarkable for its airiness and facility; clear it of its old spelling, unless it be for a few words and idioms, which have now dropped out of the popular speech, it has quite a modern air. This may show, by the bye, that the language has not altered so much since the latter part of the sixteenth century, as the ordinary prose of that day would lead us to suppose; the difference is rather that the generality of writers were more pedantic than now, and sought in a way that is no longer the fashion, to brocade their composition with what are called inkhorn terms and outlandish phrases, never used except in books. If they had been satisfied to write as they spoke, the style of that day (as we may perceive from the example of Nash) would have in its general character considerably more resembled that of the present. Gabriel Harvey's mode of writing, exhibits all the peculiarities of his age, in their most exaggerated form. He was a great scholar, and his composition is inspired by the very genius of pedantry; full of matter, full often of good sense, not unfrequently rising to a tone of dignity, and even of eloquence, but always stiff, artificial, and elaborately unnatural, to a degree which was even then unusual. We may conceive what sort of chance such a heavy armed combatant, encumbered and oppressed by the very weapons he carried, would have in a war of wit, with the quick, elastic, inexhaustible Nash, and the showering jokes and sarcasms that flashed from his easy, natural pen." Harvey boasted that he had reformed the barbarism of English verse, by modelling it after the Latin hexameter. Nash replied

by characterising the said hexameter as "that drunken, staggering kind of verse, which is all up hill and down hill, like the way betwixt Stamford and Beechfield, and goes like a horse plunging through the mire in the deep of winter—now soused up to the saddle, and straight aloft on his tiptoes."* The principal production of his native town, red herrings, furnished Nash's pen with a subject to which he did full justice in his Lenten Stuff. Mr. Collier, in his valuable, but most unreadable poetical "Decameron," says, "Nash was a most biting satirist in prose, and he mixt up his severity with so much of the salt of wit and humour, that the rankling wound he inflicted must have been very long healing."

So much for the eastern coast of Suffolk, it contains much to please, much that tells us of other days. It has its associations illustrative of heroism and chivalrous loyalty. Here grew up and flourished many of Charles's most potent cavaliers. It can boast many names that in their day were names of power. No catalogue of Suffolk worthies is complete that omits Wolsey, the son of the Ipswich butcher. Near Southwold is yet shown a bridge that bears his name, and which is reported to have been built by him. Lowestoft for some time was honoured with a visit from the Lord Protector himself. The second Englishman who circumnavigated the globe was Cavendish, a Suffolk man. Eachard the historian; the nonjuring Sancroft; Lydgate, the monk of Bury, one of our most famous versifiers in the fifteenth century; Stephen Gardiner, of persecuting notoriety; the painter Gainsborough; the poets Bloomfield and Crabbe; the great Thurlow, the only man Dr. Johnson dreaded to meet unprepared; were all Suffolk men. Some of the earliest martyrs for the faith once delivered to the apostles came, also, from this part of the world. At one time, too, Suffolk acquired an unenviable notoriety for her witches. Not a parish in the county but could boast its witch. Amongst other apparitions which prevailed at one time in this part of the world, we must note "a strange and terrible wonder wrought in the parish church of Bongay," and narrated by Abraham Fleming, one of our earliest translators of Virgil, who elegantly renders *Tu Tityre lentus in umbra*, Thou Tityr slug in shade. He tells us that in the year 1577, "this black dog, or divel in such likenesse, (God hee knoweth all who worketh all,) running all along downe the body of the church with great swiftnesse, and incredible haste, among the people in a visible form and shape, passed between two persons as they were kneeling upon their knees, and occupied in prayer as it seemed, wrung the necks of them both at

* Craik's Sketches of the History of Learning and Literature in England.

one instant clene backward, insomuch that even at the moment where they kneeled they strangely dyed." Travellers, however, need not fear. Since the establishment of the rural police such distressing occurrences have altogether disappeared.

Thus have we, gentle reader, opened to you a way, by which, escaping from the turmoil of this modern Babylon, you can obtain for yourself a few days of calm enjoyment, with the memorials of other days around you, and the unchanging ocean at your feet. Along the shores by which we have conducted you, you will not be rudely jostled, nor will your favourite corn be stamped on by unheeding and worldly men. The first fine day then you have to spare take yourself and a small carpet bag, the smaller the better, to the Shoreditch station, and suffer yourself to be inclosed in a railway carriage. You will return a wiser and a better man—at any rate it will be your own fault if you do not. You will see written by the great God, himself, the nothingness of human effort. With a humbler and more loving heart you will go back to your cash-box and counting-house. You will "love not man the less, but nature more, from these your interviews."

HOW WILL IT END?

BY CORNELIUS COLVILLE.

PLEASURE—luxury—reputation, how tempting—how ensnaring to weak and vacillating mortals! Offering so many delights, so many comforts, so much ecstatic bliss; how few have nerve to withstand their temptation and resist them! Their threshold is adorned with everything that can captivate the eye and gladden the heart. A vista stretches before the enraptured vision, the most delightful and beautiful; but alas! the end thereof is not seen! People dazzled with the sight enter; but seldom ask themselves, "How will it end?"

Perhaps, no two human beings were so dissimilar in sentiments and opinions as Mr. Peter Bubbs and his lady. Peter was a ltle, sly, d ry old fellow, with a wonderful deal of saga-

city; he hadn't a particle of pride or conceit about him. Mrs. Peter Bubbs, on the other hand, had more dignified sentiments, a disposition of a more aspiring character. She liked to make a stir in the world, to draw attention, to live in a style at once fashionable and commanding. Show, splendour, *eclat*, were what she delighted in. Bubbs was more moderate, he delighted in living within his income, and infinitely preferred a long, unostentatious, and humble career, to a splendid and imposing one of short duration. Bubbs, we think, was right.

Peter Bubbs occupied as neat a little house in a country town, as you could possibly wish to see. There was no finery, no display about it; it was, like Peter himself, remarkably unassuming. There was a little garden in front, inclosed with an iron-paling; there was a little yard behind, inclosed by a brick-wall; there was a little brass-plate upon the door with BUBBS, engraved upon it in good, strong, bold-looking letters; and there was, in a word, everything within and without, capable of rendering such a modest and unambitious creature as Peter Bubbs, completely happy. And he was happy, save on especial occasions, when he got into angry altercation with Mrs. Bubbs, with regard to their style of living, and so forth.

When we said that Mr. Peter Bubbs had neither pride nor conceit about him, and that he was neither ambitious nor aspiring, we have not mentioned half of his good qualities. Peter kept a shop; he was a tobacconist, and every morning at eight o'clock, he was at his post. He was an indefatigable little man, and stuck close to his business, being always in the way himself, except during the dinner and tea hour, and never leaving at night till he saw the gas put out and everything secure. Bubbs hated to be in debt, and had a great antipathy to running accounts. He was in the habit of humourously observing, that there was no knowing where or when a *running* account would stop, and he consequently always liked to put an end to its career by a well-timed *check*.

Mr. and Mrs. Bubbs were seated at breakfast one morning, when the following conversation ensued:—

"Peter," began Mrs Bubbs.

"Yes, my dear," said Peter, swallowing a large piece of roll, so that he might not be compelled to speak with his mouth full.

"Have you heard, my love," continued Mrs. Bubbs, "about the grand party the Swabbs's are going to give?"

"Never, my dear, this is the first word I've heard about it."

Peter Bubbs applied himself with great earnestness to the mastication of his food, and the drinking of his coffee, being exceedingly anxious to get down to the shop, for he foresaw

from Mrs. Bubbs's manner of commencing the conversation upon this particular topic, that a little hurricane was in reserve for him.

"Its very odd, Mr. Bubbs, that you should never have heard anything about it."

"Not at all, my dear, not at all," said Peter.

"I say it is very odd, Mr. Bubbs, remarkably odd."

"You know, Mrs. Bubbs, I never trouble my head about the Swabbs's."

"Do you trouble your head about anything—about your wife and family, or any thing that concerns their happiness? These proud, conceited Swabbs's can give parties, dress themselves up in the first fashion—dash about in phætons—send their daughters to boarding schools, whilst we never think of holding up our heads and being like other people."

"Very true," said Peter, "very true; I am perfectly aware that the Swabbs's are at this moment living at the rate of about two hundred a-year above their income, but, my dear, how will it end?"

"How will it end?" reiterated Mrs. Bubbs, almost choking with passion. "That's the only thing, sir, you have to say, in excuse for your meanness, and want of spirit."

"I don't think I could say anything more to the purpose," observed Peter.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Bubbs," said the lady.

Mr. Bubbs would not, however, remain to hear what it was, for, jumping up from his chair, without having quite finished his breakfast, he seized hold of his hat, recklessly knocked it over his eyes, and rushed out of the house.

When Peter Bubbs arrived at the shop, two gentlemen were there, waiting for him.

"Mr. Bubbs, I believe?" said one of the gentlemen, stepping forward.

"Yes, sir, Bubbs, and at your service," said Peter.

"My name," observed the gentleman, "is Ferrit. This is my friend, Mr. Pudger."

Peter Bubbs acknowledged the introduction by a polite bow.

"We have made free to call upon you, Mr. Bubbs," said Ferrit, "about a Joint Stock Brewery, that we mean to establish in this place. There is an excellent opening for such a concern, and with a few respectable and able men like yourself, for a proprietary, there is no doubt but it would be eminently successful."

"It appears to me," said Pudger, "that there has long been a great want of such a company in this town."

"Well, gentlemen," replied Peter, "although I have been a

resident of the town, for the last thirty years, I must candidly confess, that such a company has not appeared to me so absolutely necessary."

"I am surprised, Mr. Bubbs, that you should take such a view of the matter," said Ferrit.

"You perfectly astonish me," observed Pudger.

"For my part, I am neither surprised nor astonished," mildly replied Peter.

"I will, however, more fully explain to you our scheme," said Ferrit. "In the first place, we propose that the capital shall be £20,000, in 2,000 shares of £10 each. We propose further to pay a dividend to the shareholders, of twenty per cent., and so soon as the company is formed, to make a call of two pounds a share, which will then put us in possession of funds to proceed immediately."

Peter Bubbs stared incredulously at Ferrit, as he developed his plan.

"What do you think of it now, Mr. Bubbs?" inquired Pudger.

"I am afraid, gentlemen," said Peter, "I must decline having anything to do with the undertaking."

"Mr. Bubbs," exclaimed Ferrit, "will you miss such an excellent chance of investing your spare capital? do you doubt we shall be able to pay the dividend we have mentioned?"

"Not at all, gentlemen;" said Peter, "I've no doubt you will pay twenty, perhaps thirty or forty per cent. But how—how will it end?"

"Why, sir," said Ferrit, "it will not end at all. It will go on prosperously, and be a splendid source of income to its proprietors."

Peter Bubbs shook his head.

"Are we to understand that you decline putting your name down as a shareholder?" inquired Pudger.

"Precisely so," replied Bubbs.

"Then, Mr. Bubbs," said Ferrit, elevating his hat; "I beg to wish you a very good morning, sir."

"Farewell, Mr. Bubbs," said Pudger.

"Good morning, gentlemen, good morning," said Peter, glad to get rid of them.

"Not quite so easily done as that," added he, to himself.

There was more than one reason for Peter declining to have any concern in this Joint Stock Brewery. In the first place, he had a great dislike to all Joint Stock Companies in general, and an especial aversion to this contemplated one in particular. In the second place, Peter had some knowledge of the parties who were projecting it, and that knowledge had not caused him to

think very favourably as to the result of the undertaking. He had no doubt but a dividend of twenty per cent. would be paid—promptly paid, and perhaps for a series of years; but unlike people who are content with taking a cursory glance at things, without penetrating to sequels and results, Peter Bubbs, as we have seen, asked, "How will it end?"

At the usual time, Peter went home to his dinner. He entered the house with sad misgivings. He was sure that there would be a renewal of the scene that had occurred at breakfast. He was, however, agreeably surprised to find Mrs. Bubbs in one of the pleasantest humours imaginable. Her face indeed was irradiated with smiles. There was a cause for this, and it was not long before Peter was made cognizant of it. As we have already intimated to the reader, Mrs. Bubbs was an ambitious woman. She was desirous that her family should "cut a figure" in the place, no doubt partly with the view of mortifying the Swabbs's, against whom she harboured the utmost animosity. Something had occurred in the absence of her husband, that occasioned this change in her temper, and she now proceeded to relate it to him.

"What do you think, my dear?" said Mrs. Bubbs.

"I think the sooner we have dinner the better," replied Peter, "for I'm very hungry."

"Pshaw! you are always thinking of eating."

"What would you have one think about?"

"Who do you think has been here this morning?"

"Perhaps the tax-gatherer," mildly suggested Bubbs.

"Really, Mr. Bubbs, you would try the patience of a saint."

"How should I know who's been here?"

"Well, then, my dear, Mr. Grubbins."

"What did he want?"

"Ah! what think you, now?"

"I have no idea, Mrs. Bubbs, and that's the truth."

"Well, if I must tell you, he wants you to take the chair at a public meeting. Think how it will sound in the papers!—A meeting of the ——— was held in the town-hall on Wednesday evening, on which occasion Peter Bubbs, Esq. took the chair."

"It won't do, Mrs. Bubbs; I decline the honour."

"Why won't it do? Can there be any possible harm in taking the chair on such an occasion? Would it not gratify your fellow-townsmen? would it not gratify the feelings of your family?"

"Dare say it would, ma'am, but how will it end?"

"How should it end, but well?"

"You don't see far enough, Mrs. Bubbs; you don't see far

enough, ma'am. I'll tell you how it would end, if I were agreeing to take the chair. I should get mixed up with their politics, get fairly imbued with their feelings, and perhaps become one of their leaders. Instead of managing my own business, and my own domestic affairs, I should have an extraordinary hankering after the legislation of this country; and I've known so many people who have almost talked themselves to death about the mismanagement of government, who have at the same time mismanaged their own private affairs, that I think the less I have to do with it the better."

"I will not dictate to you, Mr. Bubbs. You shall have your own way, as you generally have."

"Then if I *am* to have my own way, I propose that we have dinner immediately."

A few months after the occurrences just related, Peter Bubbs was seated alone in the little parlour of the "King's Head," the principal hotel in the place. He was smoking his pipe, and glancing his eye over the columns of a sporting paper. Peter took considerable interest in all our national sports, especially horse-racing. He was, however, no gambler. He never staked a farthing upon any contest in his life, upon principle. As Mr. Bubbs was thus engaged, the door opened, and a burly, heavy-headed-looking man entered the room. He wore a kind of shooting-coat, decorated with brass buttons surmounted with foxes' heads. He wore immense, black, bushy whiskers, and his face was flabby and red.

"How are ye, Bubbs?" said the stout man, seating himself close by Peter.

"Can't complain," was the reply.

"I've something to tell you, Bubbs," said the stout man, significantly.

"Good news, I hope," said Peter.

"It's profitable news," said the stout man; "and if you set about it properly, you may put fifty—aye, a hundred—pounds into your pocket by it."

"Well, what is it, Juggins?"

"Firefly wont run for the *Derby*, between ourselves, mind. I have the information from good authority. You can get any odds against Jumper. You understand, don't you?"

"Not exactly."

"Why, take all the odds you can get against Jumper: he's a safe card."

"You know, Juggins, I never bet," said Peter.

"No more don't I," said the stout man: "but when you are safe, where's the harm? You may as well put fifty pounds in your pocket as not."

"Yes," said Peter; "but how will it end?"

"Now hang it, Bubbs! don't always din those words in one's ears."

"I've no doubt fifty pounds may be won upon this race," added Peter; "but we should be out o' pocket in the long run. We'd be so elevated with our success, that we should bet again and again, and get on from little to more, till in time we should think nothing of staking hundreds upon a single race."

"It's all nonsense. If you don't like to try your luck, I will;" and so saying, the stout man rose from his seat and walked out of the room, slamming the door after him.

* * * * * * *

Six years have elapsed, and many changes have taken place in the little town of which Mr. Peter Bubbs is as humble and unassuming a denizen as ever. Changes have taken place in his own circumstances, for he is now a retired tradesman, living upon the independency which his industry and indefatigable exertions have enabled him to accumulate. The other changes will be best explained by a conversation between Mr. Bubbs and his wife, which took place in their little parlour one evening.

"Well, who could have thought it?" began Mrs. Bubbs. "I always thought they were so rich."

"I told you such extravagance could not be kept up."

"Poor Mrs. Swabbs! I really pity her. What is the amount of their debts?"

"£20,000," said Peter.

"Monstrous! How can they have got through it all? They had nothing to do with the Joint Stock Brewery that failed a few months ago?"

"Nothing, my dear."

"What a disappointment it will be to Mr. Juggins. He married one of the daughters. He stands more in need of assistance from his wife's friends than ever."

"What a pity," said Peter, "he won so much money upon the *Derby*, six years ago. That was the business that ruined him. It quite unsettled him; and he has never been happy since, unless he was making wagers, or talking about horse-racing."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Bubbs, "I believe your plan is best, after all."

"What plan?"

"Why, that of never undertaking any thing till you have asked yourself, How WILL IT END?"

THE ALMS-HOUSE CHAPLAIN.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! doth it not soothe the worn mind to depart
From traffic's rude clamour, from Mammon's vast mart,
To pass from the city, its tumult and din,
And linger this spot of soft quiet within?
The spirit grows weary and sad, to abide
In the stirring excitement of life's rapid tide,
And feels those enjoyments the purest and best,
Connected with scenes of retirement and rest.

Yes, here to our view are the dwellings displayed,
Provided by kindly and liberal aid,
The troubles to lighten, the cares to assuage,
That cast a dim gloom o'er the season of age;
Their inmates, removed from the world's busy strife,
Here, pass in calm leisure the evening of life;
And feel, that as hope's early vision declines,
The hope of the future more cloudlessly shines.

And here dwells the pastor, whose wisdom imparts
The gospel of truth and of grace to their hearts;
A privilege holy and precious is theirs,
Possessing his counsels, his presence, his prayers;
He leads them that knowledge of God to attain,
To which man's highest knowledge is worthless and vain,
And wins them to dwell on a kingdom above,
With the fervour of faith, and the kindness of love.

Long, long, in this region of tranquil repose,
May the pastor partake of the peace he bestows;
May the God whom he serves be his refuge and stay,
And keep every danger and snare from his way;
Or if trouble and sorrow his portion *must* be,
(Alas! from life's trials how few can be free?)
May the cloud soon disperse, may the shadow soon cease,
And his heart, like his home, be the dwelling of peace!

PHARAOH:*

A DRAMATIC POEM.

A BANQUETING HALL IN THE PALACE.

A bridal feast; the hall brilliantly illuminated. Pharaoh, Menes, Nitocris, Jannes, Jambres. A great number of nobles, priests, and magicians.

Pharaoh.—In this bright season of festivity
We banish care. To night be given to pleasure!
Great happiness and Egypt's glory flow
From this glad union! Fill to the brim your goblets
With wine of Helbon. Drain them to the health
Of the fair bride. Long may she fill the throne
Of Egypt, and produce a numerous line
Of Egypt's sovereigns.—Menes, why so sad?
Such dulness befits not a youthful bridegroom.
Strike harp and timbrel! Give us merry music!
Chephren (apart).—This is more like a funeral than a wedding.
Sethos.—And Pharaoh's looks are forced. Only Jannes
Preserves his wonted countenance. His hard
And wooden features keep their stiff expression,
Like the carved sphinxes before Pharaoh's throne.

* Continued from p. 226, vol. lii.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Happy bride! Thy hero see,
  Worthy of a goddess' love;
Warrior stern, but mild to thee;
  Heart of lion, eye of dove.
How pants thy fluttering breast the while
He turns on thee his winning smile!

Princess, bright thy destiny!
  Egypt's lord, and Egypt's throne,
Love, wealth, pleasure, throng to thee;
  The world's homage all thine own.
O favourite of the gods, 'tis thine
To multiply great Pharaoh's line.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Happy bridegroom! In her meet
  All the charms that waken love.
Ne'er did mortal maid so sweet
  Steal the heart of gods above.
A thousand heroes pine and die,
Struck by the witchcraft of her eye.

Many a youth would deem it bliss
  But to press her fingers' tip;
Gladly buy with life a kiss
  Of that sweetly-smiling lip.
How envied is thy prosperous love
By men below and gods above!

YOUTHS AND MAIDENS.

Twine the wreath round valour's brow
  Weave the rose in beauty's tress.
Gods, a nuptial boon bestow
  Meet for royal loveliness.
All that in earth and heaven is fair
Shed lavish on the princely pair.

Chephren.—Music but makes the mournful soul more mournful.
And this vast hall, with gilded cedar roof;
The ivory couches, and long ranks of tables
All groaning with Ophirian gold; the train
Of jewelled nobles, glistering like dew;
The glare of lights, costume of various nations,

Sumptuous apparel, gorgeous with the spoils
Of many a clime; all make me sad, not joyful.
Sethos.—Yet 'tis a glorious sight.
Chephren.—Most melancholy!
See you how swiftly Pharaoh drains his cup?
The bride is ghastly pale, and all the guests
Look like the royal tomb at Thebes, where lie
Whole dynasties in mockery of state.
Pharaoh.—Fairest and bravest of the Egyptian land,
Priests of the blessed gods, potent magicians,
The reverend lights of science, expounders
Of nature's oracles; I see before me
The highest conclave of earth's rank and wisdom.
What city can present a scene like this?
Chaldea's magi would turn pale before
The deep-read sages and the priests of Memphis.
The wealth of Sidon, Heshbon, and Damascus,
And Ethiopia's gems, would glitter dimly
By Egypt's diamonds. Her profound learning,
Her glorious arts and arms, her massive piles,
Built by a nation's industry and gold,
Will live while time itself survives; and men
To latest days shall tell of Egypt's palaces
And pyramids; Thebes, with her hundred gates;
The boundless wealth of On; her gorgeous temples,
And monuments, the wonders of the world.
Placed on earth's proudest pinnacle, we smile
Defiance to all auguries, contempt
Of fate. What power so vast to measure arms
With Egypt? Where is Pharaoh's mighty rival?

Enter Thermuthis.

Chephren (apart).—What haggard form stalks yonder to the throne?
Pharaoh.—Ye gods, be merciful! The dead appear
And mingle in our feasts. Speak! What art thou?
Jannes.—Look to the bride. She faints.
Chephren (apart).—The lights burn dim.
Thermuthis.—Remove out of Egypt;
Go forth from the habitations of Mizraim.
Egypt is destroyed;
Memphis is confounded;
Her gods are ashamed;
Her temples are desolate.

Woe to the bridegroom!
Sorrow and mourning to the bride!
The sound of death is in the land,
And of great desolation!
How is Egypt a desolation among the nations!

A sword upon the Egyptians;
Upon the princes and magicians.
A sword upon the liars,
And they shall drivel;
A sword upon the heroes,
And they shall tremble.
A sword upon the horses;
A sword upon all cattle.
A sword upon Pharaoh.

A sound of a cry cometh from Memphis,
And of great destruction from the land of the Egyptians.
How is Mizraim destroyed!
How is the glory of the earth humbled!
How is Egypt become an astonishment among the nations!
Pharaoh.—Fate fights against us.
Jannes.—The dreamy fancies of a bedrid woman.
Let not your courage fail.
Pharaoh.—My doom is written,
For I have sinned. The crimes of a whole life
Rise up against me. Thousands of bloody forms,
Like an avenging host, press me around.
Look how they glare and threaten. Fiery shapes
All hideous and unhuman fill the hall.
They throng and thicken!
Jannes.—There is nothing.
Shake off these shadowy terrors. Better retire:
This fear will be infectious.

A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

Pharaoh (alone).—Midnight draws near, and with it comes the fate
Of Egypt. Now the God of Israel goes
To wreak his vengeance on me.—O my son!
All the past plagues speak but too well what cause
I have for fear.
Have I two souls within me?
One firm and brave, that suffers and defies;
The other cowardly, and soft, and yielding?
Am I the mockery and sport and tool
Of some vile tricking fiend who plays upon me,
And twists me to his purpose? Or am I
A log that drifts helpless upon the current,
Having no life, nor motion, nor resistance?
I cannot argue it.—There must be power
In a stern, uncontrollable will to make
Or mend events, and fashion them at pleasure.

Away then with these phantasies and fears!
And Pharaoh be thyself!
Where is the danger?
All is yet quiet. Night has fallen serene,
And the fair moon sails peacefully along
The silent paths of ether.—Yet I cannot
Shake off this dread.
O wretchedness of rank!
How gladly would I barter all my power
For the calm sleep even of the poorest slave
Within my realm!—This clear blue firmament,
And these pale, starry fires which glide so tranquil,
Speak only peace to all the world but Egypt.
And yet what do I fear? These glorious heavens,
And rolling worlds, that to the untaught eye
Move without reason, are the ample page
Which, like our hieroglyphic pillars, bear
Mysterious knowledge; and the silent walk
Of those far-circling spheres breathes mystic music
To the ear of wisdom. All the events of life
Stand there enrolled, stand fixed, immutable.
O for a prophet's keen and gifted vision,
To look one hour into futurity;
To draw aside the thick and envious veil
That hides its awful secrets! Who waits there?

Enter an Attendant.

Call the magicians! Bid them hither quickly—
Roll on, ye everlasting spheres! Roll on
The fate of Pharaoh! Hark!—'Twas but the wind.
I fancy death in every sound.—Who waits?

Enter an Attendant.

Are the guards doubled?
Attendant.—Your best troops, my lord,
Guard all the gates, and gird the palace walls,
Composed of all the flower of Egypt.
Pharaoh.—Good!
Soon Pharaoh towers earth's sole and god-like king,
Or he is nothing. O that it were past!
There is more agony in this keen suspense
Than in most dreadful certainty. Ye gods,
Your own eternal kingdom were bought dearly
By such another hour.

(*Enter Jannes, Jambres, and other magicians.*

Welcome, friends, welcome!
Do the stars fight for us to-night? Jannes,

Thou of each fateful planet know'st the power:
Hast thou well read in yon eternal book
The history of this night?
Jannes.—I have, O king.
This hour the heavens unfold the secret scroll
Of Egypt's proudest triumph.
Pharaoh.—Then I fear not.
But I feel heavy. A portentous weight
Bears down my eyelids.—Place a special guard
Around the bridal chamber. For the prince
They answer with their lives. See it done quickly.

THE BRIDAL-CHAMBER.

Menes. Nitocris.

Nitocris.—Is there no hope?
Menes.—Yes, dearest; worship God:
Serve Israel's God; we shall not long be parted.
Nitocris.—Your God shall be my God, beloved Menes;
Your worship mine. O let us pray to him,
And he may spare you yet.
Menes.—It is too late.
Nitocris.—Then he is terrible.
I cannot worship him. I cannot love him.
Menes.—Dearest Nitocris, say not so. His ways
Are always just. In his most righteous judgments
The innocent may suffer; but not perish.
A future world shall rectify the ills
Of this imperfect state. I feel already
The lifting of the veil that hides the future.
Death is a second birth; earth but a phantom;
And future, unseen things alone substantial.
Nitocris.—But to be parted now,—O this is cruel.
Menes.—How many brides and bridegrooms have been parted
I' the marriage day! We think our lot more hapless
Because we know beforehand. That we suffer
Has been the fate of thousands. O think not
I do not feel the agony of losing
My long-wished bride. This is the keenest pang
Of death itself. But there is yet this comfort,
Serve the true God, we soon shall meet again.
Nitocris.—O I will serve him! I will serve him only!
And it will not be long. My heart will break!
Menes.—One short hour more, and I shall tread the fields
And verdant groves of radiant Paradise.
I could forget the earth, and feel all spirit,

In longing for those glorious scenes! But you,
You will be ever looked-for, and expected.
Nitocris.—Take us together, merciful Destroyer!
Menes.—Dearest, be patient till the appointed time.
Nitocris.—O you feel not. He who sets out on travel
Has no keen pangs like those he leaves behind.
'Tis the bereaved in listless sameness pines
'Mid the sad scenes that every hour recal
The loved, lost image.
Menes.—Think this such a parting.
I go a journey: in a little while
You follow me; and we shall smile, and wonder
We should have felt such trifles.
Nitocris.—Forgive me, Menes!
You are to die; and I, O selfish wife,
Think of myself, when I should strengthen you.
Menes.—The hour draws very near. Dearest, for you
I fear the shock. In what terrific form
The summons will appear we know not.
Your tender frame will sink, and not endure
The horrid sight. Call in your favourite maidens.
Nitocris.—No, I fear nothing, Menes, but your loss.
Clasped thus in your dear arms, I will await
Jehovah's will. The shock can but destroy me;
O that it may! To die with you were bliss.
Menes.—'Twere bliss to me. But be it as He pleases
Who orders all things well. Yet say, my dearest,
His will be done,—that you choose his will only,
And not your own.
Nitocris.—Menes, 'tis hard to say.
Menes.—But needful. All the creatures are his own;
And 'tis his sovereign right to deal with them
At his good pleasure. Clouds surround his throne,
And awful darkness; but his ways are just.
Nitocris.—Dearest, 'tis hard; but yet his will be done.
Menes.—Then we shall meet again. My joy is full.

MEMPHIS.

The great square filled with troops. A few groups of private citizens here and there conversing. Two Egyptians meeting.

First Egyptian.—It comes, this dreaded midnight, Egypt's fate.
Heard you not Moses' threat, and this new plague?
Second Egyptian.—All Memphis heard.

First Egyptian.—At midnight, was his word.
The time is near. 'Twere better to retire
Within our houses: it is safer there.
Second Egyptian.—There is no safety. All these plagues have reached
Our inmost chambers. I will tarry here;
A feverish restlessness keeps me without.
First Egyptian.—And me. I cannot sleep to night. Even now
I left my couch, and walked abroad for air.
Second Egyptian.—See still those fiery forms in deadly strife,
High in the heavens, like two opposing hosts.
Oft they appear of late, e'er since these curses
Have fallen on Egypt: but more plain to-night.
First Egyptian.—The fate of Egypt trembles in that balance.
The gods appear before our eyes. O what
Sad miseries do such dread signs foreshadow?
Second Egyptian.—All eyes in this dense throng are fixed upon them.
First Egyptian.—Mark you how still the night is? Not a breath
Stirs in the air. A preternatural silence
Has seized all nature.
Second Egyptian.—It is often so
Before some mighty deed, some dread convulsion.
They say the earthquake oft is heralded
By ominous stillness; and those coming footsteps
Are noiseless, which yet have power to shake
Earth's deep foundations, and to overthrow
Cities and monuments.
First Egyptian.—It still draws nearer:
I dread the fatal hour. While here, I think
Beneath my roof is safety; and when there,
Under the open sky.
Second Egyptian.—Let's keep together. In society
There is relief; but none in solitude.
First Egyptian.—O who can tell the limits of this slaughter?
We may be all dead men.

THE SAME.

Pharaoh, Jannes, Jambres, and others, sleeping. Chephren and Sethos apart at a window.

Chephren.—The night has clouded suddenly; the moon
And stars have disappeared; and all is dark.
Is it not midnight yet? I sink with dread,
And scarce support myself. But Pharaoh sleeps,
Who lately was most fearful.

Sethos.—True, he sleeps:
But mark you how he starts as if convulsed!
Such troubled sleep is worse than waking terrors.
Chephren.—Look over the vast square. The close-wedged troops
Stand in their ranks like statues. All is hushed.
The crowds are gone, and the tired city sleeps
In peace. Can danger lurk beneath such calm?
No sound is stirring 'mid these slumberers,
Save in the palace, where the revellers wake,
Their faint song coming fitful on the ear.
No twinkling light gleams in the spacious city;
And the wild herds of dogs that throng the streets,
And wake up slumbering night from her first dreams,
Now all are still. My own whispers alarm me.
Sethos.—We have no children, nor are we firstborn.
Chephren.—Yet who can feel secure? My heart beats thick;
So torturing is expectation,
When some foreknown calamity is coming.
Sethos.—How will the terrible Destroyer come?
In silence? Or again, 'mid thunder, storm, and tempest?
Chephren.—Hear how the wind is rising;
And the swift clouds are drifting through the sky.
The storm howls shrill, as if a million spirits
Were sailing in mid air. And see, the noise
Has reached the ear of Pharaoh. He sleeps still;
But becomes yet more restless. Hark! Soft music!
It is the bridal song at Menes' chamber.
How strangely sad it sounds!

Choir at a distance.

Twine the wreath round valour's brow,
Weave the rose in beauty's tress.
Gods, a nuptial boon bestow
Meet for royal loveliness.
All that in earth or heaven is fair
Shed lavish on the princely pair.

Chephren.—And now 'tis indistinct. Sad mockery!
Sethos.—Heard you that sound?
Chephren.—'Tis but the passing wind,
Moaning and wailing, as in deadly strife.
Sethos.—Midnight is surely past, the danger over.
Chephren.—See you that light, far distant in the sky?
It has a misty shape, an onward motion.
Sethos.—The God! The God! We shall be all dead men!
Chephren.—Oh! That unearthly shriek! That fearful noise
Might rouse the dead.
Sethos.—Pharaoh, awake! awake!

Pharaoh.—Spare me this once.
I'll let them go. Take all, but stay the plague!
What noise is that?
Chephren.—My lord, we know not.
But all around are dying.
Pharaoh.—Where is Menes?
Let some one hasten! See that he is safe!
Jannes.—Horrible dream! I will not yield to shadows!
Sethos.—See how he struggles, as with some fierce foeman.
Jannes.—This is no phantasy, Is there a God?
Sethos.—His face blackens, his cramped and knotted limbs
Twist as in torture. And now all is over.
The gods have mercy on him.—Look at Pharaoh.
Pharaoh.—This is thy hand. The threatening is fulfilled.
I feel thine awful presence, dread Destroyer!
I see thy dim form, and thy face severe
Frowning on Egypt. Thou standest in the city,
And reachest over all the land. On, on
Thou movest! Still thine arm smites high and low,
From Memphis to far Ethiopia's verge
I see the dying thousands; populous cities
Pouring forth myriads; death in every house;
Beasts, men, and gods, falling beneath thy sword.
Chephren.—How the king stands gazing on vacancy!

Enter a Soldier.

Sethos.—Speak, Speak!
Soldier.—Oh, horrible!
Sethos.—Tell us the worst.
Soldier.—No tongue can tell.—The guards around the palace,
Struck by some unknown foe, drop in their ranks,
And die. Scarce half are left.
Chephren.—The wretch is dead.

Enter Women and Children from all parts of the palace.

A Woman.—O whither shall we flee? Death follows us.
Another Woman.—Great God, have mercy! Spare my little one!
Children.—O mother, save us!
Sethos.—How the king is stunned;
And Jambres appears lifeless as a statue.
The noise increases. Horrid tumult rages
Throughout the palace.

Enter many nobles.

One speaks.—Saw you the awful form?

Chephren.—I saw it, whither shall we flee? Where hide
From this dread foe?
A Noble.—Pharaoh, our children die:
Noble, and slave, and prisoner in the pit.
He moves not—hears not.—Quick arouse thee, Pharaoh,
Or all will perish.
Enter Rameses.—Pharaoh, send to Moses!
See the Destroyer moving o'er the land.
Death fills the palace crammed with wedding guests!
Fills all the city!
Enter Arsinoe.—Pharaoh, the prince is dead!
Pharaoh.—Terrible God, thou hast conquered!
Rameses.—Hear that shriek!
The maddened roar of twice ten thousand lions;
A mighty mingled yell of man and beast.
'Tis Egypt's dying groan, the end of all things.
This is the bitter fruit of thy hard heart.
Chephren.—See the crowds pouring in on every side.
Crowd.—Help Pharaoh, help! We shall be all dead men!
Pharaoh.—Hasten to Moses. Tell him, thus saith Pharaoh:
Go out from Egypt. Serve the Lord, your God.
Take with you all your people; all your children;
Take all your flocks and herds, as you have said.
But go in haste! And bless me also!

MEMPHIS.

A street at midnight. Crowds running in all directions. A confused uproar of men, and herds of wild dogs; mingled with the cry of death from every house.

An old man.—O death! death! death! Thy triumphs are complete!
It is the end of time. In my long life
I have seen nothing equal.
A young man.—Gracious gods,
Be merciful! Be merciful! O spare me! (He dies)
Crowd. (Many falling in the street.)—Isis, have mercy! Great Osiris, save us!
Old man.—They will not hear you. Call on Israel's God.
He hath done this.
Crowd.—O God of Israel, save us!
Old man.—Behold him! See you not the stern Destroyer?
Crowd.—The form! The terrible form! Great God, have mercy!
Old man.—Hear you this universal cry, Egyptians?
And know you not the cause? This day again
The king refused to liberate the Hebrews.

Therefore their God, enraged, pours out his vengeance
On the whole nation.
An Egyptian.—Why does he refuse?
Why should we suffer for the tyrant's pride?
Down with the tyrant!
Crowd.—Down with the tyrant!
To the palace! Let us all to the palace!
Old man.—My friends, the king himself hath not escaped.
Death has been in the palace, and has seized
Our country's pride and ornament, prince Menes.
Egyptian.—Is the prince dead? Let us directly go,
And force the tyrant to set free the Hebrews!
Old man.—Hark! Death has not yet finished. Hear that cry!
It grows louder.—We shall be all dead men.
Crowd.—Come to the palace! Instant to the palace!
Down with the tyrant! Freedom to the Hebrews!
Old man.—See, hither comes a crowd, as if in haste.
They are coming from the palace.
Egyptian.—They are the men
Who have misled the king. Seize on the priests!
Hang them in their own temples!
Crowd.—Seize the magicians!
Trample them under foot!

(*Enter priests and magicians, with a great crowd.*)

Chephren.—We go to Goshen,
To send the Hebrews hence. Therefore, good friends,
Hinder us not. It is a work of haste.
We shall be all dead men.
Egyptian.—Let us go too,
And beg them to be gone—force them away.
Old man.—Take with you money, jewels, ornaments,
To buy their favour.
Chephren.—To your houses! Go!
Meet us at Goshen!

GOSHEN.

The close of the paschal supper. Moses. Pheron, Rachel, and others. Chorus of virgins.

Hail to thee, lovely bride!
The God of Israel ever shield thee!
And earth its richest treasures yield thee!
Hail to thee, lovely bride!

Awful thy marriage-day;
Thy festal rites with judgments blending;
While death's stern messenger descending
Walks on his fatal way.

No virgin train is here;
No glittering lamps at midnight meet thee;
No merry harp and tabret greet thee;
Thy fluttering breast to cheer.

For thee no pageant show;
No solemn dance with torches blazing;
No crowds from door and lattice gazing,
To watch thee homeward go.

But in this nuptial hour
Thy music is the death-cry swelling;
The desert sands will be thy dwelling,
Rude rocks thy bridal bower.

Yet no foul omen fear.
'Mid Israel's camp no plague shall blight thee;
No foe molest, nor phantom fright thee;
Thou dwell'st in safety here.

Then cheer thee, happy bride!
Joy oft is born of gloom and sorrow.
These evening clouds will break to-morrow.
Then cheer thee, happy bride!

GOSHEN.

Moses and Hebrews assembled.

Moses.—Children of Israel, swelling 'mid our feast
We heard the cry of mourning. A million deaths
Were in that wail of terror: yet on us
The sword of the Destroyer has not fallen.
We feast and triumph. This mysterious lamb
Has been the instrument of our salvation.
Some glorious truth lies hid beneath this symbol.
The spirit of prophecy obscurely shows
Some greater triumph than we hail to-night
O'er some more potent enemy; in which
Not Israel only, but the world shall glory.
Then for posterity, as for ourselves,

Let us rejoice; and in our passover
Celebrate this salvation, dimly shown,
Which shall enrich all nations and all ages.
Even now I see the book of time unrol
Its inmost page; and I behold the world
Blessed in Israel. In far distant days
A light shall dawn on countries yet unpeopled,
And realms yet undiscovered; and this feast
Which we have solemnized shall be observed
By all earth's millions. In the latter days
In Abraham shall be gathered all the tribes
Which throng the earth; and this deliverance
Be sung by every people while the earth
Remaineth.

Enter an Egyptian.

Moses.—Fear hath bereft his soul of reason. See,
His wandering eye roams through the vacant air,
And shews no consciousness. Terror hath killed him.

Enter another Egyptian.

Egyptian.—Help, Moses, help! Am I in safety yet?
Moses.—Here is no danger.
Egyptian.—Oh! this horrid night!
I thought all human kind had met their doom!
That deafening shriek never, till life's last hour,
Will leave my ears; that awful fiery form
Ne'er quit my sight. Maddened, I fled, and fled,
For death was close behind.

Enter another Egyptian.

Pheron.—Another fugitive!
Egyptian.—Oh! Moses, stay the plague!
If e'er sweet pity touched your heart, have mercy
Upon despairing Egypt. Men and babes,
Youth and old age, are mown down like the grass.

Enter others.

An Egyptian.—No god is like Jehovah. He hath conquered;
And Pharaoh, proud no longer, gives you freedom.
You are the masters; we your lowly slaves.
But O, my lord, be god-like. Spare the lives
That yet are left.

Enter the Messengers of Pharaoh.

A Priest.—Moses, we come from Pharaoh.
Moses.—I wait your monarch's message.
A Priest.—Thus saith the king:
Go out from Egypt. Serve the Lord, your God.
Take with you all your people; all your children;
Take all your flocks and herds, as you have said.
But go in haste! And bless me also!

Enter a Crowd of Egyptians.

The Crowd.—Moses, go forth! We shall be all dead men.
Moses.—The hour is come! Israel at length is free.
Tell Joshua to set the tribes in motion,
And march towards the desert. Meanwhile sing
Our song of gratitude and triumph.

CHORUS.

Hail, Captain of the Skies,
We chaunt thy victories!
When, against Satan's rebel hordes
Thy dazzling cherub armies sped,
Shivering beneath their flaming swords,
The fiends in panic terror fled.
Then from the ramparts sheer of heaven
The astonished legions wildly fell;
And by thy scorching thunderbolts were driven,
Swift as the lightning's flash, to hell.
Then burst the shout from angels' tongue;
The skies with hallelujahs rung;
And all God's children hymned the Eternal WORD,
Heaven's valiant Champion, Nature's Sire and Lord.

Hero, we see thee stand
On Pharaoh's rebel land.
Sweeping around thy awful brow
We see thy flashing falchion now,
Gleaming above the midnight bed,
And crowding Egypt with the dead.
For, from thy royal throne,
Thou leapedst forth alone,
Like a fierce warrior 'midst thy foes.
Then shrieks of agony arose,
As, 'lighting on the earth, they saw thee nigh,
Thy towering stature reaching to the sky. *

* Wisdom of Solomon, xviii., 15, 16,

March through the world in state!
New victories on thee wait.
Before thy shouting armies fall
Embattled tower, and massive wall.
Philistia's vanquished gods bow down,
Dagon and Ashtaroth, at thy frown.
Baal exults no more;
Nor Moloch, foul with gore.
The oaks on Bashan's fertile field,
And Lebanon's proud cedars yield:
While fleets from Zidon and from Tyre proclaim
To Chittim's hundred isles thy growing fame.

We hear thy thundering tread.
Thy many-crowned head
Gleams 'mid the lightnings of thy car.
The nations yield, and battles cease,
Till man forgets the din of war,
And the charmed world is hushed in peace.
Sages their incense, gold, and gems,
Bring to the footstool of thy throne;
Monarchs, uncrowned, their jewelled diadems
Place on thy kingly brow alone.
The forest lifts its laughing head;
The deep shouts from its pearly bed;
And ocean's multitudes of islands raise
Their choral anthem to Messiah's praise.

(To be concluded next month.)

CANADA.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CANADA, the bless'd—the free,
With prophetic glance I see
Visions of thy future glory;
Giving to the world's great story,

A page, with mighty meaning fraught,
That asks a wider range of thought—
Borne onwards on the wings of time,
I trace thy future course, sublime;
And feel my anxious lot grow bright,
Whilst musing on the glorious sight—
Yea, my heart leaps up with glee
To hail thy noble destiny!

Yes, e'en now, thy sons inherit
All thy British mother's spirit;
Ah, no child of bondage, thou,
With her blessings on thy brow,
And her deathless old renown
Circling thee with freedom's crown:
With her love within thy heart,
Well may'st thou perform thy part;
And to coming years proclaim
Thou art worthy of her name.

By all thou hast inherited,
Of nations thou shalt stand the head:
First to run the Christian race,
Old oppressions to efface;
Slow to strike, and swift to spare—
Noble deeds to do and dare.
Home of the homeless—friend to all,
Who suffer on this earthly ball;
On thy bosom, sickly care
Quite forgets her squalid lair;
Gaunt famine, ghastly poverty,
Before thy gracious aspect fly;
And hopes long crush'd grow bright again,
And smiling point to hill and plain.

By thy winter's stainless snow;
Starry heavens of purer glow;
Glorious summers, fervid, bright,
Basking in one blaze of light:
By thy fair, salubrious clime;
By thy scenery sublime;
By thy mountains, streams, and woods;
By thy everlasting floods—
If greatness dwells beneath the skies,
Thou to greatness shalt arise!

Nations old, and empires vast,
From the earth had darkly past,
Ere rose the fair, auspicious morn
When thou, the last—not least—was't born.
Through the desert solitude
Of trackless waters—forests rude,
Thy guardian angel sent a cry,
All jubilant of victory!
"Joy!" she cried, "to the untill'd earth;
Let her joy in a mighty nation's birth;—
Night from the land has past away,
The desert basks in the noon of day.

Joy! to the sullen wilderness;
I come her gloomy shades to bless—
To bid the bear and wild-cat yield
Their savage haunts to town and field.
Joy! to stout hearts and willing hands,
That win a right to these broad lands,
And reap the fruit of honest toil;
Lords of the rich, abundant soil.

Joy! to the sons of want, who groan
In lands that cannot feed their own,
And seek in stern, determin'd mood,
Homes in the land of lake and wood;
Who leave their heart's young hopes behind,
Friends in a distant world to find—
Led by that God, who from his throne
Regards the poor man's stifled moan.
Like one awaken'd from the dead,
The peasant lifts his drooping head,
Nerves his strong heart and sun-burnt hand,
To win a portion of the land
That glooms before him, far and wide,
In frowning woods and surging tide.
No more oppress'd—no more a slave,
Here freedom dwells, beyond the wave.

Joy! to those hardy sires who bore
The day's first heat—their toils are o'er:
Rude fathers of this rising land—
Their's was a mission truly grand:
Brave peasants, whom the Father God
Sent to reclaim the stubborn sod;—
Well they perform'd their task, and won
Altar and hearth for the woodman's son.

Joy! to Canada's unborn heirs,
A deathless heritage is theirs;
For, sway'd by wise and holy laws,
Her voice shall aid the world's great cause—
Shall plead the rights of man, and claim
For humble worth an honest fame;—
Shall show, the peasant-born can be,
When call'd to action, great and free,
Like fire within the flint conceal'd,
By stern necessity reveal'd;
Kindles to life the stupid clod—
Image of perfect man and God!

Joy! to thy unborn sons, for they
Shall hail a purer, brighter day,
When peace and Christian brotherhood
Shall form a stronger tie than blood,
And commerce, freed from tax and chain,
Shall build a bridge o'er earth and main;
And man shall prize the wealth of mind
The greatest blessing to mankind;
True Christians, both in word and deed,
Ready in virtue's cause to bleed;
Against a world combin'd to stand,
And guard the honour of the land;—
Joy! to the earth—when this shall be,
Time verges on eternity!

WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

We parted in silence; we parted by night:
On the banks of that lonely river,
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,
We met: and we parted *for ever*.
The night-bird sang, and the stars above
Told many a touching story
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its wreath of glory.

We parted in silence: our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling;
We vowed we would never, oh never, forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling.
But the lips that echoed the vow of mine
Are cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, the beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires for ever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full to weeping;
Each *star* is to me as a *sealed book*,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence, we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river;
But the odour and bloom of those by-gone years
Shall hang round its waters for ever.

THE DAUGHTER.*

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

CHAPTER VI.

" 'Tis the cruel artifice of fate,
Thus to refine and vary on our woes,
To raise us from despair, and give us hopes,
Only to plunge us in the gulph again,
And make us doubly wretched."

WHAT language can describe the tumult of contending and agonising feelings, which swelled the heart of Lucy Harcourt, almost to bursting, at this unveiling of her idol, at this overthrow of all her hopes and expectations from him? Bitter indeed was the disappointment, at discovering a monster of sensuality, a systematic seducer, in the being she had pourtrayed to herself as the most charming, refined, and generous of his sex. Hard to bear was this first rude lesson of her young experience of mankind, and dreadful was the idea, that her father and Mr. Wentworth might only be the rare and beautiful exceptions,—not the standing rule by which to form her opinion of them. That, probably, in the rough path she had just commenced to tread, she might encounter many even worse than the man whose remembrance made her shudder. " And, this is life!" she continued; " this is that sad, that dark page of worldly wisdom, the most innocent must peruse! Oh! must we only gain knowledge, to learn from it suspicion, caution, and distrust? Oh! what a loss is such gain! how profitless is all, compared to that happy confidence, that ardent trustfulness, which result from our purer ignorance!"

The tears streamed in torrents down her pale face, and fell unheeded on her clasped hands, as, seated immovably in the chair in which she sank, as Lord Morton left the room, she en-

* Concluded from p. 155, vol. lii.

deavoured to rouse herself from these painfully absorbing reflections, to collect her scattered thoughts, to recall a portion of the courage which had so wonderfully supported her through her long and mortifying interview with him, to enable her to meet the father, she felt assured would, after all, return a beggar, with no consolation, save her cheerful sympathy, her ready and spontaneous commiseration.

"How should she console him? how explain, that through HER, his ruin was accomplished? that she had opened the door to poverty,—she had dug the grave of sorrow, to receive his worn and bowed frame?

"She ought to have conciliated the man who could, and no doubt would, effect their entire destruction, rather than have driven him to such extremities, for the sake of the dear old man who had quitted her a few hours before so elate with hope. Yet, how for a moment compromise her virtue, even in appearance, by not resenting, as she had done, the indignity offered to it?

"Had not that father taught her every ennobling sentiment to which she had given utterance?—had he not even compelled her to swear to maintain that virtue inviolable, even should a death of famine threaten them both?—O, my father! I have obeyed you. Your child is victorious over evil, although her heart is transpierced in the contest!

"Direct me, O thou merciful Providence, who guided me through this, the severest trial of my existence, how to receive the parent for whose well-being alone I desire its prolongation!"

After a variety of resolutions, rejected as soon as formed, she determined to regulate her conduct and communication, by her father's manner and deportment on his return. One glance would suffice, to convince her of the result of his visit,—of the fulfilment or not of his anticipations; whether, in fact, Lord Morton had, in the hatred and disappointment of his heart, proved himself as implacably revengeful as his parting words led her to apprehend.

She, therefore, assumed a calmness she was far from feeling, and obliterating as much as possible, the traces of the anguished tears she had been so profusely shedding, she awaited with a fond and anxious impatience the moment of his arrival from the Hall.

Her heart beat tumultuously, and then died away with a sick sensation of faintness, as she saw him approaching, driven in the same tilbury, and by the same respectful domestic who had been sent for him in the morning, who, after assisting him

to alight, took his leave without delaying an instant, despite Mr. Harcourt's hospitable invitation to tea.

With one bound she was in her father's arms, when hiding her face on his bosom, she listened breathlessly to the first words he should speak, as being the confirmation of despair, or the revival of hope.

Unbounded then was her astonishment, nay, delight, to hear him say, in a tone of the liveliest gratitude, as he returned her warm embrace: "Well, dearest, you were not deceived in Lord Morton, for I have found him all you described, Lucy: the most considerate, the most liberal, the most noble minded of mankind.

"But sit down, darling, for you tremble and look pale; quite close, and I will tell you all. Such a happy day as I have spent, the very happiest since your mother's death! Are you listening, love?"

"Most intently, dear father, pray proceed," replied the bewildered girl.

"The horse was the steadiest I ever sat behind, the gig the best hung, and the driver most expert. The day, as you know, was exquisite, the air clear and exhilarating; now and then, a soft and balmy gale, lifting up my grey hair, and playing with something like youthful health over my withered cheek. The weather, certainly, has much influence on our feelings. This I experienced most signally in my drive; nature, as it were, sympathising with my errand, made me in high spirits, and when I reached the Hall, and was received in the library by Lord Morton, alone, in the most urbane manner, I could scarcely return his salutation with becoming decorum, for the joyful and upspringing emotions of my heart; which caused me to forget, for the moment, that I was only an aged mendicant in the presence of youthful mercy.

"He desired me to be seated, and then entered on my affairs with scrutinizing attention. Being satisfied with the investigation, which he was pleased to observe, reflected the highest credit on me; he asked me what I required to enable me to recover the serious injury the untoward season had done me? 'Time, my lord, only time, to pay you to the utmost farthing, and become once more an independent, and perhaps, happy man.' 'But, my dear sir, would you not rather that I should cancel all arrears at once?' 'By no means, my lord,' I exclaimed, 'that would excite the jealousy of others, and raise up enemies around me; the unwonted favours of the great being always liable to an invidious and malignant construction. Give me only time, my lord, and leave the rest to God, and as willing a

pair of hands as an upright mind ever stimulated to honest exertion.'

"'Well, Harcourt, be it so,' he replied, 'I admire your resolution to be above obligation, even to me. Take what time you choose, or, if with all your truly laudable endeavours, you are still unable to discharge the debt, which a series of misfortunes have entailed on you, recollect, that I now consider it liquidated; in confirmation of which, here is a receipt in full, which, if you do not wish to offend me, you will accept without scruple.' 'O, my lord, you are too, too good,' I answered, as well as the choking tears would allow me to speak.

"But, you are weeping yourself, Lucy," he observed, suddenly interrupting his interesting narrative, as his ear caught the quick, convulsive sobs of his agitated daughter, "Come, come, there is no occasion for tears, *now!* I am a foolish old man, to tell you all this, but, I thought you would be glad to hear that your paragon was indeed so perfect!"

"So I am, dear father. Do not mind my tears, joy always has a subduing effect on me."

"So it had on your precious mother. It made her more holy, more heavenly minded; she never expressed it gaily, but, her soul wore a brighter smile, a tenderer gladsomeness."

"Oh, Lucy! how radiant will you make the fireside of him who is so blest as to call you his own; with your store of sweet womanly affections, your deep sensibility, your clinging, feminine reliance. Trust me, a wife is never so winning, never so endearing, as when she looks to her husband for support, encouragement, and confidence. Her beauty, her strong tie is her utter dependence. Never aim then at domestic dominion; be in the *wife*, that which you are in the *child*, obedient, timid, fond, and confiding, and you will be idolized by your husband, as you are by your father. I tire you, perhaps, with so much talking; shall I leave the remainder of what I have still to say, until to-morrow, darling?"

"Oh, no, no! pray finish now, I shall rest all the better for it, be assured."

"Of course, dear, I objected to avail myself of his lordship's generosity; he would, however, take no denial, although, I urged a thousand potent reasons for refusing; but, folding up the receipt, he actually thrust it into my pocket, saying, as with a desire to spare my feelings: 'This is strictly between ourselves, not even Sackville shall know of it; so, keep your own counsel, and do as you please about ever paying me; and now,' he continued, 'let me show you the way to the dining-room, where you will find refreshments ready for you, with your old

friend Mr. Wentworth, and a rather rattling one of mine, to bear you company. I regret business of rather an important nature, obliges me to leave you for a short time; but try to enjoy yourself, and do not go until I return, mind that.'

"I found really a splendid dinner, excellent wine; and, as if my taste had been especially consulted, some remarkably fine old pineapple-ale. Mr. Wentworth was, as usual, full of conversational anecdote, and information; and as for Mr. Greville, I never met with so agreeable a companion, he was quite at home on every subject, even to a thorough knowledge of practical farming. I do assure, you, Lucy, with all my experience, I gained many useful hints from him. Who would have expected, that a fashionable young man could be acquainted with the best manner of preventing the *wireworm*, that deadly foe to the turnip? Yet so it was!

"I was not aware of the time, until it struck six o'clock; when Lord Morton returned, and I regretted to see, he looked out of spirits, and jaded to a degree. I was just going to express my sorrow for it, when Mr. Greville, with a loud laugh, began to rally him most unmercifully on his crest-fallen appearance, as he took the liberty of terming his lordship's evident depression; protesting to me, it was only in consequence of the bad sport he had had, that he was so out of sorts; that the game he went after was so wild he could not get near it; and hence, his disappointment and chagrin. So you see, Lucy, what a trifle disturbs the equanimity of those who have only to struggle against the lassitude of luxury! Ah, if the powers of his really fine mind had been quickened to a healthier tone, by the bracing gust of wholesome self-exertion, he would not have found cause of sorrow and complaining, in the paltry failure of a pursuit after mere pleasure; and to designate the affair, a matter of importance, too! But no doubt, it was so to one, who has never had a higher aim for his manlier enegies!

"Now, go to bed, my dearest, it is much beyond your usual hour; and you look almost as fatigued and melancholy as Lord Morton, despite my good news. I need not ask you to remember him in your prayers. My Lucy has too grateful and loving a heart, not to breathe the name of her father's benefactor, first to heaven, to-night. I have lain awake many, many nights, for anguish and distress: and to-night, I feel as if I should keep the vigils of joy!

"Go! go! darling, and let me see your cheek blooming and your eye bright, in the morning. I shall rise with the lark; for I have a great and glorious task before me,—that of endeavouring not to abuse the confidence of a benevolent man,—that

of shewing my gratitude to the Almighty, for raising me from the brink of despair, and setting me on the highest pinnacle of hope,—and that of proving to my fellow labourers, that, with a landlord, who is inclined to mercy and forbearance, the honest-hearted can overcome all difficulties, and triumph over adversity!"

"Good night! good night, and God bless you, dear, dear father," said the affectionate girl, fervently embracing her father; who returned her kiss, with four-fold ardour, as he replied, "And God bless *you*, my treasure!"

CHAPTER VII.

"But well I wote that to an heavy hart
Thou art the roote and nourse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts:
Instead of rest, thou lendest rayless teares,
Instead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares:
And dreadfull visions, in the which alive
The dreary image of sad death appeares:
So from the weary spirit thou doest drive
Desired rest, and men of happinesse deprive."

Night, Spenser's Faery Queene.

Lucy was indeed glad to avail herself of her father's permission, to escape to the silence and solitude of her own little chamber. Not to sleep,—that, in the present excited state of her feelings, was out of the question. But, to collect her thoughts, to reflect on the stirring occurrences of the past most eventful day of her, hitherto, monotonous and unvaried life. To endeavour, if possible, to account for Lord Morton's generous conduct to her father, after her proud rejection of his insulting offers, his threats at parting, and his evident despair and mortification on his reaching home, palpable, even to her unsuspicious father; and poorly glozed over by the affected raillery of his friend. And, more than all, to decide on the plans she must pursue with her father, respecting those offers, whether to inform him of them or not.

Strong and fearful was the debate in her young, unassisted mind! Many a prayer breathed to heaven for guidance, many

a tear of anguish, regret, terror, and almost, love, hallowed that obscure room in the darkness and hush of its midnight stillness! It seemed to her, as if Lord Morton had repented of his baseness, had sought to atone for it, in the most delicate and gratifying manner to her outraged sensibility; by shewing liberality and deference to the father she so reverenced. Had he not returned sorrowful, dejected, overwhelmed with a sense of shame and remorse? How else interpret the pensiveness and gloom her father had so pathetically described? Yes! he was grieved for his fault, crime, indeed, and would therefore surely avoid a repetition of it!

It seemed to her cruel, unnecessary, uncalled for, to disturb the newly-acquired serenity, the full and holy confidence in the friend, actually believed to have been inspired by an especial Providence to succour him, which so soothingly cradled to peace her father's lately tempest-tossed bosom; quenching, ere it had attained half its meridian lustre, that hope, rising like another sun, to warm and invigorate the heart-blossoms, chilled and drooping beneath the nipping blast of the receding winter of penury; by stating to him the appalling interview she had had that very day, with the man his own lips were blessing, the *man* whom he had charged her to remember in her prayers!

Oh! could he survive the shock of knowing, that, instead of blessing him as a benefactor, he must curse him as a seducer, as the vile tamperer with his child's innocence, as a wretch so devoid of every generous emotion, as to take advantage of his poverty, to bribe her to her ruin? Oh! no, no, no, he must never know it, the revulsion of feeling would be his instant death.

Well, too, did she know, that his inflexible idea of honour would cause him to spurn the merest shadow of a favour, obtained at the remotest cost of his, or his child's integrity. Then, with a shudder of inward anguish, she suddenly remembered her oath, the promise she had given of holding it inviolate, to the dear old man, who trusted so implicitly to her word. But, as if the spirit of her mother suggested it to her, she also recollected the mental reservation she had providentially made whilst uttering that oath, "If I am in danger, I will fly to your bosom for shelter, as flies the dove from the impending storm." She was NOT in danger—she had, by her own courage, her own virtue, her own religion, faced and defied destruction. She had escaped the threatened tempest, she WAS safe; wherefore then rush tremblingly and terror stricken to the shelter of that bosom, now, in all probability, engaged in pouring out its pious aspirations of praises and thanksgivings to God, for the late mercies vouchsafed?

"I too will join you, oh, my beloved father, in those prayers," she continued, sinking on her knees, by the side of her simple bed, "nor shall HIS name be forgotten, who has, despite all his fearful turpitude, removed the heavy hand of affliction, which was bowing you to the grave." Oh! who requires the prayers of the good and virtuous so much as he, who, having the germs of excellence in his heart, finds them choked by the pleasures and vanities of life, those gigantic weeds, whose rapid growth nothing can check, no culture exterminate, save the slow and careful hand of humble and sincere piety? Oh! who requires so much the appeals of compassion, the pleadings of pity to the throne of grace, as he, who absorbed in the tumult of passion, the seductions of dissipation, the corruptions of sin, and the obliterating and torpedo-like deadness of criminal gratification, FORGETS TO PRAY FOR HIMSELF?

"Quicken then, O gracious God, the seeds of reformation in that just awakening heart; teach it, that there are purer and higher joys for man, even on earth, than those springing from the turpid stream of vice and folly.

"Let this day be to Lord Morton, as it has been to me, one of trial, but victory; one of glorifying and worship unto thee, for a renewing of the spirit's faith, and a bright foretaste of the better things awaiting those, who, shunning temptation, struggle on in the narrow path thy hand hath strewn with thorns, for them to trample triumphantly on."

CHAPTER VIII.

"In thy fair brow there's such a legend writ
Of chastity, as blinds the adult'rous eye;
Not the mountain ice,
Congeal'd to chrystal, is so frosty chaste
As thy victorious soul, which conquers man,
And man's proud tyrant passion."

DRYDEN.

LUCY rose, at a much later hour than usual, on the following morning, yet still languid and unrefreshed. The short intervals of sleep she had been able to obtain, were rendered

ineffective to restore her mental and corporeal powers, by disturbing and agitating dreams, which depicted, with all the accustomed distortions of those unreal mockeries, the events of the preceding day, heightened and magnified into scenes of terrible and inextricable perplexity.

As soon as her father had mounted his dear, and lately doomed gray cob, to ride leisurely over the farm now to be viewed through the microscopic lens of hope; she strolled into the garden, to trim her straggling rose-trees, and weed her much-neglected flower-beds, trusting to that healthy and reviving amusement, to remove the distracting headache, from which she was suffering.

Whilst thus engaged, her ear caught the sound of swiftly approaching wheels, and looking up, a few moments afterwards, she saw Lord Morton's travelling carriage pass the low gate, at a rapid pace.

She caught a slight glimpse of his lordship, who was leaning back in the corner of the carriage, apparently lost in meditation. He struck her as being pale, and out of spirits. Lucy felt a quick and startling pang of disappointment shoot through her bosom, that he did not deign to cast one farewell glance on the humble mansion whose inmates he had restored to, at least, comparative happiness. "Strange inconsistency!" she exclaimed, "alas, what PERMANENT good can be expected from a character so variable? doubtless, he already repents the partial favour to my poor father, and condemns his inconsiderate generosity to him."

She was, at this moment, summoned into the house; a servant having arrived from the Hall, by his lordship's express desire, bearing a basket of game and fruit for her father, and a most splendid bouquet and letter for herself. These she was on the point of declining, but the man, imagining he had fulfilled his commission, laid the flowers on the table, the letter by them, and bowing respectfully, hastily withdrew.

Attracted by its exquisite fragrance, Lucy took up the bouquet, to examine whence emanated its delicious perfume; she almost fancied Lord Morton must have personally superintended its arrangement, from the taste and elegance displayed. In the centre was one magnificent rose-odorata, with two or three just-expanding buds, a row of gardenias, white japonicas, and jasmine, surrounded by lilies of the valley, their beautiful green leaves lending a charming contrast to the uniform and dazzling whiteness of the flowers, the rose being almost as purely pale as the others.

A vivid blush overspread the cheek and brow of the attentive girl, at the idea, that, perhaps, in selecting only such flowers,

Lord Morton had delicately intended to emblemize her own purity, and shew his appreciation of it, rather than entertaining any resentment against her, so much to be dreaded, for the injury it might eventually do her father.

Softened by this sweet fancy, and hoping to find its confirmation in the letter before her, she, with a pardonable curiosity, retreated to her room, flowers and all, to peruse it unmolested. It ran thus,—

"Lucy, Dearest Lucy,

Not daring to appear before you, and yet unable to tear myself away from the spot you inhabit, and consequently, bless and sanctify, without one word of farewell, one word to deprecate your anger, to plead in atonement for my rashness, to implore pardon, pity, for it, rather than condemnation, as being sincerely, bitterly repented of; I presume to address you thus, as the least offensive to you, to satisfy, in some measure, the imperative craving of that heart you have so humbled, and yet so exalted, rendered so void, and yet so replete with novel and entrancing sensations. O Lucy, had any one told me, a short time ago, that I should have prostrated myself in absolute worship, before an unsophisticated village girl, a lowly maiden, a mere child of nature like yourself, I should have ridiculed the idea, scorned the degrading imputation; my pride, ravishing every drop of blood from my indignant heart, would have leaped into my face with a thousand blushes, to deny the mortifying charge. But now, but now, I feel a sort of exultation in my bondage, a glory in my chains; for who can withstand the eloquence of your innocence? who can resist the influence of your purity?

It does indeed speak to the soul, with the tongue of an angel, appealing to its every better feeling, and kindling the holiest inspirations there. Do not imagine, that what I have done for your father, is to BRIBE your regard, through its most potent and affecting source, your filial affection. Do not imagine, that I sought thus to repay you, for recent insult and injury. No, I acted from a sublimer motive, that of cherishing, through mercy and charity, the seraphic suggestions you had just whispered to my enraptured bosom. And oh, more than all, do not imagine, for the briefest instant, that you are laid under the slightest obligation to me, for the same; pray, pray do not, I implore you, but believe, rather, as I solemnly swear it that every weight of obligation is on my side, that I owe you more, far, far more, than the longest life would enable me to repay,—restored honour, happiness, and piety.

I have spent many, many nights in pleasure and dissipation, but only one in reflection, in self-examination, in diving into

the most secret depths of my heart, and probing it, to its inmost core, in laying bare its iniquity, and reading, with an impartial eye, the dark crimes inscribed on its polluted pages; and that was LAST NIGHT.

By the side of that couch, dearest, on which I knew it was in vain to seek for rest, I knelt down, and prayed, prayed as you would have done, with the simplicity and trustfulness of childhood; and while I prayed to Him, who can alone grant it, for pardon for my flagrant and manifold transgressions, and strength and resolution for future amendment, your spotless image arose on my memory, like the morning star of hope, assuring me that success would reward my perseverance.

I do not ask you to love me now,—I only ask for the smallest portion of pity,—a tender and benign remembrance, that, when you hear my name breathed, which you will, for I shall commission a legion of good deeds to echo it in your path; your heart may respond, 'Yes, despite the force of long-indulged and enervating habit, he has mastered the master who enslaved him, and rent asunder the bonds that bound him; lo! he is once more, that which God designed him at his birth, the friend of sorrow and suffering, a gracious and benevolent man.'

I quit England, for an indefinite period. It may be only months, and it may be long, long lingering years ere I re-visit its shores. I go, the voluntary pilgrim of remorse,—I go to struggle with my new resolutions—to educate my heart in them, until virtue once more becomes habitual to it. I go to shake off all the old and pernicious associates, who, more than its native corruption, led that heart astray; the base panderers, who taught me to deride innocence, to sneer at piety, and to despise the God from whom I derived every shamefully abused blessing.

Think of the poor wanderer sometimes, let this self-banishment soften your bosom towards one, whose whole soul is absorbed in the divine idea, of one day being loved by you, fondly, fervently loved,—loved as only a chaste, unworldly woman can love, making, as it were, her affection for her husband, an absolute religion.

I *see* your smile of disdain; I *hear* your loftily uttered 'Impossible!' I *feel* the indignant flashing of your eye; yet, nevertheless, that which I say is oracular: If ever man is loved by woman, I *will* be loved; yes, I repeat it, loved by you. Love is not love, unless attended by beautiful and startling miracles!

I have parted for ever with Greville, the odious Greville. I have dismissed from my service the unfaithful steward, who

allowed his lord to oppress and persecute, in the very heedlessness of youth, without a word of admonition, without a word of mitigation for the sufferings he daily witnessed, and studiously concealed from him who ought to have flown to their redress.

With my own hands I gathered the flowers I send for your forgiving acceptance; with my own trembling hands, *trembling* with the exquisite hope, that they would find a place on that relenting bosom. Oh, that they could speak! then, would they tell you, that, whilst arranging them, I kissed and blessed every one, slowly and separately, and that on some of them a tear was dropped, a sweet contrite tear, which, perhaps, still glistens on their balmy petals, bright as the sparkle of dew the young morning sheds from her radiant eyes!

It may appear strange, that I thus become an exile. Master of myself, with none to command or controul; why should I not remain, and at once offer all I possess, in compensation of my recent perfidy? That would neither satisfy you nor myself; the stockdove, however constant, does not return to the nest from which she has been driven, either by the hurricane, or the ruder prowler, until every sob of the hurrying wind has been lulled to tranquillity, every echo of the intruder's footstep died away on the hush of twilight. What could I hope from you now, but decided refusal, rooted aversion, implacable contempt? I must await that more propitious hour, when the lenient and skilful hand of time, having eradicated the tares and vetches of animosity, prepares it to receive the seeds of that fruitful harvest of affection, which your willing *heart* allows *mine* to gather, to garner up for ever!

"One phantom of dread alone haunts my imagination, the fear of finding you on my return, either the bride or the betrothed of another! Should such a calamity be in store for me, I shall be a wretch, indeed! O Providence, defend me from it. O Providence, watch over the innocence I commit to your guardianship, until I am worthy to become its protector, under your special guidance, myself.

"Farewell, most beloved, most adored, Lucy,—farewell.

"Believe in the sincerity of the devoted, but unhappy,

"MORTON."

Lucy's frequent tears had blotted this passionate and incoherent letter, many, many times interrupting its perusal, by dimming the very sight aching to conclude it.

She apprehended, from the many strange and improbable assertions it contained, that Lord Morton's reason was really affected at the moment of addressing her. "Love him, fly into

his arms, make a very religion of her affection for the man who had treated her as the outcast of her sex? Impossible! well, indeed, had he, himself, said, impossible! No, no, no, however she might pity him, however she might applaud him, however all around might praise and bless, honour and extol him, for the benefits he dispensed, for his gracious manner of so doing: her heart, she felt, that heart which never deceived her, could never, *never* love him!"

Folding up the letter, she was too wavering to destroy, she put it carefully away; then, seating herself on her little bed, she took up the bouquet, and examined it with the scrutiny of a treasure-seeker; for what, in sooth? for one of the tears which Lord Morton had shed over it! Nestled in the dark green leaves of a lily, she discovered one glittering drop, which, with a vivid blush of delight, she gazed on with unutterable emotion, and would have pressed to her lips, but for that innate bashfulness, which restrains true modesty, even in the deepest solitude.

Lucy, in her artless enthusiasm, did not pause to consider the inconsistency of her own conduct, although she had so lately marvelled at that of Lord Morton. Led away by the idea, that all she experienced arose from the purest compassion, the liveliest, the most charitable hope in his entire reformation, and the consequent happiness it would entail on him,—he only wanting virtue and rectitude, to become a pattern of all that is most worthy and estimable,—she was not aware, that, by thus giving the reins to her susceptibility, she was unwittingly laying the foundation for that fair superstructure of love, her inconsiderate lips had just pronounced impossible.

CHAPTER IX.

"Adieu for him,
The dull engagements of the bustling world;
Adieu the sick impertinence of praise,
And hope, and action! for with her alone,
By streams and shades, to steal these sighing hours,
Is all he asks, and all that fate can give!"
Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.

"He has I know not what
Of greatness in his looks and of high fate,
That almost awes me"—*Dryden's Marriage a-la-Mode.*

Time sped on, in imperceptible and uninterrupted tranquillity; scarcely noted by the now happy Mr. Harcourt and Lucy. They who used so to dread every coming hour, as fearing it pregnant with some new calamity, suffered days, and even weeks to pass unheeded, in the smooth tenour of prosperity.

Sorrow alone, with its murmuring voice, and heavy heart, faithfully registers the slow revolving hours. Joy soon becomes an idler in its accounts; soon becomes too accustomed to felicity, to mark its brilliant progress! Man must be naturally ungrateful to Providence, it would seem, thus to remember *only* to complain. Oh, why not be equally retentive of his blessings? Animated with the hope of paying off his long-standing arrears, health and strength returned; once more, he was the active, busy farmer; full of energy, seizing on every improvement, and proud in the promise of the finest crops eyes ever luxuriated on.

Lucy, happy in the happiness of her father, partook of the buoyancy of his spirits, entered keenly into his sanguine expectations; yet, with a gentler, a more subdued tone of feeling, —trusting for their fulfilment to Him who regulates the seasons, and blesses the earth with increase.

She, too, had recovered her original vivacity and beauty, lifting up her lovely young head, to the clear and genial sky, now smiling over her, as the snowdrop, bursting through the frost-bound earth, rears its pearly bells in the glad advent of spring.

The kind young ladies at the parsonage, to divert her late melancholy, had insisted on instructing her in music, for which she had a surprising aptitude, united to a sweet, melodious

voice. At first, both she and her father objected to the cultivation of so elegant an accomplishment, as incompatible with her situation, but Mr. Wentworth insisted, that the proper developement of every innocent talent, was a duty to the great Giver of them, as shewing a grateful sense of his bounties: "Lucy will only praise God more fervently, I feel assured, for being taught to regulate her charming voice, devoting its finest strains to his service." Hence, no further objection was offered, and she soon played and sang delightfully.

In this she found a never failing source of intense gratification; while to her father, it proved a soothing recreation, from the cares of the more serious avocations of the day.

He was never weary of listening to Lucy's artless warblings, and evening after evening found her seated at the piano, singing his favourite ballads, the songs he remembered in his youth; the quaint old things, so lovely in their simplicity.

Neither of them had received any direct information from Lord Morton since his abrupt departure; but, they frequently heard of him, through Mr. Wentworth, whose second son, Alfred, had succeeded Mr. Sackville, as his lordship's land agent; and also, indeed, from every tenant, whose flourishing circumstances, more than words, bore ample testimony to the benefits he was dispensing around his vast domain.

Lucy had long since learned to consider the farewell letter she had received, as the mere outpourings of an ardent and over-excited imagination, stimulated by new and powerful emotions, as evanescent as they were impassioned.

She constantly expected to hear of his union with some fair creature in his own station; and looked forward with an almost feverish desire, to behold the object of his maturer and more deliberate selection.

Early in the following year, the farm contiguous to her father's, which had become vacant by the death of its late occupier, was, to the astonishment of all, and disappointment of many, taken by a Mr. Mortimer, a distant cousin of Lord Morton's, a gentleman of rather recluse habits, and delicate health, who had been strongly recommended by the faculty, to try country air, and rural pursuits, as a means of renovating an extremely shattered constitution.

This news naturally startled the island from its propriety. Curiosity was raised to the highest pitch, to behold this cousin of my lord's; the young, wondering whether he was handsome, and the old, whether he could farm.

Mr. Harcourt and Lucy shared the general excitement and anxiety, for the arrival of the stranger; the former, marvelling how one reared in inactivity and luxury, could ever entertain

the mistaken notion of being able to conform to the rude labours, even the really independent farmer must submit to; and the latter, with all a woman's spontaneous commiseration, hoping he would not overtask himself, that he would not find it intolerably dull, and that instead of improving his health, and beguiling his sadness, increase both.

"My dear father," soliloquized the affectionate, and grateful girl, "must do all he possibly can to assist and amuse him; he owes so much to Lord Morton, it will be a pleasure to repay some of the obligations he is under to him, by kind and respectful attentions to his cousin."

Upholsterers came from London to furnish the house, a large, commodious one, in the Elizabethan style; the garden, which had been much neglected in the more money-making days of his predecessor, was soon in admirable order, under the superintendence of the young gardener, engaged from a first-rate nurseryman near town; and the housekeeper, who, by a fortuitous circumstance, happened to be the foster-mother of Lucy's hapless orphanage, soon had everything most comfortably arranged for her new master: Lucy, by her advice and taste, helping the doating and obedient Martha most materially.

She had been hired to fill this very easy situation, at the suggestion of Lucy, in her declining years, by Mr. Alfred Wentworth, who saw to all, having known Mr. Mortimer at college.

Numerous were the questions put to him continually respecting the age, appearance, tastes, temper, character, and habits, of the neighbour so impatiently expected.

He answered invariably that he was young, pleasing, elegant, accomplished, and of a benevolence of mind and suavity of manner most winning and encouraging.

It was late on a Saturday evening when Mr. Mortimer reached the "Paddocks," the name of his residence. On the following day, Lucy beheld him seated in Mr. Wentworth's pew. She quite started at the extraordinary resemblance she fancied he bore to Lord Morton; on looking again, however, with more attention, she perceived that it was merely a strong family likeness which had struck her so at first: that he was not so tall, much paler, and with a fixed and inexpressibly pensive cast of countenance, totally at variance with the beaming joyousness of his cousin's.

Lucy, even in that sacred place, could not restrain her thoughts within the sanctuary of her guileless bosom, from wandering occasionally to the interesting young man, whose bad health, and evident depression of spirits, awoke her sincerest pity. This impression in his favour was considerably strength-

ened by the devout and unaffected manner in which he entered into the truly sublime and impressive service of our church.

Nothing, indeed, is more affecting than to witness those on the very threshold of this world, still offering up their aspirations on high, as if the young, unscathed hearts, as it were, by intuition, yearned for a better!

On quitting the church, Lucy and her father were formally introduced to Mr. Mortimer by Mr. Wentworth, and they walked leisurely home together, Mr. Harcourt almost exclusively engrossing the conversation of their intelligent companion, who appeared most desirous of cultivating his good opinion, and benefiting by his experience, being, in truth, as he candidly confessed, a perfect amateur in agriculture.

Mr. Harcourt listened, with patronizing compassion, to the modest avowal of his ignorance on such a momentous affair, and his earnest hopes of his kind instruction, which were promised with a hearty warmth. Lucy, too, listened to that clear, sonorous voice, that elegant enunciation, that rare selection of the most choice terms, even for the most common-place topics, and watched every turn of that eloquent countenance, now animated with the heat of argument almost to the glow of health, until she was fascinated with the enchantment of being in the presence of a true gentleman and a refined scholar, than which nothing is more enamouring.

On reaching the little garden gate, Mr. Mortimer took his leave, after obtaining permission to call whenever he was at a loss for advice or assistance.

Lucy lingered behind her father a few moments, to indulge the sweet and tender conjectures which crowded her fanciful imagination respecting the source of sadness so apparent in Mr. Mortimer. With all the tact of her sex, she concluded that he must be suffering from a disappointed affection. "Yet, what could have been adverse to his? No woman blest with the love of such a being could have deceived him, could have proved faithless. No: that was utterly out of the question. He is mourning over the hopes which death has blighted; his heart has withered beneath its blasting stroke; his tears have fertilized the sod that covers the remains of his betrothed! Yes, it must be so; his deep mourning, his pallid cheek, his abstracted air, all, all betoken that his anguish is the anguish of death, that his sorrow is the sorrow of the grave! And yet they send him here ALONE, to brood in silence and solitude, to nurse his despair, to recall the past, and feed on those memories which render the present so bitter! And they tell him, that he will regain his health and spirits, and learn to love and value life

again; but he will pine away in the chill of the heart's loneliness, and die. My father must watch over him; the Wentworths must allure him from his dismal home; they can sing and play to him. Julia is very pretty, and good as an angel, and perhaps she may win him to cheerfulness. I wonder whether he likes such beautiful hair and soft blue eyes? I think he must, for who could not admire, love, Julia Wentworth?"

It does not require a very long period of time for congenial minds to become familiarized to each other. In less than a month, Mr. Mortimer had become so intimate with Lucy and her father, that he was as naturally expected to appear at tea-time as the urn itself; the extra cup and saucer, and the chair for him, being placed, as a matter of course.

Lucy, ceasing to make a stranger of him, pursued her usual innocent amusements the same in his presence or absence, which afforded him infinite pleasure, as banishing restraint and the idea of intruding on her privacy. Nothing, indeed, could be more delightful than the easy, unceremonious terms on which they were now.

There certainly was no cause for surprise in all this. The farms were close together; Mr. Mortimer was a complete novice in cropping: and Mr. Harcourt was *so* ready to give him advice. To be sure, in his own ardour on the subject, he did not perceive the listless apathy of his neighbour, and that he entered much more warmly into Lucy's discussions of her favourite authors,—pointing out the most striking passages,—admiring the taste, delicacy, and discrimination she displayed, than in listening to the advantages of *broadcast* over *drilling*. Neither did the benevolent and unsuspicious old man observe the vivacity and cheerfulness with which he joined Lucy in her singing, nor how beautifully their voices blended in the simple and touching melodies they simultaneously selected. He saw and *felt* all was happiness and harmony around, and he did not ask why, considering that heaven alone dispensed the blessings he and his darling enjoyed.

The conversation frequently turned on Lord Morton, of whom Mr. Mortimer had seen much during the preceding summer, in Italy. Mr. Harcourt regretting, with truly patriotic feeling, that a man who had it in his power to do such unlimited good at home, should waste his time, money, and, perhaps, his health, in the frivolous and enervating dissipations of a foreign country. "I never pass the fine old family mansion, I declare, but my heart contracts with a sudden spasm of pain, that its walls are cold, and its rooms silent and empty, when the echoes of gladness and hospitality should resound from them. Be assured, sir, that a resident landlord, on a large domain, is considered as a special providence by all, but by the

poor especially, who are such sufferers from his absence. The smoke curling from the chimneys, and the fire dancing on the windows of the Hall, as the peasant wends his weary way, of a winter's evening, strike like a sunbeam to his heart, for he knows that there he will find employment in health, and assistance in sickness."

"I hope the day is not far distant, when my cousin will be again among those whose well-being is so dear to him. At present, he is far too ill to encounter the fatigue of travelling, or the excitement of a grateful tenantry."

"Lord Morton ill? how grieved I am to hear it! How grieved Lucy is, too, I am sure! Look! she is as pale as death! He is such a favourite with her."

"My dear father, your expressions are too strong," exclaimed Lucy, a vivid blush now succeeding the recent extreme pallor of her countenance; "Lord Morton is not a favourite of mine: I would not presume to imagine him so for a moment. I know what *you* owe him, and am grateful accordingly."

"You have changed your opinion considerably, then, my love, since you spoke in such rapturous terms of his lordship to me; when, to save your poor old father from a workhouse, you, with all your bashfulness, went boldly to the Hall, and pleaded like an angel for me. O Lucy, my dear child, do not deny your partiality for the best of human beings! It does honour to your heart to esteem such a man. Even his lordship's cousin must admire you for it."

"Oh! if I thought it possible,—if I COULD believe that Lord Morton still retained only a portion of Miss Harcourt's favourable opinion, that his memory was not utterly obnoxious to her," exclaimed Mr. Mortimer, with trembling emotion, bending his eyes imploringly on the embarassed girl, "it would make me unboundedly happy, for his sake, for I love my cousin as a brother."

"Then BE happy; for I am positive, before you came, there was not a man on earth for whom Lucy cared more. Now she only speaks as she does from the perverseness and fickleness inherent in even the best of women. She never mentioned his name without hesitation, nor heard me mention it without a blush; and does that look like indifference or dislike? No, no, what she says proceeds from the waywardness of youth; for she must, and ought to cherish his remembrance tenderly and holily, for he cannot have done any thing to cause MY child to think otherwise of him who has saved her father from destitution!"

The old man paused, overcome by sensibility, while Lucy, bursting into a passionate flood of tears, hurried into the garden, to escape the anguish of further argument.

The moon was just rising, the air cool and refreshing; and, in the hope of composing her mind, or rather, that Mr. Mortimer would take his departure, she seated herself on the garden-seat, and was soon absorbed in bitter and heart-rending retrospections.

"Was it compunction made the gay and thoughtless Lord Morton the invalid he was now represented? Was it compunction made him so good, so beneficent, so amiable? Had his prediction become true, that all around her should breathe his name in blessings? Strange, mysterious coincidence! but so it was, even Mr. Mortimer's penetrating voice sounding more harmonious when expatiating on his cousin's worth. His eyes grow brighter, his smile more winning, when describing that cousin's godlike qualities. Oh! how is it to be deplored that one who appears a seraph to every one else, should be remembered by me as a demon!"

These reflections were interrupted by the approach of Mr. Mortimer, who timidly seated himself beside her.

"Is it really possible," he said, in a tremulous tone, while his heart beat audibly, "that Lord Morton once enjoyed the high opinion your father protested he did, Miss Harcourt? Oh fool! oh madman, to forfeit it!"

"I will not deny," replied Lucy, aroused to the utmost astonishment by the unusual energy of Mr. Mortimer's manner, "that I once felt all the admiration for his lordship which my father has so injudiciously revealed. But—"

"Now you hate him utterly."

"No, not hate him; only despise him."

"And what can be worse? Oh! how can you, with your sweet nature, be so unforgiving?"

"Sir, there are injuries of that deep and lasting description which even the most placable could never pardon. But enough of this. I do not understand, nor do I seek to penetrate the mystery, why you so sedulously avail yourself of every occasion to become the advocate of your cousin. I can assure you, however, that any other subject, even the most indifferent, would be more pleasing to me.

"Every time his name is mentioned, I feel my candour painfully taxed, my dignity insulted; hence, the hesitation, the confusion, my precious father, in his blessed ignorance of the awful truth, imputes to such a different cause; for, there are things only known to heaven and myself, which I have endured to save that most beloved father from, as he justly declares, a workhouse!"

"And to me, Lucy, to me! Lord Morton has told me all!"

"How dared he, how could he expose the cold, calculating baseness of his heart? and how could you, after such a con-

fession, think of him as aught but as the greatest monster? Insolent wretch, to mix my name in a tale of common and, doubtlessly, triumphantly boasted seduction to a stranger. But he presumed on the silence a father's BREAD compelled me to observe, not to have this baser lie contradicted!"

"O Lucy, be more merciful, I entreat; you wrong him, indeed you do! If you only knew with what reverence he breathed your spotless name, with what tears he deplored his rash conduct, with what prayers he sought to expiate it, you would forgive him, you would accept his repentance, as an oblation to your offended virtue."

"Upon one condition, and one alone, I do and will forgive him; which is, that his name, from this hour, is never uttered in our private conversations. Before my father, it must be, or he would wonder at its banishment—but when I think what I might have been, had I, driven by poverty, listened to his vile suggestions,—when I think what I might have been, and what I am now—"

"The beloved, the adored of the most sincere, the most devoted of men!" exclaimed Mr. Mortimer, straining her ardently to his bosom. "O my cousin, your wish is fulfilled! 'Go, Edward,' he said, when I parted from him, while mutual tears flooded our clasped hands,—'go, and win the love of the angelic Lucy Harcourt, and repay her by the purity of your affection, for the profligate passion the wretched Morton once proffered her!'"

"Dear, *dear*, Edward!" murmured the subdued Lucy, almost stifled by her sobs, as her head fell upon his shoulder, "you have triumphed! Yes, from my soul, I now feel that your cousin is forgiven by me. Poor Lord Morton, may he, at last, be as happy in a virtuous attachment too!"

"Amen, my sweet; a thousand times, amen!" replied Mr. Mortimer, as with a fond kiss on her up-turned brow, he bade her that delicious "good night," which lovers, after the first fond declaration, breathe so earnestly and passionately at parting.

CHAPTER X.

"Youth is a flower, the fruit of which is love,
Happy is he who gathers it after having seen it grow gradually ripe."
Pindar.

"Now welcome Lady! exclaimed the youth,
This castle is thine and these dark woods all.
She believed him wild, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger woo'd and wed:
And the light of bliss, in those lordly groves,
Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed."—*Moore.*

Mr. Harcourt was not surprised at Mr. Mortimer's affection, he thought it perfectly natural that he should love his fair and gentle Lucy; nor was he surprised at his urging the very earliest day, to secure his treasure, because he remembered his own fluttering impatience, his own almost painful anxiety, to make sure of the felicity, which appeared too exquisite to be real, on a similar and far-off occasion, when her sweet mother, her very counterpart, had blushed, rather than spoken, her promise to be his. But, he did feel surprised, and that to a most considerable extent, to learn, a few days after every thing was arranged for a quiet wedding, that it was Lord Morton's intention to be at the Hall, ill as he was, on the morning of the ceremony, to give a breakfast to the whole nuptial party.

This was most unwelcome intelligence to Lucy, who hoped to steal unostentatiously from the church, to the "Paddocks," trusting to dear old Martha, for the comfortable breakfast her warm heart would prepare for her foster-child. She concealed her chagrin, however, not to cast a shadow of gloom over the evident delight the news afforded both her father, and Edward, whose happiness was still far beyond any selfish disappointment of her own.

Little preparation was necessary for the modest nuptials of Lucy Harcourt, who, true to the unassuming lowliness of her unoffending disposition, begged to have no display to excite the envy of the less fortunate, so, that only charity and good-will might attend her to the altar. In compliance with this, her last maiden wish, her dress was allowed to be as simple as possible, her diamonds were the tears which glistened in the eyes of sufferers her bounty had relieved, and her pearls were fresh gathered snowdrops from her mother's grave, which clustering in her bosom, and wreathing her straw bonnet, lent a sanctifying beauty to her charming, truly bride-like appearance.

The weather was lovely, the church close by, so, walking was decided upon, and through a perfect lane of friends and neighbours, Lucy went, weeping and smiling by turns, as dear, familiar faces caught her transient view.

The whole precious family of the Wentworths were assembled, ready to greet her arrival, weeping for very joy at the prosperity of their favourite; Mr. Wentworth performed the ceremony, his daughters acting as bridemaids, while the faithful Martha hovered nigh, chiding the tears of her sweet young mistress, as out of season on such a happy occasion, her own loud sobs belying the truth of her affectionate assertion.

Carriages were waiting to take them to the Hall, were they were impatiently expected by Lord Morton. The whole of the villagers following on foot, by his express desire, refreshments of every kind being prepared for them.

It was a fearfully trying moment for poor Lucy.—She trembled, turned pale, and, but, for the supporting arm of her watchful husband, would have fallen to the ground, as entering the superb mansion, she beheld the well-remembered door, leading into the very room, into which she had been ushered by its lordly possessor, on a former nearly as painful interview.

"Be composed, my beloved!" whispered Mortimer, with one of those encouraging little furtive pressures of the hand only a fond husband can bestow, "you have nothing to fear."

At this moment, the identical door opened, and a servant approaching Lucy, said, in a most respectful manner, "My lord requests the honour of a few moments' conversation with Mrs. Mortimer, alone, before the breakfast."

"O Edward! indeed, indeed, I cannot go without you," exclaimed Lucy, clinging to his arm.

"My sweet wife, do not refuse my cousin this poor gratification, I implore you."

"I must have a glass of water first, then." Edward hastened for it, sending also by the housekeeper, some rose-water for Lucy to bathe her eyes. She felt rather hurt, that he did not bring them himself, but had no time to brood over her little mortification, the servant once more entreating her not to keep his lord waiting; she, therefore, in the hope of finding Edward with his cousin, hastily swallowed the glass of water, and silently embracing her father, more dead than alive, she followed the domestic, who having announced her, left the room.

Lord Morton, who was alone, rose on her entrance, and placed a chair for her; but the apartment was so dark, owing to the blinds being drawn down to shade the sun, which set full on the windows, that she could not even distinguish his

features, much less judge of his state of health; but, by his voice, which was almost inaudible when he addressed her, she thought he must be far worse than he had been described.

"I took the liberty of requesting this interview, Miss Harcourt, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Mortimer, to implore you, now you have honoured my family, by becoming a member of it, to tell me candidly, whether you can ever reconcile yourself to my presence; or, whether, the dire remembrance of a fatal and hateful past will still render it obnoxious to you? I ask this in pity to us *both*, as between me and my cousin there ever has existed the closest, the most brotherly affection; Edward sympathizing in all my sorrows, consoling me in all my disappointments, reproving me for all my errors. He is the only friend I love and value in this world, still, if you wish it ——"

"Heaven forbid that I should desire to separate such hearts! No, oh, no! protected by my husband, what have I to fear? See him, my lord, daily, hourly, live with him, become his shadow, and from the brightness of his example, learn wisdom and innocence! But for *you*, I should never have known him; but, for you, never have known the glorious contrast he affords; but, for you, should never have been the proudly happy wife, I am this day. Thank you then for *all!* And, O thou merciful Judge of this my heart's pure and absolute forgiveness, do thou blot from thy eternal book, as I now blot, with these delicious tears, forever, the memory of that one terrible scene, whose dismal tragedy yet makes this present blessedness the more joyously radiant!"

"Hear, and grant the angel's prayer, O, my God!" exclaimed Lord Morton, falling at Lucy's feet, and clasping his arms convulsively around her. "Lucy, Lucy, my own! my wife!"

"Edward! Edward Mortimer!" shrieked the frantic girl, "oh, how have I been deceived!"

"Not deceived! not deceived, I swear! O Lucy, how else could I ever have hoped to obtain your forgiveness, your *love?*"

"On the evening I parted from you, in that agony of mind, which bordered on frenzy, here, in this very room, by the foot of this chair, almost blinded as I was by my tears, I saw a small knot of wild flowers lying, gathered by your innocent hands, in the hopefulness of your heart, as you sped hither to crave my succour for your father.

"They had evidently dropped from your bosom, the bosom I had sought to pollute! I snatched them up with a fearful thankfulness, and vowed they should never leave mine, until you willingly called me husband, or, I was laid in the grave.

"Look, look at the sacred talisman!" he continued, taking the withered corn-flags and bee-orchises from his bosom; "but

stay, and let me kiss away the bedimming tears, that you may behold them clearly, my most beloved!" and with impassioned ardour, he kissed the pearly lids of the almost fainting Lucy.

"Take me to my father, oh, take me to my father, this is too much bliss to bear alone!"

"*Our* father, dearest! yes, let us hasten to him, his blessing is all that is wanting to complete our felicity!"

"O my dear, dear father!" cried Lucy, falling into his outstretched arms, as soon as she reached the breakfast room, "what a surprise!"

"I know it all, my precious child; Mr. Wentworth, who was in his lordship's confidence from the first, has told me every particular, all you have endured, *all* you have concealed. I thought I had reason for loving you before; but *now*, heaven must pardon me for its excess.

"To think I should live to see this day! It is neither the rank, nor titles, which Lord Morton can bestow on you, which makes my heart swell with this overpowering joy. No, no, it is that you have become the wife of a good man; an intelligent being; one who has learned, by tasting of the cup of error, the bitterness of the dregs which sensual pleasures leave; one, who has learned to feel, from his own experience of their vanity, that there is no satisfaction but in virtue, and nothing *ennobling* but honour.

"Yet, to think that neither you, nor I, Lucy, ever suspected the truth."

"I did suspect it often, more than suspected it,—but—I thought it impossible!"

"Ah, dearest, and so you once thought about loving me," said Lord Morton, straining both her and her father to his bosom, "but, you know, I told you, nothing was *impossible* between us!"

Lucy looked up with a beaming smile, in the face of her enamoured husband, but she was glad to hide her blushing cheeks again in her father's bosom; as Mr. Wentworth, filling his glass, proposed, "Health and happiness to Lord and Lady Morton!" The toast was vociferously repeated by the tenantry, servants, and villagers, assembled on the lawn before the house.

May they be long spared to be the comfort and blessing to all around, they both have so long been! May no one within their useful and beneficent sphere, wither beneath the unredeemed promise of hope, and waste existence in gloom and repining; but, all rejoice in the prosperity the gracious Giver above lends; them to share with the more needy and sorrowful, that they and their children may indeed be blessed in their generation, both by the tongues of men and of angels!"

CLARENDON;

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XIX.*

How woman lives amongst "The Lower Orders,"—a fight and a flight.

A WOMAN rose up from the darkest corner, as they entered, and stood in the centre of the room, without approaching nearer. Herbert cast a hurried glance at her, as Rudd exchanged a few words with her, in a tone much too low for him to catch what was said; the glance by no means reassured him.

She was gaunt in figure and haggard in features; her dark, eager eyes were sunk far back in her head, her cheek bones projected far out from the surrounding cheeks, and there was a spasmodic writhing of the jaws, that either betrayed intense mental agitation or internal pain; her complexion was perfectly sallow, and her dress sordid in the extreme.

"Has Grimes come back, Bess?" said Rudd, raising his voice, after the hurried colloquy referred to, "he should have been here by this."

"Should he?" she demanded, looking anxiously at Rudd, and then glancing furtively to Herbert, "I have not seen him yet."

Rudd's countenance fell for a moment, and then recovering himself he said, "Well, it's no matter, he'll turn up in the course of the morning, I'll swear, perhaps he had some business of his own to attend to; get us some breakfast immediately—here, my little fellow, you can wash yourself in here," and he preceded Herbert to an outhouse, where a broken basin and a piece of villainous soap stood on a three legged stool; "come back as soon as you've done," and then returning, he went up to the woman again.

* Continued from p. 130, vol. lii.

"And so you've failed again, Rudd," muttered she with stern bitterness, laying down the loaf she was in the act of cuting, and fixing her hollow eyes upon his reckless face; "did I not tell you when you came to seek us last time, that a curse came with you—you come back empty handed as you went, and but just escaped the gallows into the bargain."

"And what if we have, Bess?" rejoined Rudd, doggedly, as he stood confronting her with his herculean frame, "and what if we have failed, my lass?—one venture does not always bring good luck."

"It has nearly brought the hangman to us, I fancy," rejoined the woman, firmly, "but who is the young fool you've brought with you this morning?"

"God only knows; we picked him up on the high road yesterday, a couple of miles from B———; he wont blab anything, so that we haven't the slightest clue to finding out where he comes from."

The woman's dark eyes glittered as she said, "And you intend to make him a ———"

"Whisht—here's Barns, and Spike, and Bunting; I'll tell you all afterwards," and then throwing himself upon a rude settle, he welcomed the three men, as they severally entered, with a low peculiar whistle, to which Spike responded.

When Herbert slunk back again, he found the ricketty table already covered with the materials for breakfast; the woman cast a pitying glance upon him as he entered, and even smoothed his curly hair over his forehead, as she placed a basin before him, and gave him a seat next to Rudd."

"Here, my chaffin cove," said the ruffian, with a gruff laugh, shoving a mess of milk and bread towards him, "a hungry belly, like thine, I'll warrant me, will be glad to stomach even such trash as that, sorry as it is."

Nothing but the poor lad's intense hunger could, indeed, have made him relish the unpalatable mess; as it was, however, he devoured it with a rapidity that astonished even himself, but, not all Rudd's rough hospitality, nor the woman's gentler entreaties could induce him to partake of more, and complaining of fatigue, he was permitted to throw himself upon the settle, and was soon forgotten by the other hungry sitters round the board.

"The bottomless pit is mere fudge to your maw, Spike," said Rudd, with a hoarse laugh; "one might throw a cartload of paving stones in, and you'd still find room for a pretty decent meal after that was done."

"Faith, and to my mind, a man may well eat after fasting a

good twenty-four hours, as I've done, Rudd," rejoined Spark, surlily; "it's not your meat, I fancy, I'm eating."

"No, no! you're always red hot to fasten a quarrel on me," retorted Rudd.

"Because you bait me as a bulldog does a badger," returned Spike, with a ferocious gleam in his grey eyes, "but I'd have you remember that a badger can bite, Jack."

"I know that, to my cost, my lad," was Rudd's reply, "but let's drop the subject. Can any of you divine what's become of Grimes?"

The woman had by this time sat down in front of the fire, with her jaws resting upon her hands, gazing vacantly into the grate; the question, however, aroused her, and her face assumed a more vigilant expression as she listened, without appearing to do so, to the conversation.

"He can't have got trapped," said little Barns, "oh no, no! Grimes was too 'cute a fellow for that."

"Perhaps he's hit on some plan, and stopped behind to work it out," suggested Bunting, "Grimes is a long headed chap."

Spike shook his head, as he said, "After our escape yesterday morning, Grimes would naturally drop down as snugly as possible to his own lair, and yet, Bess says she's seen nothing of him."

The woman moved uneasily on her seat, but did not interrupt the conversation.

"Well, I hope he hasn't got into trouble," resumed Rudd, trying to look confident, "but Grimes always was an unlucky fellow all his life."

Bess shuddered, and shrunk still closer into herself, as she wondered to herself where the wretched man, who was her husband, could be—anywhere but at home at such a time, she prayed he might be—even in prison, so that he might escape the clutches of such a band.

The hope had scarcely formed itself in her mind, before a step was heard at the door, and Grimes stood amongst them.

His slouched hat, his lank, rusty hair, his foxy whiskers, every fold of his threadbare costume, from the handkerchief, twisted like a hay-wisp round his lean neck, to the patched and leaky boots he wore, reeking with wet; hunger gleaming from his cold, blue eyes; hunger stamped in every wrinkle of his pinched and furrowed visage, on his raw, hungry nose, on his blue lips, his sharp chin,—stamped even on his bony fingers and his slinking form; mud clinging to his miserable trousers, and standing out in patches even on his reeking coat! Such

was the wretched man with whom Rudd and his companions were banded together.

"How long have you been here, pals?" was his first inquiry, as he threw himself, like a famished wolf, on the remains of the breakfast, without noticing his wretched wife; "I dar not ventur into the high road till daylight had past, and then slunk home like a hunted wolf."

"We've only been an hour or so here," was Rudd's rejoinder, "but we acted differently to you;—we travelled in the daytime, and slept by night."

"You did!" exclaimed the other, turning up his eyes.—"Rudd, you've the impudence of a fiend, or you'd never ventur to such lengths; but, however, if I was longer in turning up, I've managed to pick up a bit of news,—you know who,—" and a jerk of his hand eked out the hint; "the gentleman we went to visit, a night or two ago."

"Go on, you fool," roared Rudd, foaming at the mouth with impatience; "I understand you, you drivelling ass;—what of him, I say?"

"Patience for a minute," said Grimes, coolly; "d'ye think a fellow's to be brow-beat and buffetted in this way?—he's off to Paris, that's all.—Yes, that's the name, for I took particular notice, and spelt it over to myself, to fix it in my mind."

"And who told you this, you croaking owl?" roared Rudd, striking the table with his clenched fist.

"Bah! you needn't work yourself up in that way, Rudd," said Spike, joining in the conversation, which until now had been entirely carried on by the two men; "if the bird's flown, it's none of our fault, you know."

Rudd started up from his seat, and then sank back again, and his countenance, from being frightfully distorted, grew suddenly pale. Spike eyed this demonstration with a taunting smile, that made his antagonist's mastery over himself the more difficult to maintain; he did so, however, and with a calmness that astonished every one, turned to Grimes again, and said in a hoarse whisper—

"Where and how did you come by this news?"

"Nothing could be simpler. Last night, when it was darkening, I was prowling in the stable-yard of the Blue Boar, at B——, wondering where I could get a belly-full, when a carriage and four drove up with Dal——I mean him in it; fresh horses were ordered out, and away they went again, without stopping, and I heard the hostler and a helper, who came into the stable where I was hid, say that he was off to Paris with a young man."

"And I wasn't there!" groaned Rudd, quivering with baffled

rage; "I'd have given life itself—it's all I've left now—to have been in your place, Grimes. Hang the ill luck that dogs me, go where I will, and now he's escaped me altogether."

"Unless you follow him to Paris, my lad," said Spike, sneeringly; "you may catch him there."

Rudd's face was hid by his hands, so that they could not see the effect this taunt had upon him. A dead silence followed, broken only by a convulsive groan, that seemed to issue at intervals from the very depths of Rudd's heart, and whenever it was heard, they all noticed that his strong frame quivered, and his head was drawn down, as if by some unseen power, upon his chest, whilst the four men sate around in wonder, not even Spike daring to interrupt this wild gust of passion and despair.

Suddenly he sat up erect, with a stern smile imprinted on his face, as pale as that of a dead man; by a mighty effort he had conquered even himself, but the writhing lip, the rolling eye, and the ghastly pallor of his face, told how dearly was it purchased. Even the smile that hovered around his features could not hide the stern revenge that showed itself like an undercurrent of action beneath the surface, and he trembled as he said, "My revenge will come; but get your breakfast, Grimes, and then we'll talk of other matters."

"Whose brat is that, in the corner?" demanded the other, for the first time directing his attention to Herbert, who lay apparently undisturbed, amidst all this wild uproar, buried in sleep; "where did you pick him up?"

"Hush, Grimes," said Rudd, laying his finger on his lips; "don't speak so loud."

"Why, you've been roaring like a mad bull, Jack," cried Spike, with a loud, coarse laugh; "and now, when you've changed your mood, and begin to pipe small, you won't speak above a cat's whisper."

"You're safe for this time, Spike," said Rudd, affecting not to notice the truth of the other's remark; "but is it not strange that poor little fellow should lie so quiet, there, and here we've been shouting and talking, like so many mad fools about him—how sound the poor fellow sleeps, my lads!"

"I believe he's shamming," growled Spike.

"No, no—he couldn't."

"Couldn't he—hang it! I'm sure of it."

"Bah!"

"What would you bet, Rudd?"

"He shan't be disturbed, and so that's enough," cried Rudd, folding his arms over his brawny chest;—"I say it again, he shan't be touched, and it's at your peril, or any man's peril, to do so."

Spike laughed tauntingly—he was jealous of Rudd's presumed superiority, and took every opportunity of piquing him—and said, "d'ye think I dar' not satisfy myself whether the little ass is really shamming, or not, Jack?"

"No, you dare not,—I'll stake my life, he is asleep."

"Here goes then," cried Spike, springing from his chair, towards the settle, but before he could move three steps, Rudd's gigantic frame was interposed between him and the object of his scrutiny, and the latter, winding his arms round his antagonist's much less powerful frame, fairly lifted him from his feet, and carried him back to his seat, with the greatest ease.

"I needn't go to see myself," said he, with a parting hug, that made the discomfited Spike pant for breath, as Herbert, rubbing his eyes, sate up erect before them; "Holloa! my little cock sparrow, are you fresh and hearty again, after your snooze?"

"Yes, sir,—who are all these men?" was Herbert's first question.

"Friends of mine," was the response; "this gentleman," pointing to Grimes; "has just come from a journey—but lie down again, and sleep if you can, for we must be off again in the afternoon."

Herbert wondered, whether he could escape from the society of these terrible men, before that time, but thinking it better to appear to acquiesce in the suggestion, lay down again, though he did not again fall asleep.

In the meantime, the men drew round the fire, and began to smoke in silence—Grimes lay down on a wretched bed in one corner, and soon fell fast asleep, whilst the woman, having cleared away the breakfast things, ascended by a ladder, into the loft above, and did not again make her appearance for a considerable time.

Dinner passed over, and still no one seemed disposed to leave their present quarters,—Herbert, whose boyish fears began to predominate over the courage that had hitherto supported him, began to give way to despair; he felt as if it were an impossibility to escape from the surveillance of these men, every one of whom his alarmed imagination depicted in the most frightful colours, and who evidently were retaining him amongst them for some guilty purpose; he durst not allow his imagination to divine what this latter might be, and the more vague and intangible were the conjectures his mind assumed, the more and more unhappy did he become.

As the night drew on, Barns and Spike slunk out, and were presently followed by the man Grimes, who shortly after re-

turned, and after whispering to Rudd, for some moments, in an eager tone, again went away, accompanied by the latter and Bunting. There were now none but the woman and Herbert remaining, and with a throbbing heart, the latter watched every movement of his companion, who was now occupied in her task of putting the miserable room into some sort of order.

More than once the poor boy felt impelled to throw himself upon her compassion, especially when he detected her occasionally eyeing him with an emotion, that he was quite ready to interpret into one of pity; but then, the dread, indefinable fear of failing to excite her pity, deterred him from such a step; it would arouse all her vigilance, should he fail to do so, and then escape would be impossible.

At last her employment seemed to have come to an end, and resuming her ordinary place before the fire, she rested her chin on the palms of her hands, rocking herself gently, backwards and forwards, whilst her great mournful eyes were fixed on the smouldering turf, muttering at intervals to herself, and then sighing heavily, as she resumed the rocking movement her wretched cogitations at times seemed to interrupt.

Herbert watched her for a long time in silence, he even held his breath lest that might recall him to her memory; she seemed utterly to have forgotten him, so completely so, in fact, that tears were stealing silently down her haggard countenance, in a manner that showed how completely she fancied herself to be alone.

It was strange that the boy felt more terrified by the society of this lonely and grief-stricken woman, than he had ever done in the company of the reckless ruffians, with whom he had spent the preceding night. There was something so appalling in the very loneliness that surrounded them, broken only by the dull crackling of the embers in the grate, that his very heart died within him; the attitude of grief, too, his companion had assumed, her wild, black, dishevelled hair, falling unconfined over her swarth, sallow face, and heaving bosom, the deep corroding despair that was stamped on her gaunt, hunger-stricken, visage, and the heavy sighs that burst from her breast, were enough to fill much more courageous beings with fear.

And then glancing round, silently and stealthily, to survey the apartment, with its barricadoed window, the pair of bludgeons hung over the fire-place, the plaster falling from the blackened laths, the smoky roof, the lurid light emitted by the fire, and the gloom that enveloped everything remote; everything wild, and improbable, and appalling, that he had ever heard of, or read, rushed upon his mind, and drove him well-nigh to despair.

Gradually, the wretched creature who sate before him, seemed to lose all recollection of surrounding objects, her head sank on her breast, her hands were folded over her knees, she ceased to rock backwards and forwards and even to sigh, and Herbert dared to hope that she slept.

To test this he ventured to drop his knife beside her chair, she did not stir; stooping noiselessly, to recover it, he heard her gentle and measured breathing, which assured him that she was in reality asleep, and delighted with the discovery, he crept to the edge of the settle, and took off the shoes he had until this moment worn.

Still the woman slept, her black hair streaming over her care-worn face, and still Herbert watched her: it would have struck any one with surprise, could they have looked, by any chance, into that room, at that moment, and beheld the scene it presented; the school-boy with his beautifully chiselled face, so pale, so determined, gazing wistfully over to the wild looking being with whom he was associated, his beautiful fair hair shading his broad calm brow, and the traces of tears still visible on his cheeks: the woman like one of the terrible creations of physical and mental despair in one of Retschz's compositions, all misery and woe.

But a change seemed to creep over her, as she sat before him. A cold shivering ran through her veins; her head was thrown convulsively back, until the sinews of her throat stood out in bold relief from the fleshless bones; and then Herbert saw that her eyes were glassy and fixed, and that no light shone in them. She was still asleep, he knew, although she suddenly started up, as rigid as if every limb and sinew were twisted iron; her black hair fell over her gaunt shoulders; her blue lips were apart, but no sound proceeded from them; and, before the boy could divine whether it was terror or curiosity that now swayed him, she moved across the floor like some terrible apparition, and opening a door that so closely resembled the wall around it that, in the obscurity of the whole place, he had not before perceived it, passed through.

The boy followed, as if impelled to do so by some unseen power. They were now in a long, dark passage, which was so narrow that by extending his hands he could touch both the opposite walls at the same moment. Still the woman glided on, with Herbert behind, until they came to another door, which was open; and then a long, winding flight of steps presented itself before them. Round and round they wound, until Herbert felt giddy and sick; and still the woman crept on, until they reached a narrow gallery, around which ran a narrow railing. The walls were disposed in niches, which had at one time con-

tained the figures of holy saints; but their pedestals were now vacant; and then, as if exhausted with her efforts, the woman sank down on one of these, apparently without awaking.

A light seemed to rise up from below, and Herbert, with secret awe, creeping to the edge, peeped through the railing, and then started back in astonishment. The place to which his strange guide had insensibly conducted him was domed at the top, near the roof of which (so near that he could have touched the slope of the ceiling with his hand) a rude gallery had been thrown; and from this Herbert looked down upon the wild and lawless scene beneath, spread out like an act in a theatre, or the changing scenes of a vivid panorama.

A circular apartment displayed itself to his view, in the centre of which stood a small furnace, round which were grouped some eight or ten wild, reckless-looking villains, amongst whom the man called Rudd, by his superior stature, was plainly distinguishable. A dozen or more of thick, black, guttering candles were placed in sconces round the room, beneath which rude benches were placed, and the light of these, added to that of the singularly constructed stove, brought out in strange relief the bold and lawless band assembled therein.

The blackened walls had other strange tools displayed around them, which the boy, in his terror failed to discover the use of; in fact, his whole attention was absorbed by the real actors in the scene, one and all of whom worked away with unceasing indefatigability, the noise of their operations, the quick yet subdued shuffling of feet, the sharp click of hammers, and the opening and closing of the stove-doors, alone breaking the silence that prevailed. What astonished him more than all the rest was, that not a word was exchanged amongst them; not even a syllable was heard; and except that occasionally the whole band gathered around Rudd, and, with eager looks, watched his countenance whilst he scrutinized and tested the result of their operations, each seemed to work independently of his neighbour, and formed an individual and isolated part of the whole drama.

They all wore dark cloth caps, the peaks of which were turned back upon the back of the neck, thus displaying to view the variety of feature and complexion each man possessed. The very idlest of them displayed a dogged determination and resolution, that bespoke their occupation to be a lawless one, long before Herbert's eye fell upon three heavy bludgeons disposed over the strong, heavily barred door, which were ready at hand, should any interruption occur to them in the prosecution of their labours.

Frightened as Herbert was, he could notice even the most

minute of these details, for in moments of great excitement the mind, as it were, vividly seizes upon and retains circumstances which in calmer moments pass unheeded, or, if slightly noticed, are soon forgotten. He could even perceive that each man had his own department to superintend, and that no one interfered with his neighbour, and that all implicitly obeyed the superior direction of Rudd, who issued his directions by signals, for no conversation was exchanged amongst them.

Suddenly the woman arose from the recess into which she had sunk, and again approached the door by which they had entered. Herbert darted another glance down upon the striking scene below, just as one man threw something bright and shining from a mould upon one of the benches, around which the whole band instantly crowded; and then, with the same noiseless step, crept after his sleeping guide. The winding staircase was soon descended, and the passage traversed in safety, and in a short time he again found himself in the dark and confined room which had formed his prison during the day.

The woman's trance still continued. With the same measured step that characterised her movements on leaving the room, did she again resume her seat before the fire. Her head sank down upon her breast, her hands once more clasped her knees, her black hair even seemed to fall in the same heavy folds, like a funeral pall, over her vacant features.

Evangeline; a Tale of Acadie. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. *With an Introduction, Historical and Explanatory.* London: Kent and Richards, Paternoster Row.

It has generally been charged against American poetry,—indeed, against American literature in general,—that it is not sufficiently true to itself,—that it does but copy feebly the hacknied sentiments, and worn-out emotions of the East. That whereas it might sing the triumphs of democracy, and the unbounded hopes offered to man by his new home in the far West, it contents itself with repeating the feelings engendered in

societies with which it has little in common. On behalf of the Americans, much, however, has been, and rightly, urged. The gods now do not permit men to be poetical till the material comforts of life have been first obtained. Man must first be comfortable, before he can emerge into the region of the beautiful and sublime. He is still heroic, but not till after dinner. This materialism exists not in England alone. The contagion is at work in the old world, as well as in the new. From this common decline and fall, to which humanity has been subjected, not even the poet is exempt.

> "In the old days of awe and keen-eyed wonder,
> The poet's song with blood-warm truth was rife."

But alas,—we write in tears,—a change has come o'er the spirit of the dream,—

> "But now the poet is an empty rhymer,
> Who lies, with idle elbow, on the grass;
> And fits his singing, like a cunning timer,
> To all men's prides and fancies as they pass."

Yet, here and there, we have had Voices from the West borne over the Atlantic, that have spoken the universal language of the poet, and that have wakened up,—as all genuine utterances do,—a response, a fellowship of feeling and desire. The name of Longfellow has long been honourably known to English readers. As a poet of progress and hope, he has written much in a manner not unbefitting his "great argument." He has lately, however, come before the world with a still more "adventurous song." In "Evangeline" a most difficult metre is mastered, with complete success, — a simple tale is overhung with the choicest flowers poetry can supply. It is one of those rare poems that appear perfect in every part,—that the reader peruses with increasing delight. But we will leave our readers to judge for themselves.

It appears from the Introduction prefixed to *this edition*,* that a small French colony was seated at the village of Grand Pré, on the shores of the Gaspereau, in Nova Scotia. In 1713 the sovereignty of this colony was transferred to England, but the people were only induced to take the oath of allegiance to the English crown, with the express qualification, that they should not be called to bear arms in defence of the province. Consequently, in the subsequent struggles, they were known as the neutral French. When the war of the Succession was ended in that quarter, it was charged against these people that they had furnished the French and Indians with intelligence, quarters, pro-

* This edition, because another has just been published, without the Introduction, the omission of which makes "Evangeline" difficult to be understood.

visions, and assistance. In consequence of this, the Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, with his council, agreed to drive them away from their homes, and to confiscate their goods. Fearing that they would go to recruit the French armies in Canada, the Governor ordered them to be dispersed amongst the British colonies, where "they could not unite in any offensive measures."

Such is the outline of the cruelty these poor Acadians suffered. But we must make a few extracts from the poem. The following is the description of the village:—

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the door-way.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance."
pp. 5—8.

Not far from this village dwelt Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré; with him—

"Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."
pp. 8—10.

Many a suitor had this fair Evangeline, but the only one she loved in return was,—

"Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honoured of all men;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the labouring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children."
pp. 13—15.

At length came the time when they were to be married. In the autumn—in that time of rich foliage and glad weather, called by the Acadians the "Summer of All Saints,"—the happy event was to take place. For this purpose the bridegroom's father came to the farmer's, followed by the notary, who is thus described:—

"Bent like a labouring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village."—pp. 25—28.

Everything seemed fair: the lovers were happy in their hopes—the morning was bright—but, alas! it was soon overcast. In the midst of the preparations for the marriage, the English soldiery arrived, and having assembled the principal colonists in the church, made prisoners of them there. The shock was sudden and severe.

"As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,—
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!'
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

"In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;

Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
'What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I laboured among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father forgive them!'
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak;
And they repeated his prayer, and said, 'O Father, forgive them!'

"Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

"Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendour, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Lo! within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,

Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapours
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

"Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,
'Gabriel!' cried she, aloud, with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper untasted,
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the neighbouring thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning."—pp. 41—48.

In five days, the cruel orders of the government were carried into execution. Gabriel was torn from Evangeline, and Evangeline's father, overcome with grief, died, just as he was on the point of embarkation.

Evangeline was borne far away, with the rest of the emigrants. With a widowed heart she went wandering in search of her lost Gabriel. The old blacksmith was found, but his son, worn with feverish anxiety, had left him, to hunt with the Indians for furs. The old blacksmith's new house, and his meeting with Evangeline, is thus described:—

"Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers

Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvass
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of cotton-trees, with cordage of grape-vines.

"Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapoury freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they grazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbour of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said,—"If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.

Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,—
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—
'Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."—pp. 81—86.

Accordingly, the search was again begun. Gabriel was in a land thus truthfully described—

"Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their desolate, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owhyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood, and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;

And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them."—pp. 96—99.

Here they followed him, but without success. Basil returned home, but Evangeline stayed, trusting yet, Gabriel might return.—

"Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows, and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this delicate flower that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odour is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,—yet Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumour was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odour of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw river.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;—

Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning."—
pp. 107—111.

At length Evangeline found her way to the city of the apostolic Penn. There, as a Sister of Mercy, her life became rich in deeds of charity and love. During a severe pestilence with which the city was visited, her exertions were continuous; and in one of her visits to the dying, she meets her Gabriel. The conclusion of the story is beautifully and pathetically told:—

"Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odour of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
And, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said,—"At length thy trials are ended;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the road-side.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.
All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"
pp. 117—122.

Criticism on "Evangeline" is unnecessary. It speaks, undeniably, the genuine language of poetry. It is a tale to be read and felt and remembered: full of purity, and love, and holy thought. The public are indebted to the publishers for this elegant and cheap edition.

MARMADUKE HUTTON;

OR,

THE POOR RELATION.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXXI.*

Our old friend Marmaduke Hutton was up, and dressed in a style of very unusual elegance, although the hour was only eight, and it was not his custom, in general, to make his appearance much before noon. The whole house, too, was more lively than was its wont, on this particular occasion, for feet pattered to and fro, and doors banged hurriedly, and people talked in a loud key, as if the matter they had in hand, was so important, that they had grown reckless of constraint, and had entirely forgotten the usual quiet and gloom that brooded over the place.

Nay, more than this, as Mr. Hutton sat by the blazing fire, (it was a lovely morning in June, but he needed a fire, for all that,) his eye wandered from time to time, about the room, which had less of its usual dingy state, and more of cheerfulness about it, than it had had for many a long and dreary year. There were fresh bouquets of roses and heliotrope in the two grim old vases that graced the dark side-board, looking in most strange contrast, in their freshness and bloom, with everything around them; the curtains looked cleaner, the carpet seemed brighter, the very furniture wore a holiday look; nay, old Marmaduke, himself, sported a white favour in his plum-coloured coat, whilst the centre tables had such a display of plate and china, and wine, and cold meats, and fruit, as they never had

* Continued from page 219, vol. lii.

had before, and never might have again—at least in the lifetime of their present owner.

From all these tokens, it was evident that a wedding was about to take place, and that old Marmaduke had been deprived of his morning's nap, to grace the nuptials. The gallant doctor had at last received the price of his constancy and devotion, and this auspicious morn was about to behold him blessed with the possession of the countless charms of Miss Penelope Pestlepolge.

Everything had prospered beyond the most sanguine expectations of Mr. Pestlepolge, and the dauntless bridegroom, who had entered into a latent conspiracy to tease Mr. Hutton into the step, should he prove obstreperous; and it was with a feeling akin to mortification, to one, at least, of the high contracting parties, that when the matter was finally broached to him, that he at once acceded to it, and did not even object, when Mr. Pestlepolge named another early day for the ceremony.

"Let her be married when she will, Humphrey," was his answer; "there'll be one fool the less to plague us," and this was all that he would condescend to utter touching and regarding the fortunes of the happy pair.

"He would make her no present," he said, when Mr. Pestlepolge plied him with his usual tact upon this delicate subject; "If Yellowchops liked the girl, she was a good enough bargain without; things might be different at his death, and they might not," and a fit of coughing closed the interview.

This was by no means satisfactory to the doctor, who would have better preferred receiving a moderate dower with his spouse, to the most high-flown expectations of wealth at a future period, especially when that wealth depended upon the decease of Mr. Hutton. But matters had now gone too far for him to draw back, and so he made his preparations with a rather heavy heart, much heavier, in fact, than that which beat in the innocent and guileless bosom of Penelope, who had no shadow of doubt or distrust upon her soul.

The doctor, who, in the uncertain state of affairs, as they at present stood, was more than usually anxious to avoid expense, had vainly striven to convince his bride, that the present furniture of his house was quite good and respectable enough for their station; she, however, with all the extravagance of a bride, and all the wilful determination of a woman, had decided otherwise; the better portion of the drawing-room furniture she said might be placed in the dining-room, but the drawing-room should be entirely re-furnished, together with their own sleeping apartment, which really was dreadfully shabby.

She said that it was due to Doctor Yellowchops' position, to keep a respectable house, and though the doctor shrugged his

shoulders, and groaned at the ruin that was impending over him, whenever the subject was broached, yet he never dared to object, for Miss Penelope had a quiet decision about her, that effectually disarmed all opposition; and so the grim old house was painted without, and thoroughly cleaned, painted, and papered within, until it became fit, at last, to receive the new furniture, the doctor and Penelope had ordered from Hereford, and which made its appearance two or three weeks before the wedding took place.

In the evenings, the poor doctor would sit in the drawing-room, eyeing, with rueful visage, the altered appearance of his old domicile, and silently adding up in his mind, the long and dismal items of the upholsterer's bill, which the approaching Midsummer would send in; how the deuce he would ever find means to pay it, was more than his stolid mind could discover; and pleasant images of debt and a jail, a ditch-side and starvation, were the prevailing themes his mind dwelt upon, during the period that still intervened between his nuptials.

How pleasant it must be to be tortured with such bugbear fears, just at the very time when the whole world imagines you wrapt in Elysian dreams, and when you are compelled to assume in the presence of your intended, the most extravagant joy; to wear the mask of gaiety and happiness, when all beneath is dark and corroding care for the future, and uncertainty for the present; to a man who marries not for love, but for pelf, and who yet has a latent terror of being outwitted in his game. I cannot imagine a more perplexing position to be placed in; an indefinable dread of the future, and the pleasant contempt he must conceive of himself for the present, are certainly not the most agreeable thoughts to haunt us, at the very moment when we are about to launch ourselves upon the new and untried sea of married life.

All these terrors haunted poor Doctor Yellowchops, who would now have given worlds, had he possessed them, to have retreated, and who now began to feel how imperious and determined, was the woman whom he had selected to succeed Mrs. Doctor Yellowchops the first.

Only the night before the wedding had to take place, an altercation had taken place between them, which showed him plainly enough how determined was her will, when it became opposed to his own, and how resolutely she could maintain it when she chose.

They had been sitting all alone in Mr. Hutton's dark drawing-room, discussing the way of life they would follow on their return home. She was in high spirits, almost too high, he thought, in his present miserable uncertainty, and this tone of

hers, jarred upon his own tortured nerves, and made him less complaisant than was his wont.

"You must discharge that low-bred looking groom of yours, my love, as early as possible," she said, in the dictatorial tone of a bride-expectant; "he really is not respectable enough for your profession and station, and we can easily get a nice boy to put into livery."

"I'll do no such thing, Penelope," quoth Doctor Yellowchops, hastily, "my man and I suit each other, and have done so for many years, and we aren't going to part now, my dear; everything reasonable you shall have your own way in, but in that particular ——"

He stopped short as he chanced to look up into her face, and noticed how pale and angry it was; and then with an awakened sense of impending danger, he said in a mollifying tone:

"My dear Penelope, in every reasonable matter I am and always shall be happy to have your co-operation, but in this affair ——"

"Oh! then this is unreasonable, is it?" retorted Penelope, tracing figures on the carpet with her slipper, without looking up. "In anything, I think, Doctor Yellowchops, which concerns your respectability and mine, I have a perfect right to interfere."

"But the man is really a very good servant and content with very small wages, my love," urged the doctor.

"The latter is such a paltry excuse that I must insist upon your not mentioning it," retorted Penelope, still continuing her occupation; "but the man shall go!"

Doctor Yellowchops sat moodily eyeing her without speaking for several minutes; anyone who could have seen his sullen and gloomy visage, would scarcely have refrained from laughing at the contrast it shewed to what might reasonably have been expected from a man on the eve of his marriage, and have made his strictures upon the position of the parties accordingly.

A gloomy joy, a fiendish exultation at this moment entered his soul, which Penelope's show of authority had evoked. If ruin did come upon him she would have to sustain it as well as himself; nay, more bitterly than him, for he already felt it by anticipation, whilst she had no dark forebodings for the future, which lay like a sunny landscape before her eyes, and on which he was the only dark and repulsive object.

"You will get a smart footboy, dearest," she said in a gentler tone, breaking the unpleasant stillness of the room.

"As you please, my love," he rejoined, sulkily, "oh, do everything as you wish it," and he began to walk back and forward between the windows, in a gloomy reverie.

Presently Mr. Pestlepolge came into the room, supporting Marmaduke Hutton, who seemed to fail more and more every day; his quick eye in a moment detected traces of the storm that had just blown over, in the doctor's silence and the averted attitude in which his daughter was sitting.

"You don't look very much like a pair of turtle-doves," was his salutation, as soon as he had deposited Mr. Hutton in his accustomed seat.

"No! we don't," was the doctor's gruff reply, "and we aren't either."

"What is the matter? A lover's quarrel, I suppose," was the oily reply.

"Something of the kind," rejoined Doctor Yellewohops, who alone seemed to have found his voice, "Yes, I daresay its a lover's quarrel," he added, laughing constrainedly.

"Which I hope is quite blown over now, though," continued Mr. Pestlepolge, in a mollified tone; "on the advent of such a happy occasion, my dear Penelope, I'm sure, will be the first to cherish oblivion of the past," and he patted his daughter's rather scraggy neck playfully with his cold, soft hand.

"Don't speak to me, papa," cried that gentle vestal, brusquely, as she retreated from his endearments, "I almost wish I wasn't going to be married, I do!"

"Don't be a fool, girl," he muttered through his clenched teeth, and glancing uneasily over his shoulder at the figure of the doctor, as he stood in the embrasure of the window, "you little know what care and anxiety it has cost me to get you even such a man as that," and he pointed with his finger significantly to the doctor.

"But Doctor Yellowchops really pays so little attention to my wishes, sir," she said, lowering her voice, though she did not seem to care whether that worthy individual heard her or not, "he is so mean and niggardly, and so terribly afraid of expense."

"Hush! hush, hush! you must not talk so, love," said Mr. Pestlepolge, who was far too fidgetty and restless to listen patiently to her accusations; "after you are married ——"

"I half wish I was not going to be married," said the bride-expectant, sternly.

"You had better wait then until Walter Mordaunt comes to wed you, girl," he retorted, bitterly. "Shall I tell Yellowchops that you have changed your mind, and will prefer waiting until your old suitor comes awooing again?"

His daughter smiled, and for the first time he now saw her countenance.

"Who was it," she said, with sparkling eyes, "that laid the snare by which he had to wed me? Who was it that cringed,

and fawned, and flattered that old dotard, sitting there?" pointing to poor old Marmaduke, as he sat, the very image of doting helplessness in his seat, "to entrap his—his nephew, sir, into a union he loathed and detested from his very soul? Who was it that could have slain him when he spurned and spat upon your overtures, preferring beggary and disgrace to such an alternative? Who was it, I ask, that when he found his plans in that quarter so cruelly blasted, forced me to angle for that course, vulgar creature, sitting yonder?" and with another gesture of contempt and scorn, she pointed to the figure of her future husband, as he sat far away from them both, little dreaming of the scene that was passing so near him, "and told me I might thank fate that had sent me such a man?"

"It was me, Penelope," said Mr. Pestlepolge, interrupting her at this moment, in a voice scarcely louder than her own.

"You!" she continued, recoiling from him as if he had been some loathsome reptile lying in her path; "aye, I know only too well that it was you—you that have taught me, from my earliest childhood, to wear a mask of falsehood and deceit, even to her who was nearest, and should have been dearest to both of us, and whose heart was broken through your selfish profligacy and my early shame."

"You are mad, girl!" whispered he, in a threatening voice, grasping her thin, lank arm in his bony hand, until she could almost have shrieked with pain, and yet did not change a muscle of her countenance, "or why do you think of all this now?"

"Why do I think of it!" she retorted, in the same fearful whisper; "because to-morrow I shall have vowed myself to love, honour, and obey him"—and she pointed to the dark figure in the window again, "and after that, I could not have the opportunity, if I would, to tell you how I loathe this horrible trafficking of body and soul for pelf, this perjury of the little faith and honesty the world and you have left me. From the cradle to the altar my path has been paved with lies,—lies, father!—false, glozing, acted lies, which have rotted and festered on my heart, until it has become one mass of rottenness and corruption! God knows that I am humbled enough now in myself, and once again before we part, for after this night, the tie that bound us together will be snapt asunder, I wish to lay bare before you the sorrow, and scorn, and detestation I cherish for all that you and I have done between us.

"I believe," she continued, pressing her breast convulsively with her hands, and eyeing him with those brilliant eyes, that seemed to make the pallid face more like that of a corpse than of a human being, "that there was a time when I was not the false and guilty thing I am now. It is a long and dreary re-

trospect, and yet I can recall the time when I was gentle, and bashful, and truthful, like other girls; but that was before your hateful lessons had taken root in my heart; that was when the shelter of a mother's love protected me, though the snare of the destroyer was already set, the mine already laid, and though it took years to sap the foundations of virtue, yet with the patient watchfulness of a fiend, you waited until the flood rushed in upon me."

A bitter smile was all his answer, as he turned to the dark figure in the window, which had never moved its position from the first.

"Then I turned upon you," she continued, with the same stony despair; "you had taught me deceit—I deceived you, and on the day when you learned that your daughter had been dishonoured, your eyes were for the first time opened to the horrible creed you had instilled into me. Would to God that even then you had retraced, as far as you could, your steps, and by your conduct for the future, atoned in some measure for the past. But warning and retribution have been of no avail, and again we stand upon the threshold of another deception."

"And on the peril of your soul, idiot, I insist upon your carrying it out!" he said, with gloomy sternness, releasing the arm that now felt dead and lifeless; "I will have no drawings back at the altar, no retracting of your promises, no exposure of family secrets or family shame."

"You need not fear detection in that," she said, with stern contempt; "whatever the struggle may cost, even to my life, I shall carry it out; and though I feel that it is only the threshhold to some darker and more dreadful crime, which has yet to be perpetrated, I will not shrink from discharging my portion of it: the guilt lies with those who have forced me to it."

"What a very long time you two are talking, Humphrey!" said the sharp, querulous voice of Marmaduke Hutton, at this juncture; "really, really now, I quite wonder what you can have to say all this time."

"You know Penelope marries Doctor Yellowchops to-morrow, my good sir," bawled his old ally, in a voice that might have awakened the seven sleepers, as it assuredly aroused our friend the doctor.

"Well, well, I've known that a long time now," retorted old Marmaduke, pettishly; "can't you tell me anything new, Humphrey? Deary me, how dull we all are now-a-days; when Walter was here, he kept us all alive with his tongue, and he was such a handsome fellow, too, Humphrey."

Both father and daughter glanced distrustfully at each other, as the old man made this strange speech; it was the first time

they had ever heard him mention his nephew without reproaches, and their altered countenances told both that the other dreaded danger from such an alteration in his views.

"Even he, you see, can feel remorse for the past," said the woman, frowning upon him with her hard, sallow features.

"I will soon alter his tune, girl," was the careless rejoinder; "he must not keep that notion long in his head."

"No, or you will soon be called upon to provide yourself fresh quarters," she said, disdainfully, as she prepared to quit the apartment. "Send him"—and she pointed to the doctor, who was bawling away to old Marmaduke, much to the latter's annoyance, who didn't like to be fancied deaf at all, as he stood over his chair,—"up to me before he goes away to-night," and suffering him to kiss her cheek with the same icy unconcern, she quitted the room, leaving the three men to themselves.

"He will think me so deaf, Humphrey," cried old Marmaduke, in a deprecating voice, pointing to Doctor Yellowchops, who had sat himself down on a couch near him, and was eyeing the poor old man with an appearance of the keenest interest; "he has really made me feel quite ill, Humphrey, and I don't want to be ill just at the very time when Penelope is going to be married—do I?"

"Oh, you mustn't be ill, my dear sir, on such an occasion," cried Mr. Pestlepolge, seating himself beside him; "neither Doctor nor Mrs. Yellowchops could ever forgive you that, you know."

"But she is not Mrs. Yellowchops, yet, Humphrey," cried the old man, as a cunning smile flitted across his withered face; "and you know the old adage, many a slip—eh?"

"Well, that will only hold good till to-morrow, sir," rejoined the other, with a cheerful smile, "and then the doctor and his wife may defy fate."

"Fate's a bad thing to defy, Humphrey," croaked the old man, peevishly; "if poor Walter had only been here now——"

The expression that flitted across his face—it had become very childish now—was so peculiar as he said this, that both the men watched him for several minutes with no little curiosity; for the astonishment they felt at this second mention of that young man had affected them both, though in a different manner. Both waited impatiently, in expectation of hearing something that would give them a clue to the train of thought that had evoked such an expression, and yet both felt more surprised than ever, when the next moment he said more briskly—

"By the bye, Humphrey, as soon as we get this wedding over—say the very next day—appoint that rascally attorney to come to draw out my will; you know it is not made yet."

Humphrey glanced over to the doctor, and the doctor glanced over to him, as he heard this speech made, as if both fancied for the moment that he was certainly beside himself. One glance at the keen, stern eye that was watching both, however, showed them that they were in error, and Mr. Pestlepolge hastened to assure him that he would write the attorney a note by the very first post.

"Write it at once, Humphrey," said Marmaduke, who for once seemed bent upon having his own way; "the doctor will probably wish to see Penelope before he goes, so we will excuse him, and then you can write the note, and send one of the men with it."

"To-night, sir!" cried Mr. Pestlepolge, in some surprise, as Doctor Yellowchops left the room; "it is so very late."

"At once, Humphrey; I particularly wish to have this business off my mind as soon as possible;" and he placed himself at the table, eyeing Mr. Pestlepolge through his spectacles, with his keen, sharp eyes, as he proceeded to write the note.

"Now ring the bell," he said, after he had read and re-read the note over, word by word, until he had it nearly off by heart.

Mr. Pestlepolge complied, and a groom appeared.

"Joseph, you must take a horse, and ride over with this note to Hereford," he said, holding the note in his trembling hand; "do you know the party to whom it is addressed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; you can sleep at Hereford, and come back in the morning. What horse will you take?"

"There's none but Black Bess at liberty, sir."

"Poor Walter's horse," muttered the old man, with a sigh. "Harkee, my lad," he whispered hurriedly, as he glanced furtively at the gaunt, spare figure of Mr. Pestlepolge, as the latter leaned over the table, engaged in collecting his writing materials into the case, "if you can get any news of poor Walter, why, I'll give you a half-a-sovereign for your trouble."

He had sunk back the next moment, and was eyeing the fire with the same vacuous smile which had made them think so often that he had fallen into his second childhood, and the man, with a snort and a grunt, expressive of astonishment, retreated from his presence, and in a few moments, was galloping for bare life towards the fair old city of Hereford.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The bride was sitting before her glass, on the morning of her wedding-day; Miss Noggles, with a pair of very red eyes—she had been crying, why or wherefore we cannot tell, as she hadn't much love for her mistress—and a couple of very cold hands, was adjusting the thin, wiry curls, which hung like small bell-pulls at irregular intervals along her low, narrow forehead, and administering such consolation and solace as the circumstances of the case seemed, to her enlightened intellect, to require.

"It's a dreadful hordeal to a-go through, miss, it is indeed," snifled the poor girl, with tearful solemnity; "there's your poor pa a-down stairs, a-shedding tears in buckets full, just like that wet statty of Ni'be they had in the show at 'Ereford, and which had some kind of a draw-well inside, that made the tears run hout of its heyes quite frightful-like. But I never did see such a pa as that of yours is, a-groaning and crying so, that the whole house is fit to be thrown into high-sterriks; and then he turns up the whites of his eyes, so that you'd almost think he'd never get them back agin, and chokes so, when he speaks, that Mr. Simpson has twice rushed in, under the idea that he'd got appleplexy, and was a going off in a swound. And as for poor Mr. Hutton, he had him hout of bed and dressed—and la! how he is dressed, to be sure! all in a plum-coloured coat, all slashed with braid, and lace, and lace ruffles, and a bag wig, and silk small clothes, that *do* show his poor doddery legs underneath, so awful-like—hours ago, and there's the poor thing a-sitting in his arm-chair, glowering away at your pa, a-going through with his water-works, just like as if he was a-going to be hung, which, to my mind, wouldn't be half so bad as marrying that horrid, ugly brute of a—I beg your pardon, mim—but Doctor Pestlepolge would never be my fancy, mim. And now, if you'll please to stand hup, we'll put the gown on, mim, and then you can go down to your pa."

There was only one difficulty to this arrangement, which was, that at that moment Mr. Pestlepolge was craving admission to his daughter.

"Don't let him in—I can't see him now," said the bride, speaking with rapid emphasis; "tell him I am undressed; say anything, but only keep him out," and wringing her hands, and

stamping with her foot, even as she spoke, she stood behind the girl, who had approached the door.

"Oh, sir, you can't come in here—you can't, indeed," said Miss Noggles, through the keyhole, in a loud voice, "even although you are missus's pa, and are going to give her away into the bargain."

"Tell my daughter that Doctor Yellowchops has come along with his groomsman, and that she must come down as soon as possible," bawled Mr. Pestlepolge, as he ran away again.

Presently, a pair of very creaky shoes came pattering up to the door, the wearer of which thereupon gave a very genteel rat-tat-tat, followed by an equally genteel cough; after which performances, the wearer of the creaky shoes waited until Miss Noggles, who, from being a simple aide-de camp, had made herself commander-in-chief of the forces, demanded who was there, and being duly informed that it was Mrs. Solomon Cash, at a signal from her mistress, admitted that lady, accompanied by Miss Judith Liptrot, into the room.

"How white you are, child!" cried Mrs. Solomon, the moment she clapped eyes upon the bride; "what on earth is the matter with you?"

"How ill you look, love!" was poor Judith's salutation. "Oh, what lovely lace, and what a charming fall that is!" she added the next moment; "is it real Valenciennes, or only imitation? but I'm sure it's real; and what a love of a satin! well, I must say Mr. Pestlepolge has delightful taste. But do let us see your bonnet," and poor Judith, who had quite forgot the bride's ill looks and silent manner, was in fresh ecstacies as the conscious Noggles brought it forth from its retirement.

"And how d'ye think I look?" she demanded with the utmost simplicity, as she thrust herself before the glass, glancing back with no little pride on the reflection of the fawn-coloured satin, and the white bonnet; "you know, I think it such a serious undertaking being a bridesmaid, that I wish to cut a decent figure when I'm in your company."

"Oh, you'll do, like all the other fools," was Barbara's tart reply; "but really, Penelope, we musn't keep all the people waiting in this way; Judith, run on before, and tell them we are coming," and away posted Judith, with as much dignity as if she had just set off on a mission to the Great Mogul.

"Now come, you must come down, love, now," said Mrs. Solomon, who could not fathom Penelope's coldness and silence at all, and who, with all her self-assurance, began to feel uncomfortable and ill at ease, without knowing why; "just pop your bonnet on, without tying the strings, and then they'll never notice how ill you look."

Penelope's only reply was a frown, as she gave a parting glance to her glass, and then sternly and proudly she swept out of the room, leaving Mrs. Cash to follow at her leisure.

There was a large party in the drawing-room when she went down, most of whom by their fidgetty looks gave her to understand that she had kept them too long already. Disregarding all the attentions she had offered her as she advanced, she proceeded up the room, and glancing at old Marmaduke as she passed him, took her father's arm, and in a low voice, desired Doctor Yellowchops, towards whom she deigned no further notice, to take Judith Liptrot to the carriage.

"What a scornful creature!" muttered several voices at the far end of the room, as the guests witnessed the greeting she bestowed upon the doctor; well, if I was the doctor, I'd serve her out for that."

"There must be something under all this that we don't understand, gentleman," said an old squire; "I'd bet any one a hundred guineas, no woman would treat the man of her choice in that way on her wedding-day."

"And only look what a silly fool poor Yellowchops looks," rejoined another; "from my soul I pity the poor wretch."

The doctor did indeed look most truly miserable, as he offered his arm to Judith Liptrot. But it was not his bride's conduct only which made him feel so; we have seen how a growing dread of the future hung over him, numbing all his faculties, and clouding all his prospects with a veil of the thickest gloom.

He was not more miserable on this particular morning than he had been for many days previous, although that was more than most men could have borne with patience; and so all the way as he rode to the church with the bridesmaids and little Solomon Cash, his thoughts ran not upon bridal favours, and wedding-breakfasts, and trips, with moonlight walks with his charming Penelope, and all the gaiety and dissipation such a ceremony generally brings along with it; but in their stead,—fresh extravagance on the journey they must undertake, an overbearing, haughty bride, a treacherous father-in-law, a return home, and—a jail.

The grey old church, standing so quiet and still in its green church-yard, with the swallows twittering beneath the eaves, and the daws sailing over its ivied tower, received them all as joyfully as if there was not such a thing as an unholy marriage in the world. And as they walked down the narrow aisle, on which the chastened light of the narrow windows fell in fantastic shadows, the scalding tears began to fall fast from the bride's eyes, as some name her eye lit upon on a tablet, recalled to her

mind her own childhood, when she had dreamt that marriages were made in heaven, and that husbands and wives always loved each other fondly and devotedly, at least, until a decent time after the honeymoon. God help thee! there are as many sordid and mercenary marriages contracted in merry England, day by day, as would make the very angels weep for shame.

And yet for all her misery, the little clergyman—he was to be at the breakfast afterwards—mumbled over the prayers in the highest spirits imaginable; and the bridesmaids simpered, and the groomsman smiled just as gaily as if nothing at all was the matter; and though one or two did think that the bride looked strange and rather wild as she came out again, yet all that was set down to the score of timidity and fright, which was quite natural after all.

If the crowd were disappointed, however, in the chief actors in the scene, they were proportionably edified by the sanctity of Mr. Pestlepolge's demeanour, who was so happy, and gentle, and seraphic, that every one declared him to be a perfect picture, which indeed he was. And then he made all the responses, both for himself and for everybody else as well, in such a loud tone, and kissed his daughter so paternally, when he consigned her to the gallant doctor, shedding a few tears at this juncture with such excellent effect, and then growing so jocose when they all retired into the vestry, to sign the registers, and so liberal with his sixpences when they got into the porch again, that he was quite the hero of the day, and totally extinguished both bride and bridegroom, with their attendants to boot.

When they got back home again, a stronger reinforcement of company awaited them.

"My dear friend, do gratify me by taking the head of your own table on this festive occasion," said Mr. Pestlepolge, as he drew up beside Marmaduke Hutton; "my son and daughter feel that their nuptials could not be honoured in a manner more gratifying to their feelings; besides, it is only a proper acknowledgment to your guests."

"Oh, I'll certainly honour their wedding, Humphrey," said the old man, with a maliguant gleam of his keen eyes; "yes, yes, I'll take the head of the table."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE wedding guests had all departed an hour or two previous, and Mr. Pestlepolge, with a very flushed face, and a pair of rather wild eyes, was wandering in an uneasy humour up and down the rather disorderly drawing-room, interrupting his solitary occupation, at intervals, by looking wistfully out of the windows, which commanded a view of the road beneath.

We have said that Mr. Pestlepolge was in an uneasy humour, and however strange the assertion may seem at such a time, yet it was the fact; for Mr. Pestlepolge was expecting the arrival of a legal gentleman from London, and this gentleman had not come, and from all appearances was not likely to come either. This was very annoying indeed, for this gentleman had been ordered by Mr. Pestlepolge to come down post, on very special business, and that business could not be delayed, as we shall presently see.

At times, Mr. Pestlepolge would stop in his walk to look in at an open door, which communicated with Marmaduke Hutton's usual sitting-room. The old man was slumbering before the fire, his thin gray hair falling over the crimson cushion of the chair he occupied; once, when he stirred in his sleep, Pestlepolge crept stealthily up, and leaning cautiously over him, watched his thin and wasted features with a countenance so black and sinister, that would have terrified an ordinary spectator to look upon, and then biting his lips, he crept away again, as noiselessly as he had come, with a curse upon the tardiness of the man of law, muttering to himself that the old man might wake up and change his mind, and then all the trouble would be lost; for old Marmaduke had grown fantastic and whimsical of late, and they were never certain of him an hour together.

The night, as it gradually darkened in, seemed to be in unison with the very mood that was upon him now; the day had been oppressively sultry, and every one of the guests had said that they must hurry home to escape the storm that was brewing. He had thought, in his surly and churlish humour, that this was an excuse to escape from the silent and melancholy party they had become; but now, as he stood at the open window, and remarked how dark and lowering was all without, the threatening clouds above, and the black trees beneath, which swayed and groaned like evil spirits as the storm swept through them, he became infected with this fear, and stood as if

spell-bound to the spot, watching, with an interest he had never felt before, the vivid flashes of forked lightning, and trembling, in spite of himself, at the loud and hollow peals of thunder that followed.

The night grew darker and darker every minute. It was that season of the year, when our short, uncertain summer knows no real night; and yet the darkness was so black, that he could scarcely distinguish objects at a few yards' distance, except when a vivid flash lighted up for a moment the scene before him, and left the darkness only more palpable when it had gone. Darker and darker still, when the rain came down like a waterspout, and a new and wilder terror seemed to be added to the hour, drifting drearily against the panes, and filling him with a wild, vague fear, that the man for whom he waited might be lost in the storm, as he had nearly been when he first came, and that the dead body would be brought up to the house the next day.

With a deep curse trembling on his lips, he threw himself into a chair, and sat almost unconsciously counting the tickings of his own watch, which sounded strangely loud in the silence of the empty room, his gaze resting all the while upon the darkened window, until he was aroused from his abstraction by hearing the clock strike.

He counted the strokes as if it was his own death-knell—one! two! three! until they ran up to ten, which was the usual hour for Marmaduke Hutton to retire to bed.

"Confound the idle hound!" he growled, between his set teeth, as this thought struck him; and then hoping that the festivities in the servants' hall would make the old butler forget his duty on this occasion, he again began to count the moments, and to watch the darkened room, as the lightning blazed and then darkened within it. Then he remembered with bitterness, that his daughter and himself were so detested by the old servants, that one and all had refused to make merry on this occasion, and that they had all waited upon them at breakfast and dinner as if they had been at a funeral, his daughter's own maid being the only one that had worn even a paltry white ribbon on the occasion.

He wondered how he could care to recall such trivial things to his mind now, when he recollected how they would have been engaged had this man come, and what would have happened before the morrow; and yet the next moment his mind, with a strange perverseness, was dwelling upon it again, and he was picturing to himself how all these servants would be sitting now, cursing him and his, and ridiculing the wedding and the bride, and pitying the old man.

A flash more vivid than usual, at this moment lighted up the entire road beneath, and with a suppressed shout of exultation, he discovered a carriage of some kind slowly approaching the house.

At the same moment, a terrific peal of thunder, that for the moment seemed to overwhelm the house, drowned the furious ringing of the bell below, and when this had passed away, he heard old Marmaduke cry out in a terrified voice,—

"Are you there, Humphrey? where are you, that you don't speak? Oh,! they've left me to die alone—help! help! I say, or I'm a dead man!"

"What is the matter?" demanded Pestlepolge, springing into the inner room, really feeling alarmed, at first, lest something had happened to the old man; "the lightning is so blinding, at the window, that I was stunned and bewildered for the moment."

"What a night of horrors!" muttered Marmaduke, trembling in every limb; "Humphrey, can this be the judgment?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Hutton?" stammered his auditor, who felt a strange thrill shoot through him at such a specch, at that instant; "you seriously cannot believe that the end of the world is approaching?"

And another vivid flash at that moment showed to each of them how spectre-like they were.

"I'm blinded! I'm blinded!" gasped Marmaduke, sinking down with a wild, shrill scream into his chair; "oh, Humphrey, come near me: oh, let me only feel your hand—I—I thought," —he stammered, the next moment looking wildly up—"what guilty sinners we are, to be sure; I thought for the moment I was struck blind."

"You will be better in a few minutes, sir," said Mr. Pestlepolge, in a more cheerful tone; "the storm has awoke you out of a sound sleep, and that is the reason you are alarmed just now."

"Oh, Humphrey, it awoke me from such a horrid dream!" said the old man, as his teeth rattled in his head.

"A dream, sir!"

"Oh, horrible!" gasped his companion, shrinking from him again.

"We all have unpleasant dreams, sometimes," stammered his companion, who began to fancy their visitor would never come.

"It makes my blood run cold even now, to recall it," murmured Mr. Hutton, tremulously; "I dreamed I had made my will——"

"You were talking of it before you fell asleep," said Mr. Pestlepolge, briskly; "if you remember, you were just saying

that the lawyer we sent for from London would be down this evening."

"Well, well, but let me go on; I dreamed I had made my will," continued the old man, shivering with fright, "and that I had gone to bed, and had fallen asleep."

"Go on!" whispered his auditor, who wondered what this would lead to.

"And I fancied, Humphrey, I was awoke in the middle of the night by a horrible sensation of strangling at my throat and chest.——"

A hissing sound escaped Mr. Pestlepolge as he paused for breath, but he did not offer to speak.

"I thought I cried out, Humphrey, or rather tried to cry, as I struggled for life with my murderer; but he held me so firmly in his grasp, that I hadn't power even to moan; and that as he lay over me, with all his weight upon my chest, and his horrid hands clutching my throat, his face for a moment, in the struggle, came near mine, and I recognized you—you, Humphrey, for my murderer!—you were murdering me!"

At that moment, the door opened, and a blaze of light filled the room.

"Then, Humphrey, when I saw it was you, Humphrey," continued the old man, who neither saw nor heard this new interruption, in the excitement he felt at this moment, "when I saw that it was you, Humphrey, that was about to become my murderer, a new and strange power thrilled through my veins, and with a dying effort, I tore your hands from my throat, and with a voice that made you shudder, upbraided you with attempting to commit such a horrid deed upon a poor, feeble old man, who had loved, and cherished, and fed you and yours—ha! what is that light?" and with a bewildered stare, his gaze wandered wildly around him.

"A judgment;" muttered Mr. Pestlepolge, as he lifted up his head, and saw that they were not alone.

"Who are you?—what do you want here?" demanded the old man, in a high voice, as his eye fell upon a figure standing full before him, the spare and wasted appearance of which stood out in bold relief before the candles the old butler carried; "why do you dare, sir, to intrude upon our privacy in this manner?"

"Set down the lights, and leave us," said the new-comer, with a commanding gesture and tone, to the attendant; and then, as the latter obeyed, his stern eye was fixed upon Mr. Pestlepolge, whom he seemed to regard with surprise.

"Who are you? what do you want?" cried Marmaduke Hutton, with his shrill, yet feeble voice, as he reiterated his

question, on perceiving that he seemed to be quite overlooked in the scene.

"You ought to know me," said the stranger, significantly, as Mr. Pestlepolge, who felt stupified by what had happened, stole out of the room.

THE TEMPLES OF PÆSTUM.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

Author of "The Traduced," etc.

PILGRIM! who journey'st down Campania's shore,
Where e'en the waves speak music in their roar,
Turn thee aside to Pæstum, though the gales
So oft waft death along those sun-bright vales:
Pass old Amalfii, whitening on the steep,
And where the Sele's clear blue wavelets creep:
Climb wooded knolls, through tangled thickets press,
Still as the grave this leafy wilderness,
Save when at times some hermit bird awakes,
Whirs on swift wing, or warbles in the brakes.
What greets thee now? a circling belt of stone,
Blackened by age, by shrubs and moss o'ergrown;
For miles sweeps on that strange and giant wall,
Though towerless, gateless, scorning yet to fall.*
Where bowmen shot, and sentries raised their cries,
The owl sits now with large and glistening eyes;
Within that round,—a once gay city's site,
Where luxury charmed the joyous Sybarite,

* The old walls of Pæstum, varying from five to ten feet in height, are standing in their full extent. They enclose an area, according to Eustace's measurement, of about four miles in circumference.

And bright-eyed beauty pressed her bed of down,—
The rough black bramble lifts its prickly crown,
Henbane and nightshade dews of poison weep,
And venomed serpents coil them up to sleep.

Yet here, e'en here, despite the savage scene,
Gracing the wild, lo! Pæstum's garden-queen!
Thou soft, red rose! so famed in poet's lay,
Races have died, and empires shrunk away,
But thou, fair flower! above the wreck and doom,
Still look'st in pride, and breath'st thy rich perfume;
Like some sweet nun, who sheds her heaven-bright smile
In convent cells, unprized, unseen, the while,
So thou, young child of fragrance! laughest here,
While drops, unmarked, thy bright ambrosial tear:
No insect love to languish on thy breast,
No bulbul mate to sing thee into rest,
For e'en the butterfly forsakes this plain,
Nor here is heard the night-bird's melting strain.
How softly pure, how beautifully meek,
Laid on those ruins, gleams thy virgin cheek!
Thine odorous bosom, half unfolded, glows
Like some young bashful bride's, sweet Pæstan rose!
Ah! fear thou not—no touch shall mar thy grace,
No rude hand pluck thee from thy hiding-place;
Fairies alone shall seek thy ruined bower,
Guard thy frail charms at noontide's withering hour,
And weave at midnight many a mystic spell,
To soothe thee, slumbering rose! they love so well.*

But Pæstum's giant temples—lift thine eyes—
In all their stern and columned grandeur rise;
Pause, traveller, pause! say, doth not wonder thrill
Thy creeping veins, and awe thy bosom fill?
Wrestling with time, the hoary brethren stand,
Superbly graceful, and severely grand.
Their style of rival countries seems to speak,
In strength Egyptian, and in beauty Greek,
Built ere Minerva's shrine on Athens gazed,
Or by wild Tiber Rome's rude walls were raised.
Three thousand years these structures fail to bow,

* The roses of Pæstum—*biferi rosaria Pæsti*—have been celebrated by Virgil, Ausonius, and other classic poets, for their sweet scent and extraordinary beauty. These roses are still found among the ruins of the deserted city.

Massive when Christ was born, and massive now.
Gaze on the architrave's majestic length,
The deep-ranged fluted pillars' Titan strength;
The low, wide pediment, the strong-walled cell,
Where altars burned, and gods were wont to dwell;
And say no more, in poor and narrow pride,
Art lives to-day, but rather art hath died;
Confess that taste beholds on Pæstum's plain,
What modern skill might strive to match in vain.*

SWISSIANA.

CHAPTER I.

A sharp introduction.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies,
The whole creation open to my eyes.
In air, self balanced, hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks and empty wastes were seen,
There towering cities, and the forests green:
* * * * *
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

POPE.—*The Temple of Fame.*

"*Allons, Messieurs! rèveillez-vous! voilà le lac, le beau lac, de Lènan, et nous voilà enfin en Suisse!*" Scarcely could the ex-

* The three temples of Pæstum are undeniably, if we except the Parthenon at Athens, the finest structures of the earliest Doric order now standing in the world. They are supposed to have been erected eight centuries before Christ. The great temple, the most perfect, dedicated to Neptune, is 195 feet long by 79 feet wide, with a range of fourteen columns on each side, and six at each end; these columns are fluted, being at the base seven feet in diameter, while they taper away to five feet below the capital. The Pæstan temples have a solidity which is found nowhere else, in buildings of the class, except in Egypt.

pressions of joy and thanksgiving, which we read the palmers and pilgrims of olden times were wont to put forth, on arriving in sight of the Holy City, have been more sincere and genuine, than was the burst of delight which followed upon the announcement of Monsieur le Conducteur. Nor, in the former case, except as regards its associations, could the prospect have been so inviting. No wonder, then, that some dozen "*braves citoyens et bourgeois*" might have been seen, about five o'clock on a July morning, in the year 184—, hastily to emerge from the gloomy inside of one of M. M. Lafitte, Caillard, and Cie's diligences, after an incarceration of a couple of days and as many nights, to step upon *free* ground, and enjoy the lovely scene around them. The writer of these pages was one of that happy party, which consisted chiefly of individuals bent upon the same project as himself, namely, a holiday scamper through Switzerland. Lake Lèman, the Alps, with Mont Blanc towering in the back-ground sixty miles distant, as viewed from the heights of the Jura, is the most delightful and startling change of scene, after the flat, uninteresting country between these mountains and Paris, that can be imagined. A few sweet and peaceful valleys among the Jura and on the French side, are the only tokens of an approach to the finest scenery in Europe, and as we happened to pass even these during the night, the surprise was the more complete. Stand upon the Rèculet, the most elevated summit of the Jura, and the Alps, from the Saint Gothard to the Mont Blanc, the lakes of Bourget and Annecy in Savoy, the lake of Geneva and its environs, are before you; descend twelve paces towards France, and the whole is lost! In this panorama, the grand and the simple are so blended into one *coup d'œil*, that, at first sight, you almost fancy that nature has been too lavish of her treasures, and that the remainder cannot answer the expectations which the approach to this, her most favoured land, leads you to expect. But no! throughout the whole of Switzerland you are constantly meeting with equally grand scenery, and nearly always diversified. Nature here enjoys a triumph over art. She unfolds her beauties to the admiring multitude, and conscious of their value, leaves them to be examined at leisure. You are continually discovering fresh beauties; the more you contemplate them, the more do they excite your admiration. Art, again, has to awaken the interest of the beholder, and lead him by gradual stages to her *grand denouement;* after which, admiration speedily decreases. Art relies, in a great measure, upon effect. In illustration, compare the immortal bard, nature's sweet child, with some of our modern dramatists or French feuilletonists, who sacrifice character, unity, and truth, all for a

good *denouement*, with plenty of blue-fire, and how striking is the contrast! Puff asks the actors if they cannot go off the stage, kneeling.

"Impossible," cry they.

"It would have a good effect, however, if you could," says Puff.

Apart from the beauty of the country now before us, the mountain *chalet* in which we breakfasted, afforded us an equally agreeable surprise. Unpretending, and not half so large as the French inns we had met with on the road, there was an air of cleanliness and comfort about the whole, which I never could discover in any of the former. It was here too that I enjoyed the only decent breakfast, since leaving the *cafés* on the Boulevards Italiens. The fare, which was displayed upon a long table in the saloon, was worthy of the best Highland inn, and would have caused the most prejudiced Scotchman, after a morning's sport with the ptarmigan and grouse, to allow it that much.

"Altho' the land is no so bonnie as ours, yet they Swiss ken a trick or twa, and the breakfast eats weel."

A young Genevese, with whom I had contracted an acquaintance *en route*, had allowed his baggage to be searched during breakfast, and as I had merely a carpet-bag, which was soon passed over by the *douaniers*, he and I paid our bill, and walked on before, intending that the diligence should overtake us. And I was better able to enjoy the scenery now. Before breakfast, I felt pretty much the same as Sancho Panza did, when he exclaimed:

"Let me but dine, and bring me cases and questions never so thick, I will dispatch them in the snuffing of a candle."

Although the Jura mountains neither equal the Alps opposite to them in magnitude nor grandeur of beauty, yet they afford an agreeable relief to the eye, after the immense piles of snow which range along the other side of the lake, and which are apt to render the view monotonous; and I can imagine none where a week might be more pleasantly spent. Vegetation is carried to the extreme summit, and excellent pasture land extends along the whole range. In summer and autumn, these heights are studded over with cows and other cattle, and it is up here that the celebrated cheeses are made. The *chalets* which have been deserted during winter, are then scenes of great industry; cheese-making being carried on all day, whilst the cattle are out upon the hills. But these *chalets* are extremely dirty and difficult of access, a large slough of mire forming a complete barrier to all but the cattle, their owners, and those who do not care for a clean *chaussure*. The former (the owners, not their cattle, the bulls being remarkably jealous and pugnacious) are

in general civil and obliging, and for a trifling consideration, are happy to explain the whole mysteries of the *gruyère.* A couple of hours may be profitably spent in company with these primitive herdsmen, and, if you can catch their patois, most amusingly so. The stranger is furnished with a one-legged stool, which being strapped round the loins, allows the wearer to promenade and sit down where and when he pleases, carrying, *à l'escargot*, his *seat* on his back.

After we had followed the high-road, and it is a *high* road, reaching, as it does, some thousand feet above the plain, for about a mile, my Genevese friend remarked that the diligence should have caught us up by this time, and that it must have met with some detention from the custom-house *gens d'armes.*

"See, here is a convenient resting-place, and beside it, a well of cool spring water; what say you to halt here awhile?"

The spot which my companion pointed out, was in every way a desirable one to linger at, and the adjunct of the well and the bench, was a sufficient recommendation for us to do so. It afforded us, likewise, another glimpse of the plain at our feet, which, since quitting the *chalet*, we had lost sight of, the road being bordered with fir trees, and where these happened to be very tall, the lake was hid, the Alps on the other side of the valley alone being visible.

So we sat ourselves down upon a rude bench, near to the well, and the Genevese began to point out the beauties, and expatiate upon the merits of his Vaterland. He did not take long to convince me of the former, but the latter I received with due caution, just remarking, that I should look about me with an impartial eye, during my stay in Switzerland, and that I hoped to find things as he represented. I was glad, however, to perceive that my *compagnon de voyage* was not deficient in patriotism, for he uttered expressions of joy at beholding his native city. "There is Geneva!" exclaimed he; "there, to the right, at the end of the lake—that is my birth-place!"

My friend gave me, as well as his birth-place, a look, as much as to say, "Well, and what do you think of it? isn't it a lovely place?"—which it might have been, for all I could then perceive of it. I told him that I could not exactly catch the whereabouts it lay, but after a little further explanation, I discovered Geneva, wondering how I could have missed seeing it before. As young Geneva gazed upon it, he warmed with the subject, and pointed out a few *traits.*

"You see the steam-boat on the lake?"

I could just make it out.

"It will be 'l'aigle,' the boat that a countryman of yours was

building at Geneva when I left. Ah! I must make a *promenade* in her."

"Perhaps we may have that pleasure together," added I. "But what is that hill? it appears as if it were within the town, and resembles the rock of Edinburgh castle, and is even loftier, if I mistake not. What a defence for your town! there will be a fort on the top, I suppose?"

"Ha! ha! you have fallen into the general mistake."

"How?" replied I; "that is surely a hill which I perceive."

"Most assuredly it is," continued the other, smiling.

"Then, what amuses you so?"

"What has amused others for the last century."

"Explain yourself."

"Why, the mistake you have just made."

"Well."

"That hill is not at Geneva."

"Not at Geneva? why, it appears in the centre of the town!"

"From here it does," drily returned my companion. "Many have fallen into error regarding it; not the least celebrated of whom was the Duke de Rohan, who, when advancing from Fernez at the head of his troops, remarks to his staff, how easy it will be to drag some guns up there, and batter poor Geneva to pieces. On arrival, he finds that the convenient hill is a mountain, higher than the highest in your country,* and at four or five miles distant from the walls he was to batter. It is an optical delusion; you must pardon my enjoyment of your mistake; many great men have fallen into error regarding it."

"Ahem!" I experienced a slight choking sensation as he concluded the last sentence; so going to the well, I applied my lips to the tap, and took a long draught. I was extremely thirsty, and the water was cool and as clear as crystal.

Young Geneva was astonished, and remarked:

"The emperor, himself, could scarcely have taken such a draught as that."

Before, he had coupled me with the Duke de Rohan, now it was with the emperor.

"What next, I wonder! This youth is a bit of a wag," thought I. Then aloud to him:—"Why do you instance Napoleon? I have heard that he caused much blood to be spilt, but never that he cared for water."

"This is called Napoleon Buonaparte's well."

"And wherefore?"

"Here it was that he sat down and refreshed himself, when *la grande armée* was on the march for Italy. Look, you will find an inscription at the back."

* The writer is a native of Scotland.

A few lines in French, cut into the stone, commemorated the event.

"And it was there," continued he, "that the emperor gave orders for this road to be made. It was long regarded as the finest mountain road in the world, but we have constructed as good a one higher up, near Vevay."

"It is indeed a grand work," replied I. "Would that all the emperor's other works had been equally so, and as useful!"

It is impossible to say the length to which this inexhaustible, and, to a European, interesting subject, might have led our conversation, had it not been interrupted by the sound of the diligence, which came rattling down the mountain like an avalanche, carrying off people and chattels in its onward course. The tinkling of the bells, however, had given us sufficient notice of its approach; so we held ourselves in readiness to resume our seats, as it came round the corner by Napoleon's Well.

"*Heé, donc! Monsieur le conducteur . . . arretez* ——."

"*Pas ici,*" cried out that gentleman, "*la route est trop escarp* ——."

His last words were lost in the din and distance. But we had heard enough to make us fully acquainted with the awkwardness of our situation. The huge vehicle thundered onwards, at double the speed we had ever travelled in it; the four wheelers bore up wonderfully steady under their tremendous burden, and two drags were put on. I expected every moment to see the whole affair over the horses' heads, and then over a precipice, in which this *high* road abounds. So engrossed was my attention with the progress of the diligence, that I had quite forgotten how we had been left behind, when my companion awakened me to a sense of our situation by the plain, although difficult, problem.

"Que faire?"

Ay, "Que faire?" Truly most embarrassing words. Embarrassing all over the world: embarrassing to the rich as well as to the poor—peer and peasant—mankind in general. A Gordian knot, requiring often more than an Alexander to unravel. Two simple, short words, conveying with truth and rapidity a full sense of a helpless situation to the mind; on the answer to which have hung so many an important event and anxious result. Ours, although of no vital importance, was, we found, sufficiently distressing to solve in a satisfactory manner, which was, of course, how we might best catch up the diligence. I looked at young Geneva; it was all the answer I could give.

But it was essentially a question of time with us, and loitering would never do, for it only increased our dilemma. My com-

panion seemed fully aware of this, for he exclaimed, after a short pause—

"C'est bien! I have it."

"Ah! they will wait for us then?" added I.

"Most assuredly they will—*not.* The diligence will only stop at the foot of the mountain, to unloose the drags. They do not change horses, if I remember right, until Lyon. Follow me!"

He led me a few paces up the road again, until we arrived at a spot completely shaded with trees, and where the old mule path crosses Napoleon's grand work. The former leads in a direct and, consequently, almost perpendicular line to the plain beneath, whilst the new road winds and twists about to render the descent as easy as possible for heavy vehicles, which tack about like a ship, and have to make quite a mountain excursion ere they arrive below. I comprehended my companion's scheme at once; so we diverged to the left, and darted down the rough mule path.

Our conversation during the descent was, as may be supposed, not very interesting; what with running and jumping, we had no breath to spare. Every now and then we met the high road, which we crossed as usual, and continued our more direct path. At one of these diversions, and near the base of the mountains, we caught a glimpse of the diligence, ere it disappeared round a turning on our left, thundering onwards. The sight renewed us with fresh vigour, and we darted forward at an increased speed. We must now have been going as fast as our object of pursuit, and, as we took a shorter road, there was little fear of our missing it.

"We shall reach the bottom before it now," cried young Geneva.

* * * * *

"Odds broken shins and sprained ankles, so we have," added I, as we both emerged into the plain.

It was true enough. There was the clumsy diligence tackin about, and there was no saying when it might arrive.

Meantime, we stepped into an auberge by the road-side, ar quaffed beer!

HOPE.

Ethereal Hope! how can a poet's song,
Recount the praises that to thee belong!
How shall his trembling fingers dare aspire
To wake thy glories on his feeble lyre!
But that he long hath known and felt thy flame,
With glowing rapture burning through his frame.
Thou art through life our surest guiding star,
Seen in thy radiance gleaming from afar;
Bright as a meteor, sparkling as a gem,
Like the lone star that led to Bethlehem.
O may thy banner long triumphant wave,
To shield the suffering or protect the slave;
Befriend the orphan, dry the widow's tears,
And point to brighter and to happier years.
O may all ages read thy starlit scroll,
Hope springs immortal in the human soul.
Where can the widow'd mother solace find,
But in thy ray, beneficent and kind?
Needs she not comfort when she sheds the tear
For him who lived for her, and lov'd her dear;
When the fond partner of her heart is gone,
And she stands helpless—in the world alone!
Around her hearth her prattling children stand,
A gay, unconscious, smiling, happy band;
With what a parent's fondness, look of joy,
She turns towards her dear, her only boy:
In him she sees, dispelling all her fears,
The prop and succour of her failing years.
'Tis then the smile of Hope hath sweetest charms,
And chaseth from her bosom dread alarms;
The all consoling joy its power doth bring,
Thrills through her heart and wakes each subtle string.
But should he, lured by folly's artful smile,
Lean to dishonour, or consent to guile;
Who in the woful hour, when sorrows press,
Will fondly soothe him, weep for his distress;
Who, when life's fickle friends shall faithless prove,
Will cling unto him with undying love?

None but a Mother, she alone remains,
With love unsullied flowing through her veins.
Ne'er since the hour when from her breast he drew
The stream of life, has she proved once untrue;
No selfish thoughts have in her bosom grown,
Her hope concentres in his form alone.
(O well ordain'd, that man should never know
The hidden source from whence such worth doth flow!)
She ne'er upbraids, nor adds the cruel smart
Of keen reproaches to his guilty heart.
Half frantic sees him from her bosom torn,
Then weeps unseen, heartbroken, and forlorn.
Yet mid her grief sweet memory oft will tell
Of happy times, those days she loved so well;
Hope bids her dream that he perhaps may come
To cheer again her desolated home!
View the dim room, where on a couch appears
The fading remnant of a few brief years;
Whose hectic cheek, and deep drawn breathings, show
That life's enfeebled taper flickers low;
Ere yet the film of death ensbrouds the eye,
Or wears the dull fix'd look of vacancy;
Ere yet expires the half extinguished flame,
His wife attends him, fondly breathes his name,
Tells him how Hope can soothes his quickening pain,
That they shall meet in happier realms again.
Poor weeping woman, prostrate in distress
She scarcely heeds his eager last caress.
'Tis hard, he cries, by ruthless death to part!
And folds the trembling weeper to his heart.
Sad is thy work, O Death, thy cruel blow
Sends to our hearts unutterable woe;
Our schemes, our visions vanish in an hour,
As empires fall beneath a tyrant's power.
Yet Hope remains, triumphant Hope is here,
To nerve our hearts, and free our souls from fear.
To heaven her beacon points; there lies the end,
The Utopian shore to which our lives should tend:
There is the land of Hope—isle of the blest!
There long-mourned spirits meet, commune, and are at rest!

W. B. A.

MY EARLY FRIEND.

Where is the sunny brow, the soft and sportive glee.
The step of fairy lightness, the laugh of melody?
My early friend! we parted in the spring-time of thine years:
I prayed that peace might be thy lot through this sad vale of tears;
Some traces of time's work, of earth's woes, I looked to see,
But not this silent stamp, alas! of hopeless misery.

My early friend! thy guileless heart was tender as the dove,
With clinging trust and faith in those, who sought thy youthful love;
Harsh words and cold reproving looks were never known by thee,
And thy sweet tears were shed alone in purest sympathy:
Not loss of children, friends, or kin, not poverty's sharp care,
Hath stamped thy snowy brow with that look of mute despair.

'Twas the slow but dread awakening to a strange and lingering doom,
The apathetic blight of mind, which cast its chilling gloom;
Amid the world of strangers, uncherished and unknown,
Ah! easy 'twas to crush thee, my loving, gentle one!
The flowers of a hardy kind can bear the nipping frost,
But delicate and fragile things soon by neglect are lost.

Too well, too late thou know'st, I would have died to save thee,
From every pang that must await our earthly destiny;
Thy life should'st have been poetry, and music, and delight,
And *thou*, the fairy spirit, the brightest of the bright.
But angels now await thee, thy home is with the blest,
My early friend! my gentle friend! betake thee to thy rest!

C. A. M. W.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Noble Deeds of Woman, or Examples of Female Courage and Virtue. By Elizabeth Starling. Third Edition. London: Henry G. Bohn.

To review a work which has reached a third edition, appears almost an act of supererogation, as that would seem sufficiently to testify the high appreciation in which it is already held by the public in general. But it is not so; there may be some, and, even amongst the numerous and enlightened readers of the "Metropolitan Magazine," who have only a superficial knowledge of this treasury of female heroism, tenderness, self-devotion, and presence of mind, truly astonishing, truly admirable, truly angelic, and yet of which not one woman should be ignorant. For, although it may please a gracious God to preserve her from the peculiar trials which elicited the instances of extraordinary greatness and superiority, of which she must really stand in awe, as fearing the power of imitation; still, as it is impossible to say for what any of us are reserved, in a world teeming with eventful changes and startling vicissitudes, it is as well to know of what a woman can be capable, when the energies of her soul, the affections of her heart are called into action; to shield and save those dearer to her than life—the father, brother, son, or husband. How she can, then, throw aside every selfish consideration, every idea of fear, foregoing every long-accustomed feminine custom and luxury, enduring every fatigue, braving every danger, submitting to every indignity, and, in fact, becoming more courageous than man, because stimulated to exertion by a more godlike purpose.

In the volume before us, we have nearly three hundred well authenticated proofs of the "Noble Deeds of Woman," displayed in her "maternal, filial, sisterly, and conjugal affection, humanity, integrity, benevolence, courage, presence of mind, hos-

pitality, gratitude, loyalty, eloquence and patriotism." What a glorious list! Well might the cardinal virtues be designated feminine! Who shall now cant about the limited "rights of woman?" Has she not, has she not ever had, the most enviable, the most inalienable of all rights, that of evincing the fidelity, the affection which is ever strongest in adversity? Of rearing her sons to honour, her daughters to chastity, encouraging the one sex to integrity by the reward awaiting it from the other, and only to be obtained by uprightness, boldness, and a manly disdain of corruption or danger?

Has she not the right of shedding the light of happiness around the domestic hearth, in the season of man's tranquillity and joy; and of being still more radiantly bright for him, in the dark and sullen hour of grief and misfortune?

Has she not the right of silencing the sceptic tongue, and compelling the libertine eye to quail before the *majesty of virtue?* Has she not the right of inspiring piety by her precept and example, and teaching the erring heart to seek for that peace which indeed passes man's understanding?

O woman! great and grand are thy rights; mighty, most mighty are thy privileges! Use them only as the Giver of all good intended thee to use them, for his glory and the salvation of mankind!

That such a work should have been compiled by a woman, appears most meet. None but a woman would have had the patience necessary for such research, yet, that it was a labour of love to the fair authoress, appears evident throughout. We therefore, can only offer her our sincere congratulation on the success it has already met with, with the ardent hope of a fourfold increase ere long, unmixed with one feeling of that commiseration, the thought of overtasked literary toil invariably begets in those who can feel for others.

Spiritual Heroes; or, Sketches of the Puritans, their Character and Times. By John Stoughton, author of "Windsor in the Olden Time." London: Jackson and Walford.

We have delayed our notice of this interesting work, in the hope that we should have been able to give to it more than a slight notice; in this respect, however, we have been disappointed. We now mention the work, to commend it heartily to all who desire to be familiar with one of the brightest pages presented by the history of the past. Mr. Stoughton is a careful workman, and has skilfully brought together things new and old.

SWISSIANA.*

CHAPTER II.

An old Friend.

"The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears.—*Tempest.*

Her.—Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a tale.
Mam.—Merry or sad, shall't be?
Her.—As merry as you will.
Mam.—A sad tale's best for winter;
* * * * *
There was a man.—*Winter's Tale.*

After our scamper down the Jura, I was glad enough to clamber up the diligence, and ensconce myself once again in its lofty *banquette;* for, besides feeling wearied, the heat had become so intense that any shelter from the scorching rays of the sun was welcome, and the straight road conducting to Nyon afforded, so far as I could then perceive,—though afterwards I found I was mistaken,—nothing but—

"Un chemin mal aisé,
Et de tous les côtés au soleil exposé."

So onwards we rattled amid clouds of dust, the cracking of whips, the shouts of infantine gangs assembled in the hamlets through which we passed, and the curses of the guard, forming altogether so discordant a concert, that I was relieved when we drew up before the neat *auberge* at Nyon, so charmingly situated on the borders of the lake, upon whose waters I gazed with a longing eye, and into which I would willingly have taken a dive. This, however, was impossible, the conductor having cautioned us not to stray far from the inn, as we should have to resume

* Continued from page 339, vol. lii.

our journey almost immediately, which inclined me to regard the cool waters before me with much the same feeling of disappointment as the wandering Arab does the *mirage* of the desert. The sun was now at its meridian, and the heat overpowering; I was half choked with dust, and my mouth glued with thirst. All this, with a lake lovelier in its reality than perhaps any ever conceived in the realms of fairy land, at a few paces from me, a plunge into which would have done me so much good, yet impossible, was distracting enough; so I descended from the diligence, resolved at least to taste its waters. With this intent, I hailed a lad who was standing near the hotel door to bring me a cup or glass of some sort, putting at the same time my hand into my fob, at which sight he rushed forward, exclaiming,

"Monsieur is thirsty?"

"Yes, my lad; and if you'll run and fetch me a cup I'll reward you."

"But monsieur would not drink the lake water; it is not good. Let me give you something."

"No! no!" cried I, my thoughts reverting to the beer I had tasted at the foot of the Jura; "I hate beer."

"But not *limonade gazeuse*," exclaimed a voice at my shoulder. It was that of a female, and its tones were sweet and musical. I looked round, and found them to proceed from a fair-haired damsel, with blue eyes and rosy lips, who carried a tastefully worked osier basket containing several bottles filled with liquor, besides a quantity of grapes and melons. She wore so very different a costume from those I had seen in France and already in the canton, that a slight description of her appearance will not be out of place. From a boddice of dark material, fitting exquisitely, and showing to much advantage her *velte embonpoint*, fell a skirt of coarse cloth to a little above the foot, just allowing a delicate ankle room to peep out and be seen, while her slight shoes with sandals favoured its doing so. Her sleeves were short, and puffed out above the elbows. Her neck a piece of black velvet encircled, clasped in front by a brooch of agate stone. A straw hat, with wide, o'er-spreading brims, to keep her bonnie cheek from the rude glare of Phœbus, was stuck gracefully upon her head, from which flowed pendant silken curls. It was, in fact, a fancy dress; and one something similar, though not so gaudy, but more durable, than those we see upon the stage, when "happy Swiss peasants, full of primitive simplicity and pastoral contentment," are intended to be personated. It had, however, this advantage, that here I viewed it in character, and the wearer of it a contented looking child of nature, in a lovely spot; not a poor painted doll of the boards, a denizen of some two-pair-back. I got the pretty Swiss to display the

contents of her basket, which, exactly suiting my taste, I requested to partake of.

"Your lemonade, fair one; I should like some of that. I have so often heard of its refreshing and delicious qualities when met with in your country, that above all things I am desirous of tasting it. This, I am sure, I shall now do in perfection."

"Ah! yes, monsieur; I always keep the best; ask any one, ask my brother there. Jacques! do you not hear?"

"It needs no words to assure me that I shall find the best, while I deal with you," returned I, interrupting the boy, who, obedient to his sister, was about to recommend. "And to have it served by so graceful a Ganymede, makes it nectar worthy of the gods."

The fair ones seldom dislike a compliment, however much they may conceal it under the semblance of disapprobation, and my pretty "limonadière" was a true child of nature, foreign to all the tricks of worldly young ladies, and testified her pride and acceptance of the compliment as she felt it, and without concealment. She hastily proffered me a glass of the liquor which, sparkling in a state of effervesence, showed it to be the real *limonade gazeuse*; and I drank her a thousand fortunes in the bumper. It is said, that an Italian sky in summer time possesses a blue of such surpassing loveliness, that its equal in hue can nowhere be found; a saying which, immediately I saw Lake Leman, I put in question: and this, although I had never stood beneath the former. The waters I now gazed upon were of a deep blue, and yet so clear that my eye could distinctly fathom their depth, which even at the shore was not inconsiderable. This led me to reflect how the placid surface of the lake, resembles the regards of a maiden in the morning of life and beauty; its mirrored bosom, without the ruffle of a sigh, reflecting in its depths, goodness and purity of soul; and while so engaged, my eyes wandered and met those of "la belle limonadière." Italian skies, Tyrian dyes, nay, not even the lake before me, mentally cried I, can after all compare with *blue* eyes—else may I never again behold them!

With a further purchase, this time of grapes and melons—I like being minute—and an adieu, I sorrowfully returned to the detested diligence, and found myself once more beside my Genevese friend, and travelling fast towards his native city. The prospect of a speedy termination to our journey infused a spirit of cheerfulness among my fellow travellers: each seemed to grow more intimate with his neighbour, and found a subject for conversation at every fresh turn of the road; all was courtesy and good humour. Our road, too, was of no ordinary beauty. It skirts the northern shore of the lake, from which it is separated

by Diodati looking villas, pretty looking spots; the houses with a drawing-room, Swiss-cottage-look about them, seem more for ornament than for ordinary wear and tear. I can imagine them delicious summer residences and fit for a poet.

"Lord Byron's house, have we passed it yet?" inquired I.

"Ah! monsieur, we shall not go near it. It is at the other end of the lake, near Chillon, full fifty miles distant," responded the conductor.

I remembered that the poet used to walk to Geneva, although not often, as he was no admirer of its citizens, whom he thought democratic—while they were quite the reverse, being cold and exclusive—so I turned to my companion and repeated the question to him. He exclaimed, "Monsieur le conducteur misunderstands you. He alludes to the 'Hôtel Byron,' and says truly that it is far distant; your great poet's villa is situated upon the south shore of the lake, and we are opposite to it now. There," continued he, as an opening allowed us the view, "see, there is Diodati."

This villa, famous in having been the retreat of Lord Byron on his first exile from England, consists of a large mansion facing the lake, surrounded with gardens terraced out in the Italian style. In general appearance, it reminded me of a scene from Antoine Watteau, or rather, of one which that artist would select as suitable for the representation of his *fêtes-champêtres;* but its present deserted grounds would first have to be peopled with dames and cavaliers, and a total renovation of the exterior take place, before the fancy could obtain such a comparison in its full bearing: for Diodati is, at the time I write, neglected and tenantless. What souvenirs, even the glimpse I had, raised in my mind! Foremost, poetry, "Childe Harold," "Manfred," "The Prisoner of Chillon,"—Shelley—Mrs. Shelley with the "fearful Being," "Monk Lewis," and the romantic and persecuted authoress of "Delphine." Byron and Shelley, on their return from Coppet, where they visited Madame de Staël, used to row across the lake by moonlight, and to these excursions are we probably indebted for some of the grandest inspirations of the two poets. Once they were surprised by a storm, and Shelley nearly lost his life; but the waters were reserved for him elsewhere, and later in life. Polidori, a physician, was Byron's inseparable companion at this place; it is well known how misapplied the poet's confidence in him proved to be.

I could not restrain a smile as I pondered on all these things, at the romance of Shelley, though he had never been out of England at that time, being only an Eton boy; the fact of his having laid the scene at Geneva and its vicinity, is, as Medwin remarks, curious enough. The title of the book is indicative

of its contents, "St. Irvyne; or, the Rosicrucian." Mysterious subjects like this were continually uppermost in his mind at this time. The romance is short, but full of horrors; he published it anonymously, as a gentleman of the university of Oxford. Among other words the following are of frequent occurrence:—"coruscations—scintillations—enhorrations." He introduces his hero, Wolfstein, in a storm on the Jura. An exile, he meets with some banditti and joins them. Solid rocks fly open at the chieftain's touch, and disclose spacious caverns. They waylay an Italian count and his party, and the lovely "Megalena di Metastasio" is the prize. But the plot is too intricate and lengthy for these pages. For the book, itself, we refer the gentle reader to some old circulating library of the Radcliffe school.

At the gates of Geneva, two or three fiery whiskered German mercenaries ascended the diligence, and with a *pon chour* to all its inmates, bade us point out our baggage for their inspection. This done, a pack of vultures in the shape of hotel agents, who had been hovering about ever since we stopped, "seeking whom they could devour," closed in and almost smothered me with their cards, but at the recommendation of my Genevese friend, who here bade me adieu, I engaged rooms at "Les Balances;" and following the example of the great commander on his arrival at Paris, after that sad affair at Moscow, I took a warm bath.

Both in a local and historical view, Geneva possesses greater attractions than almost any town of similar extent in Europe. In the former, few can command such an object as its magnificent lake, bosomed in a valley bounded by the Jura on one side and the Alps on the other, and reflecting at times on its mirrored surface, though forty miles distant, the eternal peaks of Mount Blanc, a circumstance which Byron has immortalised in verse; in "Childe Harold," if I mistake not.

The approach either by land, as we came, or by steamer, gives one a favourable impression of Geneva in an architectural point of view; but this is dispelled the instant we cross the new bridge and reach the town. The exterior elegance, and imposing altitude of the mansions upon the quays then give place to ill paved streets, lined with booths; lanky and ricketty houses; filthy alleys streaming with gutters; all indicating the same want of cleanliness, so evident in even the first cities of France. The Corraterie, of which the citizens are so proud, is the best street in Geneva, and it has only one side good: the other is irregular and but half finished. Like Paris, Geneva was originally upon an island formed by the Rhine; but in these days it has, like its great prototype, burst its bounds, and now extends

over twice the space. The island is still the most interesting portion, whether from its antiquated appearance, or its eventful associations. It is here that the working classes, or as they are better known, the radicals, chiefly reside; and bitter are the feuds between them and the aristocrats of the new town. Being a republic, they are entitled to equal votes and places in the senate. It is there that the animosity of both parties appear. The avowed leader of the former is young James Fazy, the editor of a newspaper, and a rising man in Switzerland, whose abilities would gain him respect anywhere, were he not the fiercest of demagogues. His forte lies in writing political satires, and haranguing mobs at the cafés.* Between the aristocrats and democrats there is a class,—and by far the largest—that prefers the "juste milieu;" these are the merchants and shopkeepers, who are very capricious in their votes, being this year for the Haute Ville, next year for St. Gervais; as the districts of the contending parties are respectively denominated.

They are, in fact, the best citizens, and by avoiding extremes, they prove themselves the greatest benefactors to their little republic, which is mainly indebted to their diligent habits for its present prosperity.

At the part which Geneva has played in the destinies of nations, it will be sufficient in a work of this nature merely to glance; to give details, would occupy space to the exclusion of other matter, more peculiarly the province of gossiping travellers like ourselves, besides the delay it might occasion in our tour. To chronicle events is the task of the historian; to illustrate them, by comparison with the manners of the country through which he passes, is that of the traveller.

There can be no question as to the antiquity of Geneva. Cæsar, in his Commentaries, makes frequent mention of it; once in particular, when he describes its position as near the confluence of the Rhone and Arve, should be sufficient to dispel all doubts on the subject. But a certain worthy citizen, in his patriotic pride, and filled with rancour against a Savoyard, who, in a publication, had questioned the right of Geneva to be styled free, traces its existence so far back as the Egyptian era; and then goes on to show that the present Genoa, in North Italy, was a colony from Geneva; hence the similarity of names, the Sardinians to this day styling their city Genova (superba?). As it is full two centuries since this industrious citizen flourished, but little credence can be attached to his first assertion, which he bases upon no authority; but the latter is more worthy of

* M. Fazy was elected deputy of Geneva to the federal diet at the close of last year.

attention, inasmuch as he quotes the circumstance from a Latin author. His book,* a curiosity of its kind, shows great research, a vigorous style, and contains much information relative to the early history of Geneva, though not unfrequently, as in the above instance, it is tinged with high colouring when the merits and importance of his native city are touched upon: no great fault, and one in which the historians of that age are by no means singular, for those of the present day seem often to forget the words of Ovid, that,—

> ———"Quæ non facimus ipsi,
> Vix ea nostra voco."

The "Citadin de Genève" was much criticised at the time of its appearance, and from its being a "response," called forth in its turn several others. Long has the jealousy between Savoy and Geneva existed!

During the reign of Aurelian, the Roman emperor, Geneva was considered a place of great importance, and formed an exception to the levelling rule, which styled all equally barbarians who were not fortunate enough to have been born in the imperial city. At that time, also, its name was changed to "Aureliana," but this piece of vanity was dropped at the death of its author, when Geneva resumed its ancient title. Until the Reformation, we find the history of Geneva much chequered; at one time forming the possession of the Burgundian dukes, at another, of the house of Savoy; then a part of France; and lastly an independent state, allied by mutual interests to the Swiss Confederacy, but not yet incorporated as one of that body. The time of the Reformation, however, was the climax of its fame; neither before nor since has it ever attained an equal importance or regard in the eyes of Europe. The mighty intellects, the new ideas, the burning zeal of the first reformers, burst forth together as a shell from within this little city, the flames of which lighted up the whole of Christendom, spread terror in some countries, joy in others, and shook the Vatican in its foundations. Cauvin, or as he is better known, Calvin, Farel, Bonnivard, were the principal lights. The former, with his German contemporary, Luther, are usually looked upon as the champions of this eventful epoch; but their fellow-labourers are well worthy of a record, whose lives, in many points, show more attraction, and whose characters, more amiableness. With a certain class it has ever been the fashion, in the lives of great

* "Le Citadin de Genève, ou Response au Cavalier de Savoye." 8vo. Paris, 1606. The library of Geneva contains two copies of the work.

men, to fix upon their failings rather than their virtues, and to transmit to posterity how "this man sinned," forgetting that—

"Errare est humanum,"

an adage which they, of all others, should be constant to remember. This has been especially the case with Calvin's biographers, who, while they touch briefly upon his deeds—immortal, nevertheless—devote whole pages to the relation of a *faux pas*, which they assert he committed in the case of Servetus the Socinian. Should they happen to be right in laying the odium of this treachery at Calvin's door—and that they are wholly justified in so doing, I very much doubt,*—after all, they show themselves to be but sorry fellows, and useless in their generation; and would figure better as chroniclers of the *Vehmegericht*, or The Reign of Terror, when they could fatten upon dark and crying deeds, than as historians of that glorious period, the Reformation, the blessings of which are too much for their vitiated tastes to discern.

The influx of strangers to Geneva in those days was immense. From all quarters of the globe they came, either attracted by the learning and eloquence of the reformers, or driven to seek at its hospitable hearths that peace which their own did not afford. Few visited it as we do now. Those were not the days, when, lolling at ease in a handsome calash, and accompanied by the fair sex, one might dispatch a courier on before, to engage the best rooms of the best hotel,—"facing the lake, mind that, Giacomo!"—but the days when each one, when he did travel, and that was rarely, went escorted, or joined himself to some caravan, consisting of others like himself, banded together for mutual protection against the numerous robbers and free companies which then infested the highways of Europe. Nor did the beauties of scenery tempt men to leave thei homes. The towering mountain, the precipitous crag, the glacier of eternal ice, the foaming cascade, struck awe into men's minds as they do now, but not admiration; they were too much of a nature with the perils men had daily to encounter, to do so. The number of our countrymen driven by persecution from their own shores, and forced to seek an asylum in Geneva from her searching rod, was very great. They comprise, among those of many noble families, the names of Cnoxus (Knox), Williams, Christopher, Goodman, John Bacon, and John Bodleigh. Thus

* See, on this point, a defence of Calvin's conduct, by Jean Senébier, in his Literary History of Geneva, a work which reflects as much credit upon the author, as lustre around the intellects of his native city.

visited by the illustrious of all nations, it would appear strange if Geneva had not made rapid progress in the sciences, and stood in the front rank among cities. Her first step was to throw off the yoke of the counts of Geneva, which she effected at the expense of one of her dearest citizens, Bonnivard; who, being waylaid in the Jura, was delivered over to the duke of Savoy, and imprisoned for many years in the fortress of Chillon, an occurrence which Byron had *not* in view when he composed his poem. On his release, Bonnivard founded a public library in his native city, besides a college, both of which are famous at the present day. This excellent man was born in 1496, completed his studies at Turin, and in 1510, his uncle handed him over, with permission of the pope, the priory of Saint Victor, a snug birth, but one which his conscientious scruples would not allow him long possession of; for he was among the first to secede from Rome, and embrace the new faith. After this he suffered imprisonment for two years at Grolée, by order of his enemy, the duke of Savoy. This was prior to the one at Chillon, where he remained six years without being questioned. To quote the words of a fellow-citizen, "François de Bonnivard was always among the staunchest supporters of the Genevese republic; he served it with the intrepidity of a hero, and he wrote its history with the candour of a philosopher, and the warmth of a patriot."

While engaged with dinner, I heard that there was to be a concert on the "Isle de Jean Jacques" in the evening, with some good boat-racing; so I laid myself out for both treats, accordingly. This island is artificial. It forms a midway rest for a handsome bridge over the Rhone, which connects the Quai des Bergues and the old town, and forms a delightful promenade, with elegance and utility. It is open to the public, but on concert days—once a week in summer only—non-admission is enforced, unless accompanied with half a franc for the benefit of the musicians. A gay scene presented itself on and around this little island, as if all Geneva had taken holiday, and were assembled with their wives and families to enjoy the delicious evening, and the strains of melody, which harmonized so well with the placid beauty of their own sweet lake. The band occupied the centre, beside a classical statue of Rousseau by Pradier, and immediately around it were arranged benches for the accommodation of the ladies. The remainder of the island formed an agreeable promenade for the loungers, and a resort for the most charming *tête-à-têtes*. Elegant gigs, down to the most unwieldy, flat-bottomed punts, occupied that portion of the lake where the powerful current of the Rhone begins to show itself, and it was amusing to see sometimes a *mal adroit*

oarsman swept off by the stream, with difficulty recover himself from a dash against the bridge, or a plunge of two or three feet down to the Bains du Rhone. Flags of several nations were discernible, fluttering at the stern, or in the case of gigs, at the bow of these numerous little vessels, among which I, not without an emotion of pride, espied our own Union Jack, as well as the Russian and the Tricolor. The assemblage of the fair sex was, as may be supposed, numerous. Here, a party might be seen waving to another on the water, or their friends might be near enough to exchange verbal salutations. There, under the shade of a tree, near the less frequented spot which faces the river, a youthful pair might be exchanging warmer sentiments, and mutually outpouring the secrets of their hearts, probably realising in their conversation the truthful language of the immortal bard—at least, the verses occurred to my memory at the time:—

> "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
> Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
> Creep on our ears; soft stillness and the night
> Become the touches of sweet harmony."

Ah! there was many a Jessica and Lorenzo present on this lovely isle. Here, again, a poet, breathing inspiration from the enrapturing scene, doubly heightened by the strains of music gently floating o'er his ear,

> ——— "Like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odours!"

And there, the writer himself, regarding with intense delight the scene around him, and which he in vain endeavours now to depict.

The clock of "St. Pierre" tolled out seven, the Genevese pulled out their watches, the conductor waved his *bâton*, and the overture to "William Tell" began. The hum of voices was silent, the promenaders gathered nearer, the *nautici* rested upon their oars, and the violincello spoke out the *ripieno* passages with human voice. The introduction tells of Switzerland; tells of its snow-clad mountains, its rushing torrents, its simple peasantry, their patriarchal manners; how it is a land of freedom, where liberty is stamped upon its very soil. The invader comes. He tears the sucking infant from its mother, renders desolate the shepherd's hut, and bears him away to hard imprisonment. A storm arises—the violins grow excited—the winds howl—the chromatic passages are rendered with faultless precision—

and the tempest rages in all its fury—at last exhausts itself. The prisoner has escaped! the "Ranz-des-vaches" is played; it is echoed above, among the peaks of Wetterhorn and the snows of Blumlisalp, and zephyrs catching its *refrain*, re-echo it with brilliant accompaniment. The "Cor des chasseurs" is the signal for revolt, which is attended with success, and here this descriptive and delicious overture terminates. Its last bars denote the composer. Immortal Rossini! who can thus clothe music with the romance of history; oh, Swiss, he is your compatriot; in him behold your historian!

Reader, if thou hast followed me through the above, and art acquainted, as doubtless thou art, with this sublime music, sure I am that thou canst enter into my feelings. If not, then lose not a moment; rush to the first music bazaar, purchase a copy of the overture, get thy prettiest cousin to study it—for 'tis difficult—be thou her instructor, and a sweet task awaits thee!

Several other *morceaux* were executed by the band with most laudable precision; chiefly waltzes and polkas, although Mozart's "Aria con variazioni" was one, which gave ample opportunity for judging of the merits of the musicians, each instrument in turn sharing the solo. The band master, Monsieur Sabon, proved himself therein a first-rate clarionet. Poor Mozart! some of his finest instrumental music was composed for the open air concerts at Vienna.

The conclusion of the first part of the concert was the signal for the boat-racing. An English and a Russian gig stood out as competitors, the latter, so far as boat went, having a decided advantage, it being a perfect model, while our countrymen's proved only to be the best "Genevese-English" boat on the lake. The Russians had a small gun for'ard, which they fired off on starting and on returning, as they beat our countrymen in this race. However, the latter pulled well, and I, who have witnessed many a time the Thames regattas, can safely allege that they would not have discredited it. They had two essential points to contend against: to wit, a heavy gig, and undisciplined crew—undisciplined, inasmuch as it consisted merely of stray English, assembled at a venture, to combat men who were residents, and daily accustomed to pull together.

The music recommenced. Like all earthly things it had an end, upon which I prepared to return to the hotel.

In the crush of the departing crowd I heard my name distinctly uttered, and looking round, found it to proceed from a gentleman with mustachios, a fine-looking young man, whose face was quite familiar to me, but where, I could not at the moment remember. His tone, manner, and hearty salutation, soon assured me that I was not mistaken, and that he whom I now grasped by the hand was no other than my college chum—

Joseph Long. To say how altered I found thee, Joseph, is not the least—as to friendship in no way, but in the outward man—let me say in what profession, and what brought thee here. Thy public character exonerates me from any blame which might obtain as scandal in the relation of thy history, and which I know full well cannot do other than add to thy laurels. Ah! Joseph, you smile when I call to mind the time and place of our first meeting since our days of school companionship. How different our pursuits in life, when our feelings were so similar! And yet as chums we meet again on foreign ground.

Reader! hast thou not experienced the same emotions after a long, seemingly live-long, separation from some dear companion; one with whom thou hast entrusted thy most confidential affairs, the forerunner of her who is soon to monopolize the cream of thine affections,—*par excellence*, thy college chum? Nurtured at the breast of Alma mater, thine ambitious views fostered at the same cradle, and cherished by the same incidents, thou whisperest thine earnest, though crude resolves, to a fellow-dreamer, who, catching at thy spirit, enters wholly into thy designs, and declares how he also dreams of future glory. Then restraint is thrown aside by confidence, and visionary schemes are organized between you. One is to be the founder of a new order of society; the other, a great statesman, or else a *literatus* of no ordinary fame. You both depart from college, each to his profession, and the realization of all your dreams. Years roll on. Old companionship is forgotten, or only remembered "thro' the haze of time," when unexpectedly the would-be statesman and social reformer are thrown together, and can compare notes. So, in a manner, it was with Joseph Long and myself.

But night was setting in. The sun had sunk behind the hills about Bellegarde; the little island of Rousseau, whereon but shortly before had resounded strains of melody, was now scarce discernible from the opposite quay, as the shades of night buried it among the waters of the lake; and our conversation found a momentary pause, when I proposed to Long to come to my hotel, and socialize the remainder of the evening with a friendly gossip. He was about to comply, then hesitated.

"Will it not suit you as well to come with me? my rooms are strictly private. I can give you a bottle of first-rate chambertin. Say, will you come?"

I gladly consented. He led me across a sort of square, near the church of the Fusterie, then up by "L'Hôpital," where, in an adjoining street, we stopped at a house. He had two comfortable rooms, which had even the luxury of carpets, and I found an agreeable sofa whereon to lounge. He threw himself into an arm-chair, and spoke much to the following purport.

THE HISTORY OF A GRAVE.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

This brief history will compel me to say something of myself. Rather more than twenty years ago I resided with my family at Chelsea, near London; I was then very young, yet without any of the bouyancy of youth, for the misfortunes of my kindred had made me more than thoughtful. I was a stranger in a strange place, and unfortunately, I had no occupation. I sought out the solitary spots in the neighbourhood, and one of my favourite haunts was the grave-yard of the old church adjoining Cheyne Walk. I wandered amongst the tombs, deeming the dead happier than the living, as I thought of my far off home in the north, and the friends adversity had driven from us. In my rambles I discovered a detached burial-ground, situated in the King's Road; it was in a thoroughfare, and surrounded by buildings, yet it looked more solitary and far more desolate than did the old church yard; on two sides it was square and of small extent, it was surrounded by an iron-railing, partially broken and half eaten away with rust; and I used to wonder whether the padlock by which the gate was secured could be opened; it looked as if it would crumble at a touch. On the other two sides it was overlooked by the dead walls of some manufacturing buildings. This small enclosure was crowded with grave stones, most of them erect, and only to be distinguished midway above the long, rank grass that grew around them. The summer sunshine lent no brightness to that spot! it was winter there throughout the year; it always looked damp, gloomy, earthy. I never was able to gratify my desire to enter it: and perhaps, owing to its crowded state, it seldom was opened; but I often walked outside the rails, reading every inscription within my reach. Conspicuous above all others was an erect stone, near to the road, bearing this simple inscription:—

"J. B."

1815.

There the wicked cease from troubling, there the weary be at rest."

This brief record of one that had lived, and suffered, and thankfully found refuge in that dark mould, made a great impression upon me; I went again and again to read it, although I knew it so well, and I wondered whether the dead had been male or female—had died in youth or old age, and then I felt how little it mattered either way, since the turmoil of life was over.

Long years passed away, and amid different interests, and in other places, I never forgot that grave. A short time ago I went into Derbyshire, I was oppressed at the time with a later sorrow, and change of scene was deemed necessary for me. The grand peak scenery, the old heath-clad hills, the grey ivy-covered rocks, rising abruptly, like the walls of some time-defying fortress; the dark ravines overhung with darker fir trees, beneath which the mountain brooks passed along, sometimes noisily over fragments of the fallen stone, sometimes lying quietly in their deep beds, looking like shadowed mirrors, and in either character bursting only at intervals upon eye and ear; the lovely, quiet vallies, each, like that of Rassalas; seeming to shut out the world, and to hold commune only with its own peacefulness; might well have absorbed the attention of a sojourner like myself. My old habits of solitary wandering made me weary of the constant companionship of my kind, light-hearted friends, and in order to ramble alone, I rose on several occasions with the early dawn, and sallied forth before others were astir. How exhilarated I felt with the grey sky above, and the old everlasting hills around, and the glistening, bubbling waters, and the glens and vallies beneath me! Ah, there is much to be enjoyed and learned in *self* communion amid the solitudes of nature, where the inner life speaks eloquently to the outer, and exults in its own dominion over all time and all change! Rising abruptly from the valley in which my friends dwelt, was one very high mountain, deemed almost inaccessible from any point within three or four miles. Being ambitious in a small way, or perhaps wilful, I found especial pleasure in scrambling as well as I might up the steep side of this almost perpendicular ascent. To do myself justice, I had a motive beyond that of mere caprice. I had observed that smoke sometimes issued from a certain point high up the mountain, and I had been told that an aged man had made his abode in the cave from which this issued, that he held communion with no one, and never came into the valley. He had lived there five or six years, yet no one seemed to think or care anything about him, and I was astonished at people's apathy. He might be in sorrow, he might be in want, yet seeking no aid, he found none. Presently I became more selfish: for the painfulness of stern

realities and regrets, from the monotony of every-day existence, here was promise of relief—an actual adventure! I needed not to be told at that time, that all chivalrous feeling had passed from the earth; but surely, I thought, if I can manage to mount up to the abode of this recluse after so perilous a fashion, he will receive me with some courtesy. Being determined to have my way for once, I kept my own counsel, and at about four o'clock on a fine morning, I set out on my expedition. A quarter of an hour's laborious walk brought me to the point from which the mountain towered up with almost the steepness of a wall. At the base it had not looked near so formidable, and I sat down to rest with a very decided intention to retrace my steps. The sun was yet far behind the distant hills, and a light vapour filled the valley. Conspicuous above every other object there, was the tower of the old village church. I had always loved church-yards, and the concatenation of ideas brought back to my remembrance the grave in the burial ground at Chelsea. "There," I repeated, "the wicked cease from troubling; there the weary be at rest." There was no sign of life around; the dreamers and the dreamless were alike sleeping beneath me, and I once more cast my eyes towards the summit of the mountain. What a hard old monster it looked! like some natures I had met with upon earth, never to be propitiated, never to be gained upon. If I achieve anything here, I said, it must be by my own unaided effort; there was not a shrub to cling to, scarcely an inequality in the rocky soil; and yet there was a zigzag sort of track just perceptible, as if, at some time or other, it had been worn by human steps. Seizing upon this idea, I once more took courage, and to make short of what was to me a very long matter, I just managed to reach a height from which it was frightful to look up or down. How at last I managed to get down again, I do not know; I had a roll that made my head giddy, and when I had leisure to examine my hands and elbows, I found a rather formidable array of minor bruises. Nothing daunted by my first failure, I made many subsequent attempts, in the last of which I found myself too high up to venture down again. The higher I went, however, the safer footing I found, and I felt pretty secure, seated on a projection of the dark, moss-covered rock. I was satisfied with what I had achieved, and for the moment left the future to take care of itself. The scene beneath and around me was grand in the extreme, and I was lost in admiration. The sun had risen high enough to pour a flood of glorious light on the valley below me, where lay the quiet village homesteads, with their gardens, and orchards, and luxuriant hedge-rows, and green English lanes; and the old baronial hall, about which there

were so many traditions, and which had been tenantless, time out of mind. Farther on, the scene yet lay in deep shadow, save where some mountain vista let in a stream of sunshine, whose effect, where it fell,—across a dense mass of dark trees, stretching away over rich corn-fields to the quaint old Saxon bridge, half smothered in ivy, and along the glittering river, broken into tiny water-falls, and winding away to the western verge of the valley,—was rich in the extreme. On every side the scene was enclosed in a succession of hills, peak towering above peak. What *might* have been the end of my adventure I do not know; I had just begun to consider that I should be missed, and so occasion some consternation amongst my friends, when I found my arm firmly grasped from behind. My first impulse was terror, and had the grasp been less firm, I should have reached the valley sooner than I intended.

"Don't be frightened," said a venerable, weather-beaten looking man, whom I knew at once to be the recluse; "you are quite safe now. I have watched and wondered at your attempts to come up here, and never expected you would have got so far. You must allow me to help you higher up, for it is impossible to go down now." A lesson, this, for climbers of all kinds. Being fairly in the man's clutches, and away from all help, I felt the extent of my folly, and vowed never to forgive myself. Fright kept me silent, and when we shortly arrived at the very safe, terrace-like space that stretched to a considerable distance before the spot on which the old man made his abode, he left me for a moment, and returned with a small can, filled with sparkling spring water, of which my white lips and trembling limbs had given him assurance I stood in need. I found voice to thank him, and now looked about me with some confidence. In less time than it takes to narrate, I had noted everything; that is, the personal appearance and dress of the man, and the black-looking hole that formed the entrance to his dwelling-place. We were yet below the top of the mountain, which at this point seemed to project over us. Had I met the recluse in any ordinary spot of earth, I should have set him down at a glance for an especially shrewd, world-experienced man. His eyes were bright and piercing as an eagle's; his mouth was particularly expressive of decision and firmness, and his broad forehead, over which the white hair floated wildly, was bold and open. For his age, which I thought could not be less than between sixty and seventy, he was a well-preserved man, notwithstanding the weather-beaten appearance which his exposure to all weathers in that high latitude gave him. His chief article of dress was a large loose coat, of some such material as the home-made fringe worn by the Irish. I had seated

myself on one of the natural benches formed by the rock, and the old man also seated himself at a very respectful distance. He looked at me very fixedly with his keen eye, and I observed that his hard features were gradually relaxing into a smile. We are a couple of originals, I believe, thought I to myself, and he seems to know it, and I laughed outright.

"I am glad to hear that," said the old man: "I began to fear that, in common with many others, you possessed only one kind of courage, and that I had frightened it away. But this is no laughing matter; do you know that you have had a very narrow escape from destruction?"

"Well, I suppose I have," said I, half ashamed of my exploit, and hardly knowing what to say.

"What were you thinking about down yonder, where I found you seated so quietly just now?"

"Nothing in particular, except the scenery," said I, which was the truth.

"And so, for the sake of a fine view, you willingly risked the loss of life?"

I could not acknowledge that my chief motive was to see him, therefore I merely said that I believed I had been very silly, and that I had at no time been particularly distinguished for wisdom. "Well," said the recluse, smiling very kindly, "I am glad it is no worse. I should have warned you, by shouting, on several occasions, had I dared to do it, and you never gave me the opportunity of helping you, until you found a convenient spot for viewing the scenery. I assure you, you have tried my courage as well as your own; had you been aware of my approach, and lost your self-possession, the consequences would have been fatal. It is astonishing how one like yourself, apparently used to gentle nurture, should have ventured upon such a toilsome and perilous adventure as this."

He made a mistake about the gentle nurture; my experiences were nearly all bitter, and my nurture had been rough.

"How far shall I have to walk, in order to reach the valley?" I asked.

"Nearly three miles," he replied; "when you are sufficiently rested, I will show you the way. I am sorry I have no refreshment to offer you of which you could care to partake. As you may be well aware, I am not prepared for, or accustomed to visitors.

A short silence ensued on both sides. I was astonished by the intelligence of my new acquaintance; his language was more than correct, it was polished; and his manner was above all comparison with any specimen of modern politeness that I have been fated to meet with,—he was courteous as a knight

errant of old. I was quite conscious that a man who had voluntarily renounced society, would little like being so intruded upon, (and his own forbearance made me ashamed of lingering,) yet I did not like to go so soon; and perhaps he perceived this, for with true politeness he changed the subject, and directed my attention to the scenery for which he imagined I had risked so much.

"This is indeed a glorious view!" he exclaimed; "and it is a glorious gift to be enabled to appreciate fully the wonderful works of God. Doubtless his eye was upon you when, rapt in contemplation of the beauties his hand had scattered around, you remained unconscious of the peril that encompassed you. To him, rather than to myself, or to any chance, you owe the privilege of still living:—praise be to God!"

The earnest and reverent manner in which these words were spoken, as well as the words themselves, stirred my spirit more powerfully than any sermon I had ever heard. How much indeed I had to be thankful for, and how little I had thought of thankfulness! My heart swelled to my throat, and my eyes filled with tears. Again the recluse seemed to comprehend my thoughts, and with the instinctive delicacy known to so few, he again changed the subject.

"Doubtless you marvel at my leading a lonely life up here, much as you admire the scenery. Men do not usually devote a life to the sole contemplation of these things. You have not been unfortunate enough, or have not lived long enough, to comprehend how far earthly trial may make an individual thankful for the comparative happiness of solitude and quiet."

Ah! had I not!—how little we know of one another, how little we ever can know! I do not recollect what I said in reply—what we most wish to say is generally left unsaid, or has no voice, save for the ear of God. Shortly afterwards there was a stir in the valley; I was missed, and there was a hue and cry after me. The recluse was the first to perceive this, and he directed my attention to it. He went into his cave, and returned with a long pole, to which he had attached something that looked like a small sail; and this he waved about to attract attention. I waved my handkerchief, and at length we were perceived. The people looked like atoms beneath us, yet we could hear their shouts.

"Your friends will doubtless meet you," said the old man; "I will perform my part by leading you into the way." This he did most kindly: and by the way I promised, at his own request, that I would never again undertake an adventure so perilous. In return, he said he should be glad to see me, if I would visit him in a more legitimate manner. This was what I

wanted; and I gladly promised to come again before leaving the country, in which my stay was to be short. When we came in sight of the gig that had been dispatched to fetch me, the old man took his leave, and returned to his solitude. I returned to the valley, to be alternately scolded and caressed. Verily, the people that have no influence over our destinies are ever the kindest. Why is this so? I visited the hermit more than once, and we became the best friends in the world. On my third visit he told me the story of his life, which brings me to the close of *my* story. If I do not give his own words exactly, I do so very nearly, for he spoke rapidly and succinctly, plainly stating the facts that remained vividly in my memory. This was his tale:—

"I was the youngest son of a merchant, of some standing in the city of London. I was educated at Christchurch, where my brother, who was nine years older than myself, had been before me. He was destined for the church; and I always thought and spoke of him as a great man, after his entrance into one of the colleges at Oxford. Our mother had died when I was very young; and we had an only sister, two years younger than my brother. It would be vain for me to tell you how we both loved that sister; she was the star that lighted us periodically to our home; without her it would have been desolate. Of my father I remember little, except that he was a nervous, irritable, irresolute man, who always seemed to be out of his place, playing a part without entering into it. I was twelve years old when he died, and I was taken from school to attend his funeral. I was too young to understand every thing that occurred at the time; but I was sufficiently conscious of the changes that immediately took place. Our home was broken up, and we removed to lodgings at Camberwell. My father, to the astonishment of every one, had died a bankrupt; his business was a ruined one, but, fortunately, his liabilities were small. My brother of necessity quitted the university, and resigned at once the prospects with which he had been prepared to set out in life. His noble conduct won the admiration of all who knew him; and through the influence of some friends, he obtained a situation in the Bank. With perfect heroism he devoted himself to two objects:—the welfare and maintenance of my sister and myself, and the liquidation of our father's debts. What he accomplished in the period of four years was astonishing. He was never for a moment without occupation. Turning his learning to account, for he was acquainted with several languages, he procured employment as a translator; and the greater part of every night was consumed in this and other literary labours. He had, too, become my tutor. Thinking that in our altered fortunes I should be company for our sister,

he withdrew me from the school, and two hours of every day, morning and evening, were devoted to my instruction. In these pursuits, added to his daily attendance at the Bank, there was no flagging, no weariness exhibited; nor did he lose his buoyancy of heart, or depart for an instant from the kind, affectionate manner habitual to him. In the midst of all these occupations, he yet found leisure for relaxation, not on his own account, for this was but another of his self-imposed duties,—but for the sake of our sister, whom he loved to surround with every little luxury his means would allow. Devoting an hour to her was only adding another to his nightly vigils,—to him a light sacrifice. His love for her seemed to increase with time; it was more like idolatry than any ordinary earthly affection. And she was conscious of this, and appreciated it; and if she had any sorrow, it was on account of the incessant labour of James, and because he never would believe that he did for her a tenth part of what she deserved, or he wished to do. She was a fair, delicate creature, with soft hazel eyes, and brown silken hair that curled in rich masses about her round face. Her smile was exquisitely beautiful, and her laugh, witchery itself. With a heart full of deep, strong affection, a sweet, equable temper, and a mind stored with intelligence, she was indeed well fitted to be loved, and to form the happiness of home. Boy as I was, I fully comprehended that in losing her we should lose every thing. During the fourth year after my father's death, her health became delicate, and then it became apparent how great was the influence she exercised over the mind of James. Every thing was neglected, forgotten, save her, and the means of restoring her. The physician recommended the air of Brompton, and thither we went; and there, as she grew better, James gradually returned to his old habits of unceasing labour. At Brompton we became acquainted with the family of a wealthy merchant, who, although he himself went every morning to his counting-house in the city, had not deemed it necessary to find for his only son other occupation than such as befitted a gentleman,—the pursuit of his own pleasure. This son and two daughters assiduously cultivated the acquaintance of myself and Mary. James, too much occupied to attend to either as he wished, appeared at first to be pleased at the prospect this friendship held out of varying our hitherto solitary amusements. He would look gratified when, on his return from the city, Mary would speak with animation of the delightful drive she had had, of the sights she had seen, and of the kindness of her new friends. *She* was certainly gratified, and her health was rapidly improving. This was worth much sacrifice on the part of one who only lived to promote her happiness. But shortly I dis-

covered an evident uneasiness in James's manner that I had never noted before. I thought at the time that perhaps—as I did myself—he disliked the rather supercilious young gentleman whose acquaintance we had thus made. Accustomed to the contemplation of my brother's handsome, open countenance, beaming with frank good-nature, and high honour, and intelligence, I could not forbear noting the contrast presented in that of our new friend. Brought up with selfish habits, and narrow views, and possessing no native energy or goodness, he was certainly, both in manner and personal appearance, a most unprepossessing man. If my brother did not dislike him, he certainly disliked my brother. In his presence his manner was constrained, and he appeared to still less advantage, seldom lifting his eyes to look him in the face, but glancing furtively at him when he turned another way.

Before Mary he certainly did his best to appear amiable; and always disposed to think well of everyone, the unsuspecting girl rated him above his real worth. The change that had gradually come over James, became daily more apparent, until at length it alarmed both Mary and myself. He no longer left us or returned with his old, joyous, smile; he frequently quitted the house without seeing either of us, and entered it again only to shut himself up in his own room. His plea of indisposition was feasible enough, for he daily grew paler and thinner, but it was evident that some mental trouble was overwhelming him. In vain Mary and myself implored him to relax, for a time, in his unceasing labour; he applied himself for a time more assiduously than ever—at length, the explanation came. Mary had been accustomed to drive out with her friends nearly every afternoon, when the weather permitted. One morning, James asked, as a favour, that she would remain at home, as he wished to have some uninterrupted conversation with her in the afternoon. Very readily, Mary promised this, and, alarmed by the agitation of his manner, awaited with much anxiety his return from the city. I that had heard his request and seen the manner of making it, was also greatly agitated. I was a shy, reserved, boy, sensitive, and possessed of strong affections, but not gifted with my brother's animated manner of expressing them. I felt oppressed with a dread of I knew not what, and before my brother's return, I went out on a long ramble. I reached home late in the evening, and found everything in confusion. Mary had been in a succession of fainting fits, and was now sobbing in the helplessness of utter grief; my brother had quitted the house. For two days I remained in a state of anxiety I cannot describe; my brother did not return, and Mary was incapable of giving me any explanation,—she seemed

heartbroken. On the third day I had a letter from my brother, desiring to see me at a spot he mentioned in the city. There I found him; and his wild, haggard appearance, shocked me. He informed me in brief terms, that it was impossible for him longer to reside at Brompton, in consequence of his many occupations, and the time that was lost in going to and fro. He earnestly exhorted me to watch over Mary, and to devote myself entirely to her comfort,—perhaps she would miss him. He also told me that he would remit money periodically. I thought there was much bitterness in his manner of saying this; his former self appeared to be annihilated, and I knew not how to address him. He took advantage of my confusion to hurry over our interview, and having given me a sealed packet to deliver into the hands of Mary, he abruptly quitted me. It was from the contents of that packet, disclosed to me by Mary some time afterwards, and from her own revelations, that I was at length enabled to solve this mystery. I learned, to my astonishment and sorrow, that Mary was the daughter of a deceased sister of my father, a child of sin, thrown upon the world without kindred, and without a name, and that my mother had adopted and brought her up as her own. It was in compliance with my mother's dying request, that my father had never divulged the secret of her birth to any of us. James, however, discovered it; and before his death my father acknowledged to him the fact, requesting that he would continue to act as a brother towards one so innocent and so helpless. To James, who even then idolized her, this was a needless admonition; and as time passed on, and he found, that without her, life would be a blank to him, he became conscious of the nature of his feelings, and knew that he loved her with more than the love of a brother. Still he felt incapable of making a disclosure, that must in the first instance occasion her deep sorrow; and he was happy in the innocent affection he dreaded to lose. It was with the hope of one day offering her a home worthy of her, that he had toiled so incessantly; but the acquaintances we had formed at Brompton, broke the spell. Added to the evident admiration of the merchant's son, was the fact that Mary found pleasure in his society. This was bitter to him that knew no joy, save in her presence; and James felt that the time was come for making the disclosure, and, fearful chance! offering his own heart for her acceptance, or rejection. Mary had been too long accustomed to look upon him as a brother, to enter into the feeling by which he was himself animated; the disclosure seemed to make *her* heart desolate,—they never met again.

"Three months after that eventful day, Mary was married to

the merchant's son; but if she had ever loved him, which I all along doubted, it was not love that prompted her so soon to give him her hand. The idea of still being a burden upon him whose life she had blighted; of owing her subsistence to his hard, and, now, unrewarded toil, was more than she could bear. If evidences of a desolate and a broken heart were ever legibly traced on human countenance, they were on hers, the day that made her a bride. Cold and pale as marble, and passive as death, she stood at the altar, and the very firmness of her responses bore testimony that the words were uttered with the resolution of despair.

"Tell *him* to forget me!" she said to me in a hurried whisper before parting from me, on that day, and the agony of her look has never passed from me. Of my brother's agony I never knew anything beyond its effects. He continued for some time, to attend his duties at the Bank, but he resigned every other occupation. Finally he resigned his situation, after having procured one for myself in the office of a merchant who had known my father. Some time after this I entirely lost sight of him; I could gain no tidings of him for some years. My distress was extreme; and on Mary's account, too, I was doomed to suffer. The man who had married her was, indeed, in every way unworthy. The consent of his father had been forced, and his sisters domineered over her, as one whom they had helped to raise from obscurity. From indifference her husband proceeded to ill-usage; he regretted his hasty match, and she became the victim of this regret, in a man brutalized by self-indulgence and by ignorance. From herself I learned nothing of this; but I heard enough from those who freely canvassed the matter; who condemned him as a brute, and pitied her as a patient slave. Poor Mary! she that had been the light of our eyes, the idol, the tenderly watched and cared for! how could she bear a life like this! I had been to see her on two or three occasions, but the coarse insolence of her husband compelled me to desist, and it had afforded me no pleasure to mark her wan, grief-stricken looks, and fading figure. She had been married nearly three years, when I received a letter from my brother; how it electrified me! It only contained a few lines saying he wished to see me, and stating where. I hurried to the place, a small public house in Southwark, and was horrified at the sight he presented to me. He looked twenty years older; his clothes were soiled and worn; he was emaciated—almost a skeleton; and he coughed incessantly.

"He told me he had come to die, and I knew it. For the two months I watched over him, he never entered into any explanation about where he had been or what doing, and I troubled

him with no useless questions. He studiously avoided mentioning *her* name; but he once spoke of *him* as a villain. He had heard all about the sufferings of the being he had loved so well. I never left him until he died, and his death was a happy, that is, a resigned and hopeful, one; he had learned to look to another world for the peace he had lost here. In compliance with his own request, I interred him in a small burial-ground in the King's-road, Chelsea, and placed over him—also by his own desire—a stone bearing simply his initials, 'J. B.,' and the date, '1815,' with this text from Scripture: 'There the wicked cease from troubling; there the weary be at rest.'"

At this point of his story the old man suddenly ceased, and I was scarcely aware of the interruption, until he stood before me with the same can filled with spring water, which he had brought me on a former occasion.

"You are ill," he said; "I am wearying you with my long story."

"Indeed," I answered, "I am not weary; I am more interested than you can believe. Pray go on." And the old man continued.

"About a month after my brother's death, as I was one evening sitting alone in my lodgings, I was startled by the announcement that a lady in a coach wished to speak with me. I went down, and found Mary. In a hurried manner she desired me to take her up to my apartment. Surprised and pained, I led the way, and the moment the door was closed, she seized my arm, frantically.

"'Henry,' she exclaimed, 'your brother is dead,—*my* brother —and you have thought me unworthy of learning even this!'

"'Not unworthy, dear Mary,' I said, soothingly; 'if I did not tell you, it was because I would not add to your sorrow.'

"'Henry,' she continued, speaking with wild excitement; 'I have read my own heart aright, too late, since that last fatal interview with James. I have long known that I never loved any one, never *could* have loved any one upon earth as I did and could have loved him! Should he not have given me more time to search into my own heart and thoughts, before casting me off, and tearing himself away from me for ever? Was it possible to put off one feeling, and put on another at a moment's warning? We ought to have been happy together, and we have both been lost through precipitation. O that I had known earlier what it destroyed me to know so late! Henry, I must see his grave!'

"It was in vain that I remonstrated against this. She would take no denial; and thinking that to comply with her request would be the best means of soothing her, I entered the hired carriage with her, and directed the coachman to drive to the

spot. It was still early, on a summer's evening, when we alighted. I had not considered that the gate might be locked, as I found to be the case, and I knew not how to obtain the key. The stone, however, was so placed that the inscription was plain enough from the spot where we stood, and I directed her attention to it. She remained for a long time contemplating it, and I did not disturb her. At length I took her arm with the intention of leading her away, when she turned, and fixed upon me a stony, mindless gaze that horrified me. The next instant she burst into a succession of wild shrieks, and struggled to get away with a strength that mastered me. A crowd soon collected around us; she was secured, and taken to her home, and thence to a mad house, where, in a few years, she died. I was myself thankful, a short time afterwards, that my employer had occasion to send me abroad. The health of my mind as well as body had been undermined by all I had passed through; and a change of scene gave me some promise of relief. I returned to England after an absence of twenty-five years, and a feeling stronger than curiosity induced me to visit the only child of Mary, a son, whom I found to be the counterpart of his father, and left in disgust. Finally, I came here. I have means to supply more than the common wants of life, but these suffice for me, and of the world I have had sufficient experience."

This was the old man's tale. I never told him how early in life I had seen that grave, or how long and how frequently it had haunted me: it looked too like a romance. A few months ago I heard that he was dead, and since then I have written these pages. He that played so conspicuous a part in this brief tragedy,—brief now that (save for this frail record) it has passed into oblivion,—he also has found refuge where "the wicked cease from troubling," where "the weary be at rest."

THE WEDDING DRESSES.

A SIMPLE FACT.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

CHAPTER I.

"Marriage should be considered as the most solemn league of perpetual friendship; a state from which artifice and concealment are to be banished for ever; and in which every act of dissimulation is a breach of faith.
Johnson.

"WELL! Isabelle, now that this tedious and most harassing affair is brought, in vulgar parlance, to a happy conclusion; and Sir Arthur Fortescue, at *last* condescends to make you his wife; after such horrible and insulting hesitation, I have not the remotest idea, where I can procure the money necessary to purchase dresses for you, suitable to such an occasion.

You know how difficult it is for me to meet even our ordinary expences, with my wretchedly confined income, and with a son to support like a gentleman at college, too, without having any such terrible addition as the present."

"Dear mamma, why make the attempt, if you cannot afford it? Sir Arthur is fully aware that you are not rich, and will not, therefore, expect a splendid *trousseau* with me."

"What nonsense you talk about affording it! if people only did that which they could afford, you would soon see a very different state of things amongst our acquaintance. I tell you what, Isabelle, it is absolutely and imperatively essential to keep up a certain appearance, in this ostentation-loving world, at the cost of any personal sacrifice, or inconvenience.

Why, if I had only lived, or, rather existed, as I could *afford*, since your father's death, it would have been in such obscurity, that you would never have had the shadow of a chance of becoming a Lady *Fortescue*."

"I might have been equally happy, perhaps, mamma, in an union with a worthy man."

"Stuff! about a worthy man. What would a worthy man have done for you? why, taken you to some scantily-furnished second floor, in a low, nameless street, and considered his fondness an ample compensation for the common comforts of life."

"And so it would have been, while hearts were young."

"Yes! very true, while hearts *were* young, but hearts soon grow old in poverty. However, enough of this romantic folly. I am sure, you do not inherit such grovelling sentiments from me. I never was enamoured of love and a cottage, I assure you; and much as I was attached to your father, his fine fortune was by no means his least attraction, in my estimation.

"Ah! when I reflect on the splendour of the past, I appear to myself a miracle of patience and resignation, to bear this cruel reverse with the exemplary fortitude I do.

"It really is unpardonable in a married man living up to the extent of his income, and leaving the wife he pretends to adore, in distress and misery, if she has the misfortune to survive him."

"Pardon me, but I have always understood, mamma, that you encouraged him in his extravagance; that it was because he could not deny one wish you expressed, that he was guilty of such culpable excesses; that it was you who vehemently opposed aught bordering on retrenchment."

"Of course, I had no idea of not competing with my equals, at least. But all retrospection is worse than useless now. All that is to be done, is to get the money I am in want of. I must try Mrs. Macgreggor once more, although I am certain to receive in return, more advice than cash. However, I have no alternative, and I am resolved that you shall make a good appearance; so I must not mind a little mortification to accomplish so desirable an end. Go then, and take a walk, while I concoct a touching letter to her."

"Isabelle, conscious that expostulation would only anger her mother, silently obeyed; strolling pensively into the garden, to muse on this, the least agreeable part of her approaching nuptials, whilst her mother seated herself at her desk, with the air of one accustomed to solicit such favours; penning, with evident satisfaction, the following delectable epistle; verily believing that even her common place friend could not resist such a masterpiece of affected gratitude, humility and maternal devotion:—

"My Dear Mrs. Macgreggor,

"It really appears as if I were never to address you, except to solicit some pecuniary assistance, so frequent, alas, have been my appeals to your generosity since the death of my still most lamented husband. But, I do trust, this will be the

last my necessities will ever compel me to make; ashamed as I am, of the importunity which has never yet met with a refusal from you.

"Isabelle is, at length, positively, going to be married to Sir Arthur Fortescue, after, as you know, the various vexatious delays, arising from the opposition of his friends, and my own proud spirit, which cannot forget its former position of equality with them. I am determined, therefore, to make a final struggle for the poor, dear girl, that if she is obliged to go to his arms a portionless bride, she shall, at least, go like a gentlewoman; well provided with an elegant wardrobe, so that she may not have the humiliation of applying to him for some time after her marriage, for the most trifling article of dress. Will you then kindly lend me the money I stand in need of for that purpose? Will you, my dear friend, so far gratify an adoring mother, that for once, she may have the exquisite delight of beholding a daughter beautiful in the extreme, and lovelier from the unconsciousness of that beauty, dressed correspondingly to such superior charms, and that, too, at the most interesting, the most eventful period of her life?

"Oh! do not be insensible to this entreaty, I implore you! think, think of the gratification of a mother at seeing her child, at the moment she becomes a bride, the admiration of all! It may be a weakness, but surely, surely it is a pardonable one,—a most pardonable. Had you a daughter, fair and artless as my Isabelle, you would fully then feel and understand the almost holy pride of a mother's heart, under such circumstances.

"Nothing can exceed the ardent and disinterested affection of the young man; he promises to purchase a living for Frederick, in his own neighbourhood, so that Isabelle may still enjoy the society of her beloved and only brother, when he takes orders; and actually wishes me, and my poor crippled sister, to become permanent inmates in his large, roomy country house, inhabited by his mother and two maiden sisters; to be all *one* family still, as he considerately observes. But that, of course, requires much and deep deliberation, for my feelings are too acute, my sensibility too poignant, to brook dependance, or eat the bread I must season with the salt of mortification.

"It is only to you, that I ever reveal my sorrows, or claim commiseration for the distresses inevitable on a change of situation so truly, so painfully lamentable as mine. In your dear bosom I deposit the burthen of my woe; revere it as the sacred trust of the almost heart-broken, but, still grateful,

"Isabelle Courtney."

By return of post, Mrs. Courtney received the following reply, from Mrs. Macgreggor.

"My Dear Friend,

"I commence my letter by saying, that you will immediately receive two hundred pounds, by presenting the enclosed cheque at my bankers; lest you should imagine by the tone of my response to yours that I only sought to excuse my parsimony, if I refuse to accede to the request contained therein. The efforts which the generality of parents make to provide wedding finery for their daughters, always struck me as an act of absolute folly, not to say, criminality; as if they were going to unite them to sordid, mercenary monsters, instead of warm-hearted, generous creatures, only too ready to anticipate the desire of the wives they love to excess, and to win by a prodigal liberality, a fond appreciation of their endeavours to please and gratify. In your case it is peculiarly censurable, my dear friend; conscious, as you yourself assert, of the disinterested motives which induce Sir Arthur to become the husband of your child. Perhaps, you are not aware, that by such a step you introduce dissimulation into her young bosom—weaken the hallowed confidence which ought to exist between man and wife, and teach her the petty artifice which too frequently renders woman despicable in her domestic position.

"Do not talk to me, of the humiliation the wife endures who tells her husband without subterfuge, all her little wants and vanities. In my opinion, she is not justified in wearing the value of a sixpence beyond what he can afford, or what his taste approves of; and I consider the system of pin-money, as one of the most fatal arrangements against conjugal felicity ever invented, creating as it does a *separate* interest, and engendering selfishness and concealment, where all should be mutual love, candour and openheartedness.

"It destroys the sweet and flattering dependency of woman's nature, and subverts the highest principles of integrity. It sets the wife against the husband, the mother against the daughter; it severs the unity of the home circle, for, how can the children respect and venerate that father, whom they perceive it is their mother's only object to deceive; or how can they esteem and reverence the mother whose culpable conduct renders her so unfit for regard, obedience or imitation?

"Besides, more than all else, it should be remembered, that it separates and disjoins the spiritual *oneness*, which the Almighty especially and emphatically ordained to subsist between those who embrace his divine marriage ordinance.

"Shall worldly conventionality, or the dictates of fashion, militate against the heavenlier concord so essential to our own happiness and to all around us? God forbid!

"Not having a daughter, of course I have no sympathy with

the foolish vanity of your heart, which you almost profanely designate 'holy pride.' What there can possibly be of holy, in seeing one's innocent child decorated like a victim for the Moloch-shrine of ostentation, is to me perfectly inexplicable. There is not one laudable distinction to be conferred by dress, in my opinion, however splendidly extravagant its materials may be, on any human being. It evinces neither superiority of intellect nor talent. It is rather a vulgar attribute, as proving the influence of money over mind. Considered in a religious point of view, it is, alas, the badge of our fallen nature, the brand of our original sin, the signal mark of our disobedience and reprobation; hence, to render ourselves conspicuous by it, is like the galley-slave parading the felon chains which reveal his turpitude. And, if viewed merely in a worldly light, it is still a most contemptible affair to exult in, as a rational creature, showing that we can attach the weightiest importance to the emptiest trifles, and waste the precious time, intended for more momentous purposes, in the outward adornment of the person, to the exclusion of the more serious concerns of life, and to the neglect of the heart and soul; too truly thereby verifying that awful denunciation which likens us to whitened sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outwardly, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness.

"Then, again, you speak of your own independence of spirit, your horror of obligation, your utter detestation of owing aught to others. Excuse me if I observe, that your definition of independence and mine is totally and entirely at variance. My idea of true independence is to endeavour, nay, determine, to live within one's means, whatever they may be, and not, as it were, move heaven and earth, on every occasion, for the sake of display, wearying one's friends, and delighting one's enemies, who, penetrating beneath the surface of show, discover the under current of anxious fears and fluctuating hopes, experienced in the progress of the efforts made to astonish and triumph over them.

"Probably you will imagine I express myself thus almost unfeelingly, because I have lent you such sums of money at different periods. No such thing. Had you never borrowed a farthing, I should speak in even less, far less, measured terms. It is because I sincerely love you, that I now admonish you so severely. It is to spare you, to spare your child, from mortification and sorrow, that I only breathe the simple and forcible truth.

"Do you, for an instant, fancy that an ardent young man of four-and-twenty, when about to espouse a lovely and artless girl of eighteen, pauses, in the rapturous tumult of his soul, to con-

sider whether his fair, bashful bride conceals her blushes beneath Brussels lace, or whether her heart palpitates beneath Honiton or muslin? What to him, at such a moment, are such unmeaning follies? Absorbed in the overpowering consciousness of supreme bliss, he only thinks of thanking his God for it then, for a feeling of pious gratitude ever influences pure hearts, in the midst of their highest felicity.

"Let him afterwards adorn his idol as he will; but oh! from the nuptial altar, suffer her to be folded to his bosom, as candid in thought, as chaste in costume, as the first hawthorn blossom that expands beneath the kindred eye of young and modest spring. Nature has done everything for her; ah! never, never allow art to mar her sweetest, her most beauteous production.

"After all I may have said, that which may still weigh strongest in your mind, perhaps, may be the certainty you have, from their long and really indelicate opposition to the match, that your limited circumstances are well known to the family of your intended son-in-law, and that every branch of it will scrutinize with a jealous care the toilette of the portionless girl they have at last consented to receive by sufferance, and naturally revolt at discovering it so lavishly *récherché* and superfluously costly.

"Their own wounded vanity will instantly prejudice them against her, and they will more than ever deplore the infatuation which wrung the unwilling consent from them, which degrades their name with a mis-alliance, and entails ruin of the most shameless description on the being they most love and honour, by the debts such a thoughtless, extravagant wife must infallibly contract. Whereas, if she appears in the simplicity which first captivated him, she will not fail to equally captivate them also; her surpassing beauty will disarm their hostile hearts, and her artless manners win their approbation; until totally subdued, they will be fain to acknowledge, that if ever man had an excuse for so persevering in an amiable weakness, it was Sir Arthur Fortescue, for that to love such a being was only duly homaging the Creator of perfection. And now, wishing the dear young creature all the happiness that falls to the most favoured mortal in this changeful and variable scene, and craving forgiveness for aught that may pain in this,

Believe me, as ever, and for ever,
My dear Isabelle,
Your most sincere friend,
JESSIE MACGREGGOR.

It was with a feeling of considerable disgust and indignation that Mrs. Courtney perused this cold, formal homily, as she

contemptuously designated the really kind and sensible epistle of her friend.

"My poverty, and not my will, indeed consents to this insult," she exclaimed, bitterly, crumpling the cheque between her trembling hands. "Were it not for so vitally important an occasion, I would fling back the bounty she so heavily loads with the vilest sense of obligation, availing herself ungenerously of the opportunity it affords to dare to lecture a mother at such a moment,—she, who never had a child! I, however, despise and abhor all her cant about a disregard for dress; I know the importance the world in general attaches to it, and consider the advocates of simplicity fools and idiots.

"Isabelle shall go to the altar like a lady, I am resolved. Sir Arthur shall not be ashamed of the wife he will have to submit to the invidious scrutiny of his hateful and haughty relatives. She shall prove on that day that, although, for some time past, her beauty has been hidden beneath the cloud of adversity, that, so soon as the sun of prosperity breaks out again for her, she can appear in all the former radiance of her loveliness, heightened and enhanced by the adjuncts of dress and jewels.

"Oh, how hard is the fate of the widow and the fatherless! The sport and buffet of fortune, gifted with all save wealth, they are spurned and despised by those who possess only *that* as their sole superiority over them!"

The sight of the money which was to gratify her darling passion, and afford her a triumph over those she looked upon as decided enemies, although her poor child was so soon to become a member of the very family so odious to her, tranquilized her feelings, and mitigated her resentment; and, in the delicious excitement of preparing for the great event, she forgot the chagrin which too frequently rankled at her heart, to stir up all its most evil and vindictive emotions.

Not but what she occasionally reproached her submissive daughter with the immense sacrifices she was making for her, the efforts it cost her to procure the elegancies now so evidently delighting her, the anger she felt at the opposition so long offered to the union about to take place, and the animosity she could not help indulging in against those who had dared to consider *her* child not good enough to accept, cordially recommending her to show a proper spirit when she was Sir Arthur's wife, and make his family understand how fully aware she was of their base conduct, by treating them with contumely in her turn.

What fatal, what destructive sentiments to her future peace, to instil into the mind of that young creature! Happily, Isa-

belle's sweet nature could not be quite perverted by her mother's pernicious doctrines; she saw the dark and turbid source from whence they sprang; she perceived the ruffled under-current of wounded personal vanity and pride, beneath the affected indignation she expressed for the seeming outrage inflicted on her alone. Still, she could not but lament that any cause of complaint, however imaginary, should have arisen to create ill-will in her mother's bosom, for those she so wished to see amicable and united altogether; and many a furtive tear fell on the rich white satin, over which that lovely head drooped in silent sorrow, at the cruel remarks of a parent, she knew it was her bounden duty to love and honour; and a slight smart, a secret fester, seemed to be growing and increasing in her tender, confiding bosom, to pain and annoy, when it was too brim-full of timid happiness to endure a less exquisite emotion.

Nothing is more fatiguing, more wearying, than the final preparations for a wedding. The bride elect, monopolized by milliners and florists, has not one moment to devote to her intended husband, at the very time, too, when unreserved intercourse is so essential to familiarize each to each,—whilst he, in his turn, excluded from the mysterious rites, from which he is banished as a profane intruder, yet longing to catch half an hour of the dear old intimate chat, mopes about like a man who fears that he has only been dreaming of possessing a treasure, and that he has awakened to find it gone, so little tangible is there in his present state of uncertain, bustling, annoying and disturbed enjoyment.

Isabelle was married,—and Mrs. Courtney had the gratification of hearing her dress extolled for its richness and splendour, by *her* friends, and Sir Arthur had the mortification of hearing it condemned for its disgraceful and unbecoming extravagance, by *his;* with the bitter and sarcastic addenda, that, "if his wife brought him no fortune, it was quite evident, she, showy and expensive as she was, would find no difficulty in spending one; and that when he was utterly and entirely ruined by his beautiful beggar, and her designing mother, he would have ample leisure to brood over the folly of sacrificing rank, name and position, to a pretty face and fascinating manner."

CHAPTER II.

"It is superfluous to decorate women highly for early youth; youth is itself a decoration. We mistakingly adorn most that part of life which least requires it, and neglect to provide for that which will want it most."
MRS. HANNAH MORE.

UNDER this most unfavourable impression, Isabelle entered a cold, supercilious, calculating, parsimonious family. People with the pride of ancestry absolutely eaten into their hearts, as the rust eats into the polished mirror, to corrode and tarnish its native lustre; leaving only dark and deadening spots on it, leprous as the plague's, to poison and corrupt all its more kindly and humanizing feelings.

Never possessing sufficient to compete with their equals, owing to heavy mortgages having been left on the estates, by a gambling grandfather; and yet resolving not to abate one iota of dignity and outward state, they endeavoured to supply the deficiency of income by a rigid economy, amounting to the extreme of meanness; and for that purpose they all continued to reside together.

The now dowager, having been left by her husband the house, plate, linen, wine, and furniture, for her life, in addition to a fine jointure, with a portion of eight thousand pounds to his two daughters, who, being still unmarried, generously allowed the capital to remain on the estates, for the *consideration* of six per cent., paid quarterly; Sir Arthur was constrained to submit to this arrangement, sorely against his will, being an exception to his family, in generosity and candour of disposition.

Miss Rebecca, the elder of the young ladies, tall and masculine in person, morose and sullen in temper, was the terror of all the children in the neighbourhood,—the noisiest, the most unruly little urchin was hushed to instantaneous silence at her approach, stealing close to its mother, and hoping, like the ostrich, not to be seen, by burying its face in her lap.

She had long, long since abandoned all idea of sacrificing herself and fortune to any mercenary wretch; and only thought of swelling her hundreds into thousands, as the untouched interest was allowed to accumulate at her banker's.

She boasted of the rudest health and appetite, could brave all weathers with perfect impunity, and could digest any species of food. She was equally indefatigable in her devotions and in scolding the maid-servants; and her harsh, shrill voice, often

mingled in the early summer's dawn, with the clear trill of the lark, in its matin song of love and adoration.

If she had one peculiar antipathy stronger than another, it was in her cordial hatred of the young and beautiful. She had never had any youth. She was old, staid, formal and money-getting, at fifteen. She had never been taught to know that she had a heart—she had never been made to blush and tremble, beneath the ardent gaze of spontaneous and involuntary admiration. She had never had her coldly encrusted heart kindled by the divine fire that purifies as it glows. She had never learnt, with a sweet ecstatic consciousness, the greater the sublimer joy of living for the happiness of another—of the empty, sickening dissatisfaction a love of self engenders in the bosom. No, no, no, she was so plain, so repulsive, no one had ever taken the trouble, even out of christian charity, to try to perforate the adamantine rock surrounding that heart, to penetrate to the *one* mysterious pulse, hidden in its deepest recess, to throb to ecstacy at the kindred touch of congenial affection; and so she was left lonely and lonesome, to chew the *betel-nut* of selfishness, which not only blackens the lips but the soul also.

Miss Matilda, the younger, was not quite so gaunt, quite so ugly, quite so repelling. She had not abandoned all pretensions to juvenility, all hope of being made a blushing bride—she still curled her flaxen hair in ensnaring ringlets, still called up a bewitching smile when in company, still studied the fashions, played, sang, drew and danced a little, a very little, was overpoweringly fond of romances and handsome curates, careful not to expose her complexion to the vicissitudes of the seasons, and invariably selected the shady side of the dinner-table, taking most pains not to approximate too closely, during the odious process of eating and drinking, to any one younger or lovelier than herself; choosing rather some withered old crone, which, by the uninitiated, was thought so amiable!

She rather lisped in conversation, but, as she said, "that infantile accent being born with her, was her misfortune, not her fault;" a misfortune, however, which she bore with the most triumphant resignation.

She loved of all things to be reproved in company, for her exuberance of spirits, called a giddy girl, a thoughtless chit, with the well-expressed wonder, whether she ever intended to be serious, with, "but who can expect an old head on young shoulders? Matty will be steady enough in time!"

She did not hate beauty, with the virulence of her sister, simply because she did not so disparage herself as to fear constant rivalry from it; but she had a charming talent of lessening

its standard of value in the estimation of others, if she perceived its star very much in the ascendant, by a playful and sarcastic depreciation of the other qualities possessed by the fair creature under discussion.

The Dowager Lady Fortescue had but one decided passion, which was, to make every thing go as far as she possibly could, and to get as many gratuitous dinners for her coachman and footman as she could, out of her more liberal and unsuspecting neighbours; which she contrived most admirably to effect, by timing her visits so as to arrive just as the servants' hall bell rang; and luncheon was also ready for the family; of which she amply partook, when, what with that, feed for the horses, flowers and fruit begged for the dear *girls* at home, she considered herself almost indemnified for the one turnpike it was impossible always to avoid.

Such were the three uncongenial beings, it was the destiny of that sweet, gentle creature to dwell with. Not one of them possessing an idea in common, one sympathy, one feeling, one thought with her who had come amongst them like a seraph strayed from paradise, and whose beseeching eyes seemed so to implore their love.

They only saw, with their jealous and envying ones, the style of her dress, the elegance of her taste, and the expense their indulgence was sure to entail on her poor deluded husband; whilst Isabelle, young and inexperienced, and trained from infancy by a weak, vain mother to believe, that a splendid costume alone distinguished the lady, and was, moreover, the only means a woman had of preserving the affections of her husband, unwittingly aggravated their ire, by setting no bounds to her desires in that respect; religiously believing, that every new ornament was but another and more enduring bond of union between her and her most idolized Arthur.

Instead of kindly admonishing her, of humanely pointing out the mistaken folly of such an erroneous supposition, of correcting with leniency the false impressions so early instilled into her ingenuous mind, they seized every opportunity of talking *at* her, of ridiculing the vulgar habit she had of always being in full dress; of the want of original high-breeding it evinced, and the utter ignorance of the world it shewed in her poor, penniless mother, to teach her to squander so recklessly the money of another, and provoke comparison to her former poverty with her ostentatious display now; until the poor thing, wearied and miserable, would rush to her own room, and flinging herself on the bed, ease her bursting heart with a wild, passionate flood of tears, sobbing with convulsive anguish, as if that heart were really breaking.

Often and often was she found in this pitiable situation by her astonished husband, who, at a loss to understand such violent grief in one who had apparently every wish gratified, almost before it was conceived, imputed it, as men constantly do, to his inability to render her happy, and consequently, her repentance and sorrow for their union.

It was in vain, amidst his tender reproaches, his protestations of unalterable affection, his disappointment at this frustration of his brightest hopes, that she threw herself on his bosom, strained him to her own, declaring that he wronged her, that he was totally and entirely mistaken in his injurious suspicions, that she loved him beyond description, and rejoiced in being his wife. Then why weep? Alas! she could not say; she only felt that she *must*, or die!

How could she, indeed, clothe that vague, that indefinable agony, in common words, so as to render it capable to his comprehension? How could she say to so dutiful a son, so kind a brother, *your* mother and *your* sisters are the tormenting fiends, torturing the wife you doat on to despair? No, no, no; they might compel her to suffer, but it should be in silence, he should never know it.

It never struck Sir Arthur, fond and devoted as he was, anxious and vigilant for her comfort, that the home to which he had brought Isabelle might be repugnant to her warm, confiding, and impressionable nature. That the three withered women, like the weird sisters on the blasted heath, although objects of love and respect for him, were not calculated to woo and win her coy affections. He did not remark that his freshly expanding flower drooped beneath the baleful shade, their hatred and envy flung over it; that silence succeeded to vivacity, fear and recoiling to candour and ingenuousness, closeness and caution to the delightful expansion of feeling so lately her most fascinating qualities.

The best, the most clear-sighted husband, has no idea of the very trifle it requires to make or mar the happiness of the being for ever in his heart and thought; he cannot conceive, he cannot comprehend how any creature, who has not absolute occasion to complain of the outward and visible ills which afflict humanity, can still find cause of annoyance and chagrin. The delicate and intricate workings of a sensitive mind are beyond his capacity; he does not know that a furtive arrow, launched by the hand of malice, causes a faint, sickening thrill of agony, like the sudden blow on an old, but still festering wound. He does not consider that the young wife, if taken to a home not strictly and entirely her own, is placed in a false position from the first; that, in fact, she is not mistress of it;

that she has nothing to do, no domestic duties to occupy her time, no sweet, endearing cares to engage her attention. She feels that she is a mere cypher, a shewthing, a puppet; one that the servants study not to please, because having no authority, she cannot punish them for their insolence; nor yet which any one else regards with respect, deference, or admiration, because it is immaterial what she thinks, having no power to promote the self-interest by which almost all are governed, in their mutual actions and intercourse with others.

Thus deprived of wholesome excitement, the mind stagnates, the sensibility is benumbed, the health declines, the spirits fail, and a deadening lassitude steals over the senses, like the midnight incubus, to destroy by the intolerable oppressiveness of inactivity and ennui.

Isabelle sank into a state of such pitiable depression and melancholy, as seriously to alarm Sir Arthur, and even arouse a latent commiseration in the bosoms of his obdurate relatives; who, struck with compunction at her pale cheek and hollow eye, remembering what she was, endeavoured when almost too late, to repair the evil their cruelty had wrought, by a sort of awkward tenderness, foreign to their natures, but for which the dear, greatful girl was most thankful, forgiving all, *forgetting* all.

A change of scene being recommended by the physician, sent for expressly from London, who strongly advised the inclination of the invalid being alone studied on that point; Isabelle, with the yearning of childhood, decided on going home. She felt that nothing but being there could be of the slightest benefit to her; home, therefore, she went, accompanied by her tender, watchful husband, to help her mother to restore his soul's treasure to health again.

Whether it was the actually being at home, beholding the dear familiar scenes of her happier girlhood, talking without reserve to her mother, brother, and husband, or, whether it was the fortunate finding of the sensible, judicious Mrs Macgreggor on a lengthened visit to her mother, which caused the rapid improvement in Isabelle's health and spirits, it is impossible to say; but the change for the better astonished and delighted the anxious hearts trembling for her recovery.

Many and long were the secret *tête a têtes* indulged in, between this lovely girl and the more experienced woman of the world. Mrs. Macgreggor soon read the young wife's heart, soon learned the malady under which that bruised and broken heart was suffering; and in the causes of complaint alleged against her husband's family, discovered, as she had foreseen, the occasion of animosity and estrangement existing between

them; and while she kissed away the streaming tears, and soothed to peace the agitated breast, she gradually and effectually instilled the means of conciliating those cold calculating creatures, and yet retain a perfect hold on her beloved Arthur's affection.

It was beautiful to see the artless incredulity of those upturned eyes, as the words of wisdom and instruction flowed from the eloquent lips, almost, as it were, inspired at the moment, to convince and improve; then the heightened colour that spread over the childlike face, the broad, bright smile that illumined it, and the glad, bounding, leaping, embrace of joyous exultation, when conviction broke, radiant as a summer's morn on that doubting heart, and Isabelle *felt* convinced that dress was not essential to happiness nor affection; that in her simpler toilette, she looked infinitely lovelier, more lovable; that her husband evidently admired her more, and that even her mother could not deny that her natural beauty appeared to more advantage, now that she depended alone on it for all her attractions.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, in the contrition of newly awakened repentance, as she beheld the marvellous change for the better in her darling child, "if I had but thought the same, formerly, how much pain, anxiety, and mortification I might have escaped; how much more independent I might have been, how many more real comforts I and my children might have enjoyed! I see at *last*, that extravagant dress does not enhance the outward appearance, nor raise us in the estimation of our friends, nor yet our own: that there is no merit in covering our persons with lace, satins, and jewels—but there is a merit, and a great one, in crushing the far-spreading parasite of innate vanity, and being superior to such frivolous distinctions as it confers!"

When Isabelle returned with her husband, to the gloomy and cheerless abode, which he called *home*, and to which she now went without reluctance, armed, as she hoped, with a talisman to enchant the dragons who guarded the golden fruit of peace and concord there; the change in her appearance created such an agreeable surprise, that, thrown off their guard by it, the stiff and stately group actually welcomed her back, with a degree of warmth startling to herself, and delightful to her husband.

Now that she was dressed fit to be seen, and could brave the weather without risking a bad cold and the spoiling of an expensive satin, Miss Rebecca softened towards her, marvellously, inviting her to join in her long country rambles, and soon yielding to the irresistible charm of her innocent gaiety and

childlike confidence, felt as much invigorated by them as by the fresh breezes of the clear autumn air.

Miss Matilda, also, now that she was no longer totally eclipsed by the more fashionable exterior of Isabelle, took her under her wing, too, making her the sole depository of her hopes and fears regarding a new importation to the vicarage, in the shape of a tall, handsome Irish curate, who, from their first introduction, was deeply and irretrievably enamoured, and who was in such extreme despair and confusion of mind, that in publishing the banns of marriage, he actually mentioned theirs.

"Could she doubt his love? Did not such interesting mistakes show how much his dear thoughts were engrossed by one object — by herself? O Isabelle! advise me for the best. Ought I, with my youth and inexperience, place implicit confidence in his precious and reiterated protestations of undying affection, of being no longer able to endure existence without me? Yet, beware how you decide hastily, for the life, the happiness of two fond young creatures depend upon your opinion. Yes! I confess that I love, I adore the noble-minded, generous, disinterested fellow; for despising my fortune, he loves me for myself alone."

Isabelle, perceiving that whatever advice she might give, her foolish, romantic sister-in-law was pre-determined to act upon her own in this important affair, and trusting to the proverbial warmth and generosity of the Irish character, for a tolerable amount of comfort and kindness for her, strongly urged Matilda to accept her lover's vows, and secure her own felicity at the same time.

The dowager, influenced by the example of her daughters, became kind and gentle to her sweet new child, astonished, with a grieving astonishment, how she could have been so long, so wilfully blind as not to discover long, long since, the fund of amiable tenderness, of grateful feeling, and unwearied affection, in that so cruelly-checked and forgiving girl, so calculated to render the cold, dreary twilight of her days, bright, beautiful, and serene; and with one of those sudden, heaven-inspired pangs of compunction, she folded Isabelle to her bosom in one fond, natural, spontaneous embrace, and gazing into her mild, beaming eyes, glistening through her tears, she implored, in an agitated voice, to be pardoned for the sake of her son, to be loved for his sake; and she *was*.

Gradually and imperceptibly, a change was wrought in their whole natures; warmed and vivified by a constant intercourse with youth and beauty, love and hope, their crisped-up hearts uncurled and expanded like frost-nipped flowers, beneath the fervent rays of the sun, growing liberal one towards another.

Those frigid and reserved beings had now a tear for the woes of others, a smile for their joys; the tone of sarcastic censure and vituperative reproof gave place to the benign construction of that charity which hopeth all things, and to the mild, conciliatory expostulation.

Cheerfulness began to preside at the table, and laughter to resound through the house; the mirth of the heart irradiated the countenance, lending a beauty and a fascination never seen before.

Parties were *given* as well as *accepted*, and from the ample board, the poor and needy, the sick and sorrowful, were provided. Now was learned the admirable Christian lesson, taught in the widow's cruse of oil, and handful of barley-meal, that in proportion to our assistance to the children of want, so shall our wealth increase—the wealth of the soul, which is subject to no loss, no fluctuation, no diminution, but remains the same for ever.

Never, never did that enfeebled old lady feel such a glow of intense rapture, when gloating in secret over her unspent hoards, and counting the gains of *thrift*, as now, when leaning on the arm of her beautiful child, and followed by her son, she entered the cottage of the deserving destitute, and poured into the lap of the amazed mother the means of feeding her famished babes.

Never, never did the austere Miss Rebecca feel such exultation, when the children in terror fled from her presence, as now, when they rushed forward to meet her, emulous of her acceptance of the fresh-gathered nosegay, the fragrant offering of gratitude, in return for the comfortable clothing and fire she gladdened their winter with. And never did Miss Matilda shake her still lovely ringlets over her face, to hide more genuine blushes from the gaze of her intended husband, than when, seated with him by the bedside of some suffering parishioner, her name was mingled with the prayers that went up to heaven, in the simple eloquence of sincerity, "that she might be *blessed* as she knew how to *bless!*"

THE BREEZY HILLS FOR ME.

BY MRS. ABDY.

From hill to hill I love to tread
With steps secure and fleet;
Blue, cloudless skies are o'er my head,
Wild flowers beneath my feet.
My spirit sighs not to recall
Gay scenes of festal glee;
Fair nature's smiles surpass them all,—
The breezy hills for me!

How fresh, how pure, the balmy air!
How sweet the song-birds' strain!
Almost it grieves me to repair
To busier haunts again.
Bright images within my mind
Are springing glad and free;
Life's weary cares seem left behind,—
The breezy hills for me!

And thoughts of deeper, better worth,
Forth at the spell arise;
Here, may my heart oft mount from earth
To commune with the skies.
Here, in Thy works, O Lord of Power,
Thy bounteous grace I see;
Here, may I duly seek Thee more,—
The breezy hills for me!

THE MAN MONSTER.

BY CORNELIUS COLVILLE.

DEVONSHIRE STREET, Queen square, is rather a quiet, insignificant, and unobtrusive street. It is not much of a thoroughfare, and sufficiently retired to harmonize with the feelings and the dispositions of the most contemplative and sedate. Why an individual of a notoriously wicked character, violent and uncontrollable passions, should take up his residence in such a street, is a mystery extremely difficult to solve. No. — is a respectable looking house, indeed, one of the most respectable in the street. The shutters, and the spouts, and the door, are painted once every year,—the brass-plate and the bell-handle are rubbed and scrubbed every morning, till they almost appear to be on fire,—the windows are cleaned twice a week, with such scrupulous care, that you can never detect a speck upon them —the blinds are washed at least once a month—the steps are pipe-clayed every morning—the front is carefully swept by the little, red-haired maiden, before any of the inmates have risen from their beds. In short, cleanliness, neatness, and respectability, seem to be the chief characteristics of the house. Why a person of so depraved a mind,—so maliciously disposed,—a man monster, in a word, should have pitched upon this genteel and decent looking dwelling-house for his place of habitation, is utterly beyond the power of the human imagination to conceive. Why did he not go somewhere else? Why did he not select a neighbourhood that assimilated more with his own peculiar temper and idiosyncracy? Had he an antipathy to the street and its inhabitants, and had he come there and taken apartments in the lodging-house of a respectable gentlewoman, for the express purpose of annoying them with his odious and hateful presence? If he had no such intention, his conduct, to say the least of it, was most strange and inexplicable. London consisted of a *few* other streets, besides Devonshire street—there was a strong presumption in favour of there being *some* houses in it, unoccupied; there was a probability, that more than *one* lodging-house-keeper had apartments to let; then why,

in the name of all that is marvellous, had this abominable and wicked man not sought shelter in some other locality?

There are gossips in every street. There were gossips in Devonshire street. In the foregoing paragraph, we have embodied a few of their sentiments and opinions upon the subject under consideration. The name of the lady who kept the lodging-house we have alluded to, was Mrs. Sibble, as any lady or gentleman who took the pains of looking at the brass-plate upon the door, might readily have perceived. She was a respectable woman, and kept herself a good deal aloof from those who delighted in scandal and evil speaking: hence there were two or three good-natured people, as there always are in such cases, who insidiously endeavoured to do herself and her lodging-house an injury. A certain crab-faced lady, of the name of Chatterly, who lived a few doors lower down on the same side of the street, was one of these charitable persons, and it was at her house, one Sunday afternoon, just after she had returned from hearing the Rev. Mr. Saintly at the Methodist chapel, that she and two other middle-aged ladies indulged in the conversation which we here faithfully record for the edification of our readers.

"It's a disgrace to the neighbourhood," said Mrs. Twaddle, a tallow-faced, sharp-featured little woman, very shabbily dressed.

"It's shocking to think of," chimed in Mrs. Croaker, a melancholy-looking lady, who had centred all her hopes of happiness in a future state of existence.

"I never did know a woman who had less regard for herself, or the character of her house," observed Mrs. Chatterly.

"She ought to be told of it," said Mrs. Twaddle.

"She shall be told of it, ma'am," replied Mrs. Chatterly.

"I'll tell her myself, if nobody will," said Mrs. Croaker.

"Only to think," remarked Mrs. Chatterly, "of her taking such a wretch into a decent lodging-house!"

"I never did——" began Mrs. Croaker.

"Nobody never did, ma'am, nobody," interposed Mrs. Twaddle.

"Oh, it's too bad!" said Mrs. Chatterly; "I never know'd o' such a monster."

"How I pity his poor wife!" drawled out Mrs. Croaker; "if I was her, before I would live with such a man, I would drown'd myself, throw myself off the monument, or—but I really don't know what I wouldn't do."

"I feel for her, poor thing," observed Mrs. Chatterly; "his tongue is always a-going—always a-calling her the most horrid names."

"I declare to you," said Mrs. Twaddle, "as I sat at our parlour-window, yesterday morning, I didn't see less than six

females—no less than six—knock at Mrs. Sibbles's door. I know they wanted that monster, 'cause I seen 'em afterwards in the room that him and his wife occupies, and I could just get a peep at his head as he was a-talking to 'em. There was never more than two there at a time. His poor wife was out of the way, of course, or he wouldn't have had 'em there."

"Decidedly not," exclaimed Mrs. Chatterly.

"Decidedly not," repeated Mrs. Croaker.

"Well," continued Mrs. Twaddle, "I think it was last Tuesday night, I was just going past Mrs. Sibble's door, for a pint of porter for Twaddle (his riglar allowance for supper), when I heard the most awful noises a-coming from Mrs. Sibble's first pair front. I was rather curious to know what it was all about, though I know'd Twaddle was in a great hurry, so I listened for a few minutes, and I heard the dreadfullest, the most abusive language that a man could make use of, come out of his mouth. His poor wife was a-sobbing and a-crying, fit to break her heart. Oh, dear me, thought I, that man will murder that poor woman before he's done! Well, I stepped across to the other side of the street, and I saw the monster walking up and down the room, seemingly in a great rage, and lifting up his hand, and shaking his fist as if he was going to strike at the poor harmless and innocent thing."

"Oh! why, Mrs. Twaddle, didn't you get a police?" asked Mrs. Chatterly.

"I thought of doing so, ma'am, but I thought I might as well get the porter for Twaddle first. Howsomever, when I came back with it, they was all quiet, so I went home, and heard no more about 'em that night."

"Oh, the ugly brute!" exclaimed Mrs. Chatterly.

"Is he very ugly, ma'am?" inquired Mrs. Croaker.

"Horrid. His face bespeaks his brutality. I never heard of such a cross, ugly, malicious-looking being in all my born days before. His eyes, and his mouth, and his nose are uncommon ugly. And such legs!"

"Are they ugly, too, ma'am?"

"Just wish you to see em," replied Mrs. Chatterly. "They are quite crooked; and I'm pretty nearly certain that he has a hump on his back, but couldn't pretend to be sure on that particular point."

"Lor, Mrs. Chatterly, what a monster!" said Mrs. Croaker. "I wonder how his wife could ever have taken a fancy to him."

"And she the tidiest, sweetest, most interesting looking young woman," observed Mrs. Chatterly, "as ever I clapped my eyes on."

"More's the pity," remarked Mrs. Twaddle, shaking her head. "She's far too good for him."

"She's worth a thousand on him, ma'am," said Mrs. Chatterly.

How long the conversation on this interesting subject might have been continued, had an interruption not taken place, it would be rather difficult to say. The cause of the interruption was a dirty, slatternly looking little girl, who came to inform Mrs. Twaddle, that tea and Mr. Jonas Twaddle were waiting for her. Had the refreshing beverage not been taken into consideration, there is every reason to suppose that Mr. Jonas Twaddle might have continued waiting for at least an hour or two longer. The party was thus broken up, and Mrs. Twaddle and Mrs. Croaker repaired to their respective residences.

Mrs. Croaker, as well as the other two loquacious ladies, likewise lived in Devonshire Street, and they all three *took in* lodgers (*c'est à dire*, cheated them) to assist to pay the house-rent. The individuals who are so much spoken of in the foregoing discussion had lately become inmates of Mrs. Sibble's house; and certainly some very curious scenes had been enacted in their apartments, since they took possession of them. Whether they were such as to justify the remarks of Mrs. Chatterly and her friends, will be seen in the sequel.

A few days after the important conference to which we have just alluded, Mrs. Chatterly and Mrs. Twaddle, with very ominous and horror-fraught countenances, again met to hold further converse on the subject that occupied their attention at their last interview. The discussion, on this occasion, took place at the house of Mrs. Twaddle. When Mrs. Chatterly entered the room of that lady, she was in a state of great agitation, indeed quite in a flutter. Her kind, sympathising friend, Mrs. Twaddle, observed it, and said,

"I'm glad you've come, Mrs. Chatterly. How is all this horrid business to end?"

"I really don't know, Mrs. Twaddle. I never got a wink of sleep till four o'clock this morning."

"I've had none—none at all. Couldn't sleep, for the life of me. *I* never got such a fright in all my days afore."

"I wanted to come out to see what it was all about, but Chatterly wouldn't let me. You could see every thing, Mrs. Twaddle?"

"I saw it all, ma'am, from first to last."

"How did it begin?"

"Why, I first heard an uproar about ten o'clock. They were then evidently quarrelling, and he was calling her the most

shocking names, using the most violent language, and threatening all sorts o' horrid things. I says to Twaddle, 'What a shame there is no body to call in a police!' Well, ma'am, about an hour afterwards, Mrs. Sibble's little girl ran out, and presently returned with a policeman. They went into the house, and then we heard a tremendous scuffle, somebody swearing dreadful, and poor Mrs. Sibble a-crying and wringing of her hands in the greatest possible agitation. I thought of running across to her, but a crowd began to gather round the door, and Jonas thought I should be better in the house. In a short time the policeman dragged the wretch to the door, and then a fierce and dreadful struggle ensued. The policeman and him was thrown upon the pavement: but in a minute or two the policeman got upon his legs again, and sprung his rattle, and then a lot of fresh men arrived, and soon succeeded in dragging the brute away."

"And a good job, too," said Mrs. Chatterly. "I was so glad when it was all over. Have you never spoken to Mrs. Sibble, to advise her to set him off?"

"Never once had an opportunity," replied Mrs. Twaddle; "but I mean to go over this morning, to talk to her upon the subject."

"Oh, marm!" exclaimed Mrs. Twaddle's servant, rushing into the room at this part of the conversation, with horror and fear depicted upon her countenance. "Oh, marm!"

"Well, what is it, Betsy?" inquired Mrs. Twaddle. "Lor, how you frighten one, coming in, in that way!"

"Oh, marm!" said the servant.

"Gracious me! why don't you speak?"

"There's—there's—"

"Well, who is it?"

"There's that horrible man, the monster, as lives over the way, at the door, and he wishes to—to speak to *you*," stammered out the servant.

The ladies immediately changed colour.

"To me?" screamed out Mrs. Twaddle.

"To you, marm!" emphatically asseverated the servant.

"Goodness, gracious, what's to be done?" exclaimed Mrs. Chatterly.

"Say—say I am not in," said Mrs. Twaddle, recovering from the shock occasioned by the appalling announcement.

"Knows all about it, marm; told him you *was* in," rejoined Betsy.

"I wouldn't meet him for the world," ejaculated Mrs. Chatterly.

"Oh, don't disturb yourself, dear," said Mrs. Twaddle; "he

can't eat us. Well, Betsy," she continued, addressing herself to the servant, "I am uncommon vexed that you told him I was in, but, as it cannot now be helped, I suppose I must hear what the brute has to say."

"Somebody must have bailed him out," observed Mrs. Chatterly.

"It looks very like it," said Mrs. Twaddle.

A little, thin, meagre-looking man, dressed in a very shabby suit of black, and rather under five feet in height, entered the room. His air denoted him to be exceedingly timid and nervous. He was in no way deformed; but, on the contrary, very symmetrically and compactly made. The expression of his countenance was mild to a degree, and unusually good-natured.

The ladies exchanged significant looks, as though they doubted his identity.

"Have I the honour of beholding Mrs. Twaddle?" said the intruder, making a low bow.

"*My* name is Twaddle," replied that lady, drawing herself up.

"Mine is Fly," said the intruder, "Narcissus Fly;" and he looked at the ladies, as though the mere mention of the fact would ensure their approbation.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Twaddle.

"I am lodging with Mrs. Sibble," pursued Mr. Narcissus Fly.

"Well, sir."

"She requested me to ask you, if you would favour her with your company at the police-office, this morning, as she does not like to go alone."

"To the police-office!" exclaimed Mrs. Twaddle.

"To the police-office, ma'am," replied Mr. Narcissus Fly. "She has to go there, in consequence of the uproar that took place in her house last night, occasioned by her nephew, who was intoxicated."

Mrs. Twaddle looked at her friend with astonishment.

"If I can be of any service to Mrs. Sibble," she replied, "I shall be happy to be so."

"While I am here," said Mr. Fly, "I may as well try to do a little business on my own account. I am stage manager, ladies, at the ——— Theatre, and my benefit is to take place next Monday night, when a new farce that my wife and I have been rehearsing together for the last fortnight, at our lodgings, will be performed; and I shall be very glad if you will oblige me by taking a few tickets."

"What is the name of the farce?" asked Mrs. Chatterly.

"The BRUTAL HUSBAND, ma'am," modestly replied Mr. Fly.

A new light, simultaneously with the announcement of the

new farce, broke in upon the loquacious and scandal-loving females. Mr. Fly then was as innocent as that harmless insect of the whole of the grave offences that had been laid to his charge. The ladies who were in the habit of calling upon him were, doubtless, actresses who came to consult him respecting their parts.

Mrs. Twaddle again looked at her friend, and receiving a confirmatory nod, said,—

"Well, Mr. Fly, you may send us a couple of pit tickets."

"Here they are," said Mr. Fly.

"I will send you the money in the course of the day," added Mrs. Twaddle.

"At your convenience, ma'am," said Mr. Fly, who wishing the ladies good morning, departed.

"Well, what a mistake!" said Mrs. Twaddle.

"Oh, isn't it?" said Mrs. Chatterly.

"But you said he was very ugly."

"Oh, I never seen him afore, ma'am; but, as all them cruel brutes are horrid ugly, I concluded he was such."

If we possess, or are supposed to possess, but one weak point; if aught of mystery shroud our simplest actions; how many Chatterlys and Twaddles are there, ever ready to misconstrue our conduct and motives, and make us a thousand times worse than we really are.

If but one false step have been taken, one little indiscretion committed, how many such are there, ever ready to swell the catalogue of human vices, paint the weaknesses of humanity in their most odious and distorted colours, and brand the unfortunate victim of their slander and calumny with the worst of stigmas, and even with the appellation of MAN MONSTER.

PHARAOH.*

A DRAMATIC POEM.

PART III.

A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

Chephren. Sethos.

Sethos.—Whence come you?
Chephren.—From the desert. I have seen
Israel's departure.
Sethos.—Then the slaves are gone?
Tell me the manner of their going.
Chephren.—Midnight
Was scarcely past, when, mingling with the crowd,
And full of terror, I moved on to Goshen.
The embassy from Pharaoh went before.
The multitude increased. From all parts poured
Old men and children, mothers giving suck,
Their infants at their breasts, only intent
On thrusting out the Hebrews. Onward still
We moved. I was among the first. But oh,
How marvellous! we found the myriads
Of Israel, from all parts of Goshen gathered,
Round Rameses encamped, a countless army,
All marshalled and equipped; loins girt for travel;
Their bread unleavened, with their goods bound up,
And on their shoulders: each man in his hand
Grasping his staff. We urged them to be gone.
They answer made by begging of us gold,
Money and jewels, which we freely gave.
'Twas but an instant. They were on their march
Towards the desert. Never shall I forget
That awful movement. Oh, it was sublime!
'Twas like a triumph. For, as they set forward,

* Concluded from page 262, Vol. lii.

One universal song burst from their tribes,
Loud and surpassing sweet, to their Jehovah.
Forgetting our disgrace, we raised a shout
So powerful, that our sacred Nile lifted
Up from his hidden bed his hoary head,
To listen.

Sethos.—You speak, methinks, most glowingly.

Chephren.—I know not how I feel. Egypt is changed.
Time was, when, at the death of Apis, all,
Both rich and poor, had mourned; but, by these plagues,
Our gods have died, and we regard it not:
Nay, every house hath its own cause for mourning;
And yet, forgetful of our private sorrows,
We seemed intoxicate with joy, as if
At the departure of the Hebrews, we
Had triumphed. Myriads of the people have
Left their dead kindred, and their native land,
To go with Israel.

Sethos.—Alas, poor country!
Both man and beast were victims. The embalmers
Cannot preserve the putrefying corpses;
The streets are filled with funeral processions;
Every man is a mourner; the whole land
A grave. Deep gloom and horror sit
On every face, as if some fatal doom
Hung over us; and all the city pants,
As in the hush of fearful expectation.

Chephren.—And Pharaoh?

Sethos.—He has been invisible
From that dread midnight. No one dares disturb him.

Chephren.—At least the Hebrews are beyond his reach.

Sethos.—I know not that. Those who know Pharaoh best,
Think he will not so tamely yield. The contest
Is not yet ended; but may lead to scenes
More terrible than any that are past.
What monstrous thing has happened?

Enter a Page.

Page.—Pharaoh is roused;
And his first word was to inquire for Jambres.
A messenger was instantly dispatched
To bring him hither.

A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

Pharaoh, alone.

O lost! lost! lost! The very sport of fate!
But now the monarch of the world; and now,

Stripped, blasted! Why did death, in his red path,
Pass over me? Why strike at him? O Menes!
My noble son!
Yet since I have escaped,
May it not be a presage that I shall
Yet conquer? that the God of Israel
Had no power over me? or he had struck
Me first, his greatest foe? I will forbid
Israel's departure. What more can I suffer?
Shall Pharaoh be a by-word among men;
The song of bards to future generations;
A name for distant lands to wonder at;
While Israel's victory o'er the baffled tyrant
Is chaunted in a thousand nations' songs?
Never! I feel an impulse irresistible
That moves me onward. Silent monitor!
Be thou from heaven or hell, I welcome thee.
I stake my all upon this hazard: conquer,
Or bravely fall. So future times shall sing
Of Pharaoh the invincible! But first,
Moses and Pheron shall be put to death.

Pharaoh. Jambres.

Jambres.—May Pharaoh live for ever, and his foes
Be crushed beneath his feet!
Pharaoh.—Jambres, at once
Forbid the Hebrews to depart.
Jambres.—My lord,
They are gone, and by this time have passed the bounds
Of Egypt.
Pharaoh.—Gone!
Jambres.—At the first word they went,
While yet all Egypt shook with terror.
Pharaoh.—Gone!
It is impossible. 'Twould take whole days
And weeks for preparation. You but dream.
Jambres.—At midnight, when our messengers arrived,
They found all ready. Standing on their feet,
The Hebrews waited but the signal. Swift
They marched, loaded with gifts: and have despoiled
All Egypt of its wealth.
Pharaoh.—I'll after them
With horse and chariot! Swift as the eagle flies,
We'll track and swoop upon the frightened crowds,
And drink our fill of blood. Now, listen, Jambres.
Use your enchantments; speak some potent curse;
Gain all the gods and stars upon our side.
Aid me in this: I'll give you what you ask,
Even to half my kingdom.

Jambres.—We've felt the fearful might of Israel's God.
But still our gods are many. They, perchance,
For sacrifice neglected, or some rite,
Frown on us, and withhold their mighty shield.
Where was this great Jehovah, when, long ages,
He left his cherished people in our power,
Under base bondage? We were masters then,
And our gods triumphed. So they may again.
We will implore their favour with rich offerings.
Let noble hecatombs smoke on their altars;
And red libations stream along their pavements.
We will observe the omens, watch the heavens,
And fortune yet will smile upon us. Meanwhile,
Muster your troops; your countless chariots;
Your cavalry that awes the world. Pursue,
And overtake: slay; wreak your vengeance!
None can escape.
Pharaoh.—It shall be done. At once,
Light all your altars, and prepare the victims.
We'll awe the slaves into submission.
They are entangled in the land, the mountains,
And the rough passes of the wilderness.
Meet me to-night at Rameses.

THE LAKE OF SUCCOTH.

The Hebrews encamped. Moses. Joshua.

Moses.—Pain brings forth pleasure. Light is born of darkness.
Heaven leads through wondrous and mysterious paths
The man predestined to great deeds and honours.
Strange and eventful have the changing scenes
Been of my life. My manhood's earliest dawn
Was spent in palaces, and halls of learning,
'Mid sumptuous banquets, and brave feats of arms;
Son of a princess: yet God gave me wisdom
To scorn proud Egypt's wealth and guilty pleasures,
And choose affliction with his lowly people.
Yet what remains more strange. In desert deeps,
Twice twenty years the habitant of rocks
And unsunned caves in Midian's wilderness,
From men and cities far, save the rude race
Of shepherds. Thus my noon of life was passed,
A tent my habitation; all my task

To tend my straggling flocks, and meditate
On nature and on wisdom. Then the years
Rolled round in tranquil pleasure, beyond that
Of courts and kings. When on my rustic pipe
I wove the texture of some lay, sacred
To great Jehovah; when in mountain cave
Retired, filled with prophetic inspiration,
I wrote the world's old chronicles, the deeds
Of our great fathers, heaven itself was there.
And thee, my son, by means seeming unfit,
God is preparing for his work; by suffering
And bondage under cruel taskmasters,
Forming the future conqueror of Canaan.
Through fields of carnage, deluges of blood,
O'er heaps of human carcases, thy path
To glory lies. These nations are foredoomed,
Not that alone they wrongfully usurped
Our promised country; but their rampant crimes,
Foul and unnatural, call on heaven for vengeance.
Joshua.—Yet it is terrible to scatter ruin,
And be the blasting minister of wrath.
O lovelier far, herald of peace, to strew
Blessings on earth.
Moses.—Yet in this world of sin
The gentlest nature must sometimes put on
Rough armour, and perforce wield deadly weapons.
But see, the tribes assemble.

Moses, Joshua, and Hebrews, assembled.

Moses.—Children of Israel, we have marched in safety,
And God has watched around our place of rest.
To him give thanks, who makes the darkness safe
As noontide light. Get ready to set forward,—
Long is our journey; long, and full of toil;
Through weary deserts; amid hostile nations;
Beneath fierce suns, by day, and frosts, by night.
But be courageous. Canaan lies beyond;
And God is ever with us.

CHORUS.

Dear is the promised land
To Israel's pilgrim band,
Scene of our fathers' wanderings, and their tomb.
Dear is the hallowed sod
That angels' feet have trod,
Who pitched their flaming tents round Israel's home.

O'er all that sacred ground
Spirits still hover round,
And fiery hosts unseen their vigils keep:

And to the listening skies,
From cherub choirs arise
Strains of soft melody while mortals sleep.

Most beautiful! Most blest!
Israel's enchanting rest!
On thee thy God has lavished every grace.
Earth's brightest skies are thine,
And heaven's own features shine
Softly reflected in thy smiling face.

Thy vales are robed with corn;
And plenty from her horn
Pours oil and wine, that face and heart may glow.
Thy clouds, in fragrant showers,
Drop choicest fruits and flowers;
And all thy rills with milk and honey flow.

Thy laughing fields rejoice;
And, with a merry voice,
The living landscape chaunts to praise its King.
The rivers clap their hands;
And, ranged in choir-like bands,
The hillocks dance, and dells and forests sing.

Though on thy blessed plains
The godless heathen reigns,
And giant-peopled cities reach the skies:
Though lustful monsters foul
Their impious orgies howl,
And fanes to hell's accursed demons rise:

Soon, soon shall Israel's song,
In chorus deep and long,
O'er their crushed fields and smoking cities ring;
And thousand echoes round
With thundering voice resound,
Jehovah, Israel's God, and Canaan's King.

A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

Nitocris sleeping. Rameses, Physician, Arsinoe, and another Lady.

Physician.—How fares the princess?
Arsinoe.—Like a broken lily,

She fades and withers. Parted from her stem,
She blooms awhile in all her former beauty,
Then droops her head, and dies.
Rameses.—She has slept long
And sweetly. Is it not a happy sign?
Physician.—What was her state before she slept?
Arsinoe.—A sad one:
Drooping and melancholy as you've seen her,
Fearless, unconscious, speechless, motionless,
She sat a living alabaster statue,
Living, yet deathlike; nor had moved her eye
Since torn by force from her lord's breathless body.
At midnight I observed a change. Her eyelids
Sunk slowly, till at length they closed; and then
She fell asleep; her features soon relaxed;
And took the placid form in which you see them.
Rameses.—May she not wake, recovered?
Physician.—The event
Is doubtful. Haply, consciousness and reason
May be restored; but for her life I fear.
Keep all around her quiet. Let no sound,
No cause of terror shake her with alarm.
It would be fatal to her.

Rameses and Physician go out.

Arsinoe.—Happy she
Who finds a refuge from these troublous times
In blank forgetfulness; more to be envied
In that deep stupor, than when she awakes
To reason and to memory.
Lady.—Alas,
Poor lady! In that awful night were made
Thousands of widows, childless sires, and orphans.
Arsinoe.—Thousands? I think all that was noble died
And nought remains behind, save the poor wreck
Of the once goodly world. I can but weep,
And never shall taste pleasure more.
Lady.—All Memphis
Is one vast tomb, o'ercrowded with the dead.
But hush! She stirs.
Arsinoe.—'Twas but your fancy. See!
She lies quite still.—Know you of this new war
That Pharaoh purposes?
Lady.—They say he gathers
All force together to pursue the Hebrews.
Do you not think 'tis madness?
Arsinoe.—'Tis destruction.
He who destroyed the flower and pride of Egypt
In one short hour, will laugh at swords and spears,

And chariots and horsemen.
Lady.—Hark! A shout!
A tumult! What is that?
Arsinoe.—It is the army.
You may distinguish clash of arms, and sound
Of trumpets.
Lady.—See, the noise has reached the princess,
And she is waking: may it be to health!
Nitocris.—Where am I? Tell me, dearest, what's the matter.
Methought I was asleep in a cool grot
By the sea-shore, bright nymphs dancing around me.
Then a wild troop of hideous sea-monsters
Rushed suddenly among them, and they slew,
Till their red blood dyed all the sands.—Ha! look!
They come! They come! Save me, O save me!
Arsinoe.—See!
How wild she looks! Her mind yet wanders. Lady,
How feel you?
Nitocris.—Hush! Speak softly.—He's asleep.
I feel my head is wrong—but yet I know you.
Lady.—Poor sufferer. She still thinks of the prince.
And see that vacant stare, that idiot-like,
Unconscious look. Her reason is unseated.
Arsinoe.—She sleeps again.
Lady.—No, her lips move. She speaks.
Nitocris.—Is the feast ready? Ladies, bring my robes.
Quick, quick, quick, quick—we must not keep them waiting.
Lend me your arm. Now to the hall of banquet.
And bid them light the torches—All is dark.
Tell Menes that—I come.
Arsinoe—'Tis her last breath.
There lies the sweetest of all Egypt's beauties,
But she will scarce be missed. Death is too busy
Mowing down men by thousands. She will be
Unmarked, unmourned, unwept, whose fate untimely
At any other season, would have thrown
All Egypt into tears,
Lady.—O what is life?
It has no farther joy—and I will go
And hide me in some solitary place,
And wait for death to rid me of my burden.

WITHOUT THE GATES OF MEMPHIS: THE ENTRANCE TO THE CATACOMBS.

A multitude of funeral processions meeting. Vast crowds pressed together, uttering loud outcries.

First Egyptian.—Meet with what man you will, he is a mourner.
There is no house death hath not entered.—All,
From high to low; the prince, the slave; man, beast;
All have alike been stricken. The ravenous grave,
Till now insatiate, loathes its proffered food,
And cries, "Too much!" Death, wearied out with slaughter,
And pitying human woes, lies down inactive.
Second Egyptian.—Children should mourn their fathers. Parents now
Bury their children: and death reaps a green
And unripe harvest. O my son! my son!
Would I had died instead of thee!
Third Egyptian.—And I!
My darling child! How many years I waited,
And longed, and prayed! The blessing came at last.
My cherished one! The terrible Destroyer
Seized on his victim; and I saw it gasp,
And writhe, and stiffen; saw its eye-balls start,
Its limbs convulsed; till death ended its tortures.
Fourth Egyptian.—What is your grief to mine?
My child and heir,
My pride, my hero, grown to manly age,
Wooed, wed: and ere the day was closed, he died.
First Egyptian.—Hear the continuous cry, one piercing, long,
Unbroken wail from all this multitude.
Such griefs as we have, burden every house
In this vast empire. To the farthest bounds
Of Egypt, all the air is thick with groans
As here in Memphis. Round about the city
Are numberless huge pits, into which corpses
Are tossed by thousands, unembalmed,
Unmourned. Since the beginning of the world,
Never such wholesale slaughter has been seen.
Wars, famines, pestilences, are but jests
And trifles. In a hundred years of peace
Egypt will not recover that night's plague.
Second Egyptian.—What troops march here?
First Egyptian.—Hark to that cry!
Second Egyptian.—They say
Pharaoh pursues the Hebrews.
First Egyptian.—Tyrant! Madman!
He rushes on his fate. Hear! It begins!

A voice.—Down with the tyrant! Long live Amenophis!
First Egyptian.—The shout increases.
A multitude together.—Down with the tyrant! Long live Amenophis!

PHARAOH'S TENT AT NIGHT.

Pharaoh (alone).—The dangers multiply; and threatnings come
From every side at once.—Why, let them come!
They say the omens all are inauspicious;
The soothsayers forbid this expedition;
And messengers come thick from the magicians,
And priests, beseeching, wearying me to change
My purpose. 'Tis in vain. My mind is fixed.

Enter magicians and priests.

What says the oracle?
Priest.—A sad response:
Denouncing woes on Pharaoh and on Egypt;
But peace and victory to Israel.
Pharaoh.—So! It is well! The universe against me—
Heaven, earth, and hell.—I'll seek no farther knowledge.
Pharaoh will be his own god, his own fate.
Let no man seek to turn me.
First Priest (apart.)—This is madness.
How can he hope for conquest, or escape?
What think you of it?
Second Priest.—That the gods have doomed him.
Pharaoh.—Henceforth I am Egypt's god, and oracle;
And will be worshipped. Curses on the Hebrews!
Heaven hurl its hottest thunderbolts, and pour
Thick storms and tempests on them. Hell prepare
Its black enchantments to ensnare their steps.
Earth swallow them alive. Each constellation
With ray malignant shoot athwart their path,
And doom them to destruction! Now begone!
We march by the first light of morning.
Pharaoh (alone).—Fools!
Fools! Do they think to make me bend or falter?
No, I am resolute and fixed. Nor man,
Nor god can turn me—no, not even this load
That weighs my spirit down into the earth.

Enter Rameses.

Pharaoh—Rameses! Why that haggard countenance?
What new misfortune has befallen me? Speak!
I am prepared.

Rameses.—My daughter—
Pharaoh.—What of her?
Rameses.—Is dead.
Pharaoh.—And soon shall be revenged, Rameses.
For every life of an Egyptian lost
Ten Hebrew lives shall pay the forfeit.
Rameses.—Pharaoh,
I'm a bereft and broken-hearted father.
The joy of life is gone. I seek no vengeance.
O hear the counsel of your friends, and make
No more feeble resistance. All the wise
Condemn this undertaking. Pause and think;
Nor drag all Egypt with you into ruin.
Speak but one word—say you have changed your purpose;
And I will bless you.
I read too well that silence;
And too well also read your awful doom.
Pharaoh.—By all the gods, you trifle with your life.
It is in danger.
Rameses.—That I reckoned on
Before I ventured in the lion's den.
Proud monarch, thou shalt hear the truth for once.
Thou hast been a tyrant, and a withering curse,
To Egypt and the world. More than men fear
They hate thee. Prayers from widowed wives, and orphans,
Rise daily for thy death. The blood of thousands,
Thy murdered victims, cries aloud for vengeance.
Look where thou wilt, the soil is steeped and drenched
With bitter tears; and reeking with the gore
Shed by thy tyranny. Hard-hearted man!
Thou hast a human form; but the blood-thirstiness
Of the fell tiger.
Pharaoh.—Spare me, I beseech thee.
Rameses.—Spare thee? Whom didst thou ever spare?
Nor man, nor woman, nor the helpless babe.
All have been sacrificed, remorseless king,
To thy fierce selfishness. But now the time
Of retribution comes. The stars of heaven,
And elements of nature, fight against thee.
Thy days are numbered. In thy mad attempt,
A nation's curses follow thee—and mine.
Pharaoh (alone).—There wanted only this. My cup is full.
I have shed blood, till its red wave pursues me
Like a broad ocean. The sweet voice of nature
Is stifled in my bosom. Men and gods
Are leagued against me; twice ten thousand spirits,
My murdered victims, haunt me in my dreams;
Or when I am awake, peep through the shadows
Of the dark night. All mock and threaten me.
My own soul is prophetic, and forebodes

Some mighty evil.—Well, I must fulfil
My destiny. But awful solitude,
And night, I hate you:—and I dare not sleep.
O for the morning light to scatter all
These shadowy phantoms!
Ha! What being art thou,
That comest thus in likeness of the dead?
Thy form is thin and misty; thy pale face
Is that of Asia. Speak! Why art thou here?
Is this reality? Or is't illusion?
Did there but now a disembodied spirit
Stand here before me? All my members quake;
And a cold sweat bedews my frame. What cowards
Do night and darkness make us!

Enter Attendant.

Attendant.—Did the king speak?
Pharaoh.—Again! who art thou?—No, I called thee not.
Yet stay. Went no one from the tent?
Attendant.—What means
My lord, the king?
Pharaoh.—Passed there none by you now;
Now, as you entered?
Attendant.—No one passed, my lord.
Pharaoh.—You may be gone.
But keep strict watch.—This is another warning
That menaces my life. It may be true.
What then? the less of life that's left, more reason
Is there for action. And if death is near,
I must be busy.—I'll set forth to-night:
And let death come, it will go hard with Pharaoh,
But he will first have vengeance on the Hebrews.

MORNING. ETHAM. A VAST PLAIN.

The Hebrews encamped. Moses, Joshua, and other Hebrews.

Moses.—Here to the confines of our land of bondage
Our God hath safely brought us: endless praise
Be to our Saviour and our leader! God,
To comfort and assure us, hath vouchsafed

His visible presence, as is manifest
In this dense cloudy pillar; which by night
Issues a steady flame to guide our steps.
With such assurance, Israel cannot doubt,
Ought not to fear. Before us lies the desert
Which leads to Canaan. But a little while,
And we might enter that fair land, the portion
Of your fathers—but the way is dangerous.
And your deliverer in pity leads
Your families a longer, but a safer
Journey. You are not used to war; and fear
Might lead you to despair. Turn backwards, then,
And march to Baal-zephon, by the sea.
You must encamp before the narrow pass
Of Pihahiroth, opposite the fortress.
Give orders now to march.
Joshua.—See that you keep
In compact order, and in ranks of five,
As you left Egypt. Let none leave his place,
Nor wander, lest you fall into confusion.
Now give the word to march, through all the tribes.

EVENING. BAAL-ZEPHON.

The pass of Pihahiroth between rugged masses of rock. In the foreground the watch tower of Migdol. At a distance, through the pass, the Red Sea. The Israelites encamped. Rachel in the opening of a tent.

(Sings.)

Far o'er the cloud-tipped mountains,
Beyond the milky way,
Spreads a blest world all pure and bright,
Sparkling with gems, and steeped in light,
Whose ever-flowing fountains
With living waters play:
And, 'mid perennial bloom, the trees supply
Ripe fruits whose taste is immortality.

There heaven's fair city towers
Built of transparent gold;
Its walls of precious stones are laid;
Angels its pearly gates parade,
To guard those holy bowers
Where saints their banquets hold.
A sapphire throne, with emerald rainbow crowned,
Sheds from the midst its nightless day around.

Whence came this happy nation?
From earth, and sin, and fears;
From dungeon's gloom, and martyr's flame;
From hunger, thirst, and pain, and shame,
Sickness and tribulation;
From poverty, and tears.
But they have conquered, and their robes are white;
They live in music, and they walk in light.

O may I shout Hosanna
Among that happy throng;
A fair and noble spirit stand,
With crown on head, and harp in hand;
Eat of the immortal manna;
Pour the untiring song;
And, high enthroned among the heavenly peers,
In growing raptures pass the eternal years.

(*Looking at the sun.*)

Beautiful! beautiful! slow-sinking orb,
How the earth smiles, bathed in thy rosy flood!
O pomp! O gorgeous colouring, beyond
All that young fancy pictures in its dreams.
The world of mind too hath its sun, fairer
Than thou, and brighter; though invisible
To mortal eye. Thou great Unseen, thy beams
Pour through the universe, life, love, and bliss.
But O! the lustre of that paradise,
Sunless and shadowless, lighted by thee!
How blest to wander 'mid those nightless hills
And groves; to see those glowing fruits and flowers,
Tinted and ripened by the unclouded God!
But still more blest to bask beneath thy rays,
Whose smile is rapture, and whose love is life.
Brightness ineffable! Divinest light!
I feel thee now, my rapturous spirit feels
Thy presence and thy smiles. Even now thou shinest
On Israel's ransomed hosts, and every heart
Is jocund with delight and transport.

Rachel. Pheron.

Pheron, look with me on this glorious sight. It seems
A new creation. See those lovely clouds
Spread like an ocean, studded everywhere
With island gems, and woods, and cities, fairer
Than those of earth. Surely, heaven's pearly gates
Are opened to us; and the golden streets,
And jewelled walls, and towers, and trees of life,

And angels' many-coloured wings, compose
This supernatural picture. I could fancy
The chorus of the morning stars repeated,
And the sweet voices of the sons of God
Shouting for joy.

Pheron.—It is a splendid sight.

Rachel.—You still are sad. You grieve too much, my Pheron.

Pheron.—I mourn the fondest and most faithful friend
Heaven ever gave to mortal. O his love
To me was wonderful; that purest love,
A league between two souls that know no sex;
The intercourse and bliss of angels.

Rachel.—Pheron,
I will be to you what your Menes was.
And Menes is not lost: he is but gone
To that bright world where he awaits your coming.

Pheron.—And, but for thee, would I might join him soon!
O 'tis the charm of paradise, it holds
All was most precious here; and, when we enter,
Fond and familiar forms will spring to greet us.—
But, dearest, sing that song of love, whose tone
Suits well with this fair evening.

(*Rachel sings.*)

Say not that bliss is only found
In marble hall, or gilded dome;
In pleasure's bright and magic ground,
Or wealth's enchanted home.
Bliss visits every mortal's lot;
The beggar's lair, and monarch's throne;
The court, the mansion, and the cot:
But dwells with love alone.

Love! the sweet music of that name
Thrills through each happy soul above.
The seraph feels the quickening flame,
And God himself is love.
The choirs that hymn the eternal throne,
Taste of no higher joy than this:
For heaven is filled with love alone,
And love itself is bliss.

When the lost world was veiled in night,
Love lingered with benignant ray;
Tinging the ruins with soft light,
Pledge of a coming day.
Love brings down angels from the skies,
To guide the steps of erring men;
And love invites fallen man to rise
To life and God again.

O say not then that earth is drear;
And tell me not that life is woe;
Since heaven descends and sojourns here;
Since love is found below.
Let me in cave or dungeon rest;
Among lone rocks and deserts rove;
'Mid snows, or burning sands, 'tis blest,
To dwell with heaven and love.

Pheron.—This blessedness is ours, my Rachel: love,
Peace, liberty, and safety—O 'tis sweet!
'Tis like the sick man's feeling of new life
When he first leaves his chamber, and walks forth
To view the face of nature.
Rachel.—True, Pheron:
But 'tis all like a dream—a lovely dream.
How beautiful thy tents, O Israel!
Stretched out beneath the heavens, so calm and clear,
They look like a vast flock sleeping most sweetly.
Pheron.—And see the setting sun painting the plain,
The clouds, and purple mountain-tops with beauty;
While all the distance waxes dim and faint
With misty indistinctness.
Rachel.—And yon tower,
Monument of old days, and former rulers,
Adds a last charm to nature's loveliness.
'Tis like an Ethiopian ruin, sad
And solemn, preaching 'mid these solitudes,
The changefulness, and littleness of man.
Pheron.—And hark! the mighty, murmuring sound, rising
From all the camp, like music on the ear.—
But what is it you see?
Rachel.—Dear Pheron, look!
What means that white cloud yonder in the west?—
Now it grows darker all along the plain.
Pheron.—It is a cloud of dust—some shepherd's flocks.
Yet there is glittering metal, as of arms.
I trace the spears and ranks. 'Tis Pharaoh's army.
What can it mean? The madman has pursued us.
Rachel.—O give the alarm.
Pheron.—The alarm is given already.
Hear that confused cry rising from the camp.

BAAL-ZEPHON.

Joshua and other Hebrews.

Joshua.—Wherefore this tumult? Have you then forgotten
The miracles and plagues of Egypt?—Shame,
Impious shame, to doubt the God of Jacob!
Hebrew.—Pharaoh is close at hand. We have no arms,
And have not learned to fight.
Joshua.—Then learn it now.
Fight for your wives and children. Take your staves
And use instead of spears. Roll down the rocks
From Pihahiroth. You may overwhelm
The whole of Pharaoh's army.
Hebrew.—Where is Moses?
Let us see Moses.
Joshua.—He is in his tent,
Inquiring of Jehovah. See, he comes.
Hebrews.—O Moses, save us! save us from the Egyptians.
Moses.—Peace, peace, my children. Put your trust in God.
Have you not seen his power? And can you doubt
Him now?

Crowds enter tumultuously, and gather round Moses.

Hebrews.—Were there no graves in Egypt, that
You brought us here to die? Why did you this?
Why brought you us from Egypt?
Moses.—Children, hear me.
Hebrews.—Did we not tell you, when we were in Egypt,
We would not follow you? Did we not say
Let us alone, that we may serve the Egyptians?
It were far better to have lived in bondage
Than perish by the sword.
Moses.—But hear me speak.
Hebrews.—Why did you bring us out of Egypt?
Pheron.—Could this have been believed—that slaves should be
In love with slavery?
Joshua.—The common minds
Are always so, incapable of greatness;
Ne'er moved to noble deeds, or noble wishes,
But by their leaders. Few think for themselves.—
Be silent, cowards, unbelievers, most
Ungrateful, whom your God so lately saved.
Hear the command of Moses.
Moses.—Rather hear
The orders of Jehovah. Fear ye not.
Stand still, and see once more how God will work
For your salvation. Soon all these Egyptians

Whom you have seen this day, you see no more
For ever. Only believe, and hold your peace.
The Lord will fight for you. For he hath said
Go forward. He will now divide these waters,
And make a pathway for you through the sea.
The waves shall rise in heaps, and form a wall
Solid, on either side, like lofty mountains.
The Egyptian host shall follow, and Jehovah
Will make his name illustrious on the horse
And all the chariots of Pharaoh. Then
Egypt shall know that he is God alone.—
Thus I stretch forth my hand; and, lo, the sea
Begins to heave and part, and will ere long
Divide.

Hebrew.—But see, the Egyptians press upon us.
They come! they come! all will be quickly lost.

Moses.—Go forward, and fear not. Not one shall perish.

Joshua.—Keep in your order still, and let not fear
Throw you into confusion. I will remain
Behind, and watch the Egyptian army.

They go forward into the pass of Pihahiroth, to the music of a solemn march.

March, Israel, march! thy God leads the way.
Jah goes before thee: his dark column see!
March where it leads—thou shalt triumph to-day.
To Pharaoh 'tis terror; 'tis safety to thee.

Blows the east wind—the huge waves retreat!
On either side roll they a crystalline wall.
On, without fear, though the waves wet our feet;
We march to our triumph, and Egypt shall fall.

The dread cloud removes—removes to the rear;
And folds the rash foe in thick darkness and night.
But guards Israel's camp lest the foe come near;
And shines through our host as the noon-day bright.

On, Judah, on! thy standard raise high!
On, lion tribe! rush first to the wave!
Lead the host through, for triumph is nigh—
Thy safe path shall soon be proud Pharaoh's grave.

Then march, Israel, march! thy God leads the way!
Jah still attends thee; his bright column see!
March where he leads—thou shalt triumph to-day:
To Pharaoh he's death, but he's safety to thee.

Pheron.—See yonder troops. How formidable stretches
The front of Pharaoh's army. How the chariots

Scowl with grim horror. Endless ranks of spears
Bristle behind. Their heavy iron tread
Shakes the firm earth; the clashing of their arms
Is full of terror. 'Tis a glorious,
And yet an awful sight. Do you not fear?
Joshua.—Fear! and with Israel's God as leader?—No.
I do not fear. My pulse beats calm as ever:
For I but view that army as men doomed
To speedy ruin. Nay, had we no aid
But in ourselves, I should not despair utterly.
In Pihahiroth, fifty men of valour
Might put to shame the numerous host of Pharaoh.
Pheron.—Mark you where Pharaoh is? that is his chariot,
Surrounded by a troop of horse. They stop:
Perhaps to call a council.

BAAL-ZEPHON.

Pharaoh, Jambres, Officers, and Army.

Pharaoh.—Halt all the troops.
Officer.—Give the word on to halt.
Pharaoh.—We have them safely, Jambres. Shut up thus,
Mountains on either side, the sea in front,
We in their rear, destruction is inevitable.
And see, they march! they enter Pihahiroth.
They rush into the jaws of ruin. Soldiers,
Your task is easy. See your prey before you.
Their boasted beauties are your slaves; their men
Die by your swords. Onward, onward to victory!
Officer.—Let not my lord the king be angry. Night
Begins to fall with an unusual darkness.
Were it not better to lead on the troops
By early dawn? We cannot see what ambush
Is placed in Pihahiroth.
Pharaoh.—On at once!
What fear we from these slaves? Unarmed, and cowards,
By morning they'll have fled.
But see! Am I awake? or is't a dream?
But now Israel was plainly seen: now all's
Invisible.
Jambres.—My lord, I saw that cloud
Which hangs between us, pass over their heads,

And settle like a curtain between them
And us :—some new enchantment of their prophet.
Pharaoh.—Say nought of that. Speak not a word of that.
Inspire the men with courage.
Jambres.—But 'tis night,
O king, and sudden darkness comes upon us.
It comes, spreading o'er all the army.
Pharaoh.—Peace!
On, soldiers, on! The Hebrews are before.
Plunge through the darkness. Leap they in the jaws
Of death, or throat of hell, I'll follow them.

THE EASTERN SHORE OF THE RED SEA.

The Army of Israel standing on the shore.

Moses.—Children of Israel, you have passed in safety
Through the dry channel of the sea. Yon cloud,
So full of glory, which gave light to you,
Is darkness to the Egyptians. They are now
Bound by the power of your Deliverer,
And troubled in the deep.
Thus I stretch out
My rod over the path your feet have gone,
And the proud waters, standing now in heaps,
Shall rush upon them. All your foes shall perish.
Stand still in safety. God will fight for you;
And you shall see, as soon as morning dawns,
Your countless enemies floating on the waves,
And drifted to the shore. Thus perish all
The enemies of Jehovah. And triumph thus
All nations who make Him their confidence.

THE BED OF THE RED SEA.

The Egyptian Army, Pharaoh, Jambres, Officers.

First Officer.—How goes the night?
Second Officer.—About the morning watch.

Do you know where we are?
First Officer.—We must have passed
The mountains; yet there should be sea beyond.
We have not reached it yet. It seems a plain.
Where are the Hebrews? We cannot have lost them.
Second Officer.—Ha! how it lightens! gods! that dreadful peal
It rolls along the mountains. By that flash,
Methought huge rocks rose over us like walls.
Surely we must have passed them.
First Officer.—See again!
Again it bursts upon us. O that cloud!
Look how it vomits flames.
Second Officer.—This tempest will destroy us. It will throw
Men, horses, all, into confusion. Hold!
I can proceed no farther.
First Officer.—Stand away!
They are driven back upon us.
Second Officer.—Hear you not
That voice, like a clear trumpet in the storm
Of battle? It is Pharaoh's.
First Officer.—Blessed gods,
Save us! Whither will this darkness lead us?
Second Officer.—It lightens still. See, leaping from the flames,
Legions of frightful forms are driving back
The army. Hell is come against us.

(*Pharaoh's voice heard above the uproar.*)

Pharaoh.—My chariot wheels are off. Slaves, will you not
Obey your king?
Soldier.—My lord, the troops are mingled;
The chariots are broken down. The men
Are jammed without the power to move.
Pharaoh.—A chariot!
A chariot for Pharaoh!

(*Thunder and lightning continue. All is uproar. Broken chariots block up the way. Horses and men in confusion.*)

Soldiers.—Let us turn and flee.
We'll go no farther. Let us flee from Israel!
Jehovah fights for them.
Pharaoh.—Go on, ye dastards!
Jambres, now use your arts; bring your enchantments.
I will enrich you; raise you to a throne.
Only pass through this night; but conquer now.
Jambres.—I have no art like this. I cannot fight
Against Jehovah.
Pharaoh.—Villain! is this your skill?
Turn backward, turn. Let all return to Egypt.

Soldiers.—Return, return to Egypt.
Officer.—All is over.
I hear a frightful rushing, as of waters.
Great gods, we're in the sea! We must all perish!
Pharaoh.—Bring me a chariot! Jambres, thou shalt die.
Moses and Aaron, save me but this once.
They hear me not. Again that awful form
Looks from yon cloud.—Osiris, Isis, save me!
Ye gods, I curse you! Thou art revenged, JEHOVAH.

MORNING. EASTERN SHORE OF THE RED SEA.

The armies of Israel assembled in triumph. The bodies and arms of the Egyptians lying all along the shore; and the baggage and spoils floating on the waters. The Israelites are gathered together in groups, looking at the dead bodies. Joshua, Pheron, and others, looking at the body of Pharaoh.

Joshua.—How calm the heavens look down upon this sight!
But the sea still is troubled, and each wave
Rolls on the shore some relic of our foes.
O what a wreck of human life! Here lies
All that was grandest and most potent in
The universal world. But yesterday,
This pomp and fierce array had awed whole kingdoms;
And now our wives and children fearless gaze
Upon their iron faces, harmless now.

(*Setting his foot on Pharaoh's body.*)

Is this the man that made the earth to tremble;
That shook whole kingdoms; depopulated cities;
And made the world a desert; at whose triumphs
Numberless princes graced his chariot wheels?
Thy royal fathers, each in his splendid tomb,
Lie down in glory. But thou art dishonoured,
Art cast out of thy place, abominate,
A prey to savage beasts and savage birds.
No pomp of funeral rites, no costly tomb,
Awaits thee. To preserve thy body now
No precious spices shall embalm thee. How,
How art thou fallen, O Pharaoh! But the seed
Of evil doers never were renowned.

Enter Moses, Aaron, Miriam, Rachel, and others.

Moses.—Children, rejoice! the victory is won!
Jehovah's arm has conquered! Age on age
Shall celebrate our triumph, while the sun
And moon endure. All nations under heaven
Shall sing the song of Moses, and shall deem
Our victory their own.
Ye tribes of Israel,
Your enemy hath perished. See his corse
Cast out by the indignant waves, renounced
By earth, unfit for either.
Ye Egyptians,
Behold your king, branch of the ancient stem
Of Egypt's sovereigns, friendly to our fathers.
Hail, Pheron! Amenophis! Pharaoh, hail!
Hail, king and queen of Egypt! Bow the knee,
And own your sovereign.
Egyptians.—Hail, Amenophis! King of Egypt, hail!
Moses.—Now sound the timbrel; and, with solemn dance,
Pay to our great Deliverer praises due.

Miriam, Rachel, and a Chorus of Women, sing the following song, with timbrels and dancing.

O sing to Jehovah: for Israel is free!
The horse and his rider are drowned in the sea.

The God of my might, and the God of my song,
To Jah the bright triumphs o'er Egypt belong.
With timbrel and dance shout the praise of our King;
The deeds of the God of our forefathers sing.

Jehovah, the Hero! Extol the dread name!
On Pharaoh's proud host he poured sorrow and shame;
When horseman and chariot, chieftain and slave,
Went down like a stone in the Red Sea's dark wave.

Thy right hand, Jehovah, was stretched in its might;
Thy right hand hath crushed the proud foe in a night.
When against thee they rose, they were scorched in thine ire,
As the withered fields blaze in the wild-rushing fire.

The waves heard thy voice, and in mountains uprose;
As thy breath passed along them, the huge billows froze.
O sing to Jehovah: for Israel is free!
The horse and his rider are drowned in the sea.

Said the foe,—I'll pursue, overtake, bare my blade,
Slay, spoil, 'mid the shrieks of the matron and maid.
Thou didst breathe,—and the swift-rushing sea was their grave;
Like lead they all sank in the merciless wave.

Who is like thee, JEHOVAH, their idols among?
Who is like thee, so holy, so dreadful, so strong?
Thou didst lift up thy hand, and earth knew the dread sign:
She swallowed the thousands of Mizraim's line.

Jehovah in person his armies hath led:
His column of cloud marches on at our head.
O sing to Jehovah: for Israel is free!
The horse and his rider are drowned in the sea.

They shall hear: they shall tremble. O fair Palestine,
Thy children in anguish shall bow at their shrine.
The chieftains of Edom shall start at the breeze;
And, Moab, thy mighty ones terror shall seize.

The heroes of Canaan shall all melt away
When they hear of our triumph o'er Egypt to-day;
And fixed as the rock, by thy might, they shall stand,
While thy people, thy people, shall march through their land.

Thou shalt lead, thou shalt plant them on Sion's fair hill,
Which thy palace shall crown, and thy splendour shall fill;
Where all holy shall glitter thy beautiful fane,
And Jehovah for ever and ever shall reign.

O sing to Jehovah: for Israel is free!
The horse and his rider are drowned in the sea.

NOTES.

Page 407, line 6 from bottom.

'See those lovely clouds,
Spread like an ocean, studded every where
With island gems."

Just such a sunset, only more splendid than words can describe, I saw many years ago, on a summer's evening, in the centre of Devonshire. I might have supposed it was an illusion of the sight, but that a companion was with me, who saw it as I did. The resemblance to a sea, with its islands, was perfect; and yet no sea was really visible from that place.

Page 409, line 5.

"Let me in cave or dungeon rest,
Among lone rocks and deserts rove."

Pone me pigris, ubi nulla campis, etc.—HORACE.

Page 409, line 9 from bottom.

"What means that white cloud?" etc.

This idea is taken from a beautiful passage in the first book of Xenophon's Anabasis.—

Ἡνίκα δὲ δείλη ἐγένετο, ἐφάνη κονιορτὸς ὥσπερ νεφέλη λευκή, χρόνῳ δὲ οὐ συχνῷ ὕστερον, ὥσπερ μελανία τις ἐν τῷ πεδίῳ ἐπὶ πολύ. Ὅτε δὲ ἐγγύτερον ἐγίγνοντο, τάχα δὴ καὶ χαλκός τις ἤστραπτε, καὶ αἱ λόγχαι καὶ αἱ τάξεις καταφανεῖς ἐγίγνοντο.

CLARENDON;

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XX.*

Herbert's Escape.

Now was his moment for escape; the woman was insensible; Rudd and his associates were absent on their strange and lawless calling; everything seemed to favour his enterprise, and instinctively falling on his knees, he breathed a hurried prayer to God, and then crept as noiseless as a shadow to the door.

It was heavily barred, and had two massive bolts, one at the top and the other at the bottom, which shot into a groove of a peculiar formation, and were evidently the production of one of the numerous gang who were his present jailers.

Herbert, with a forethought beyond his years, had anticipated this, and was therefore prepared for it. Carefully returning to the other end of the room, he espied an old-fashioned carving-fork, the strong prongs of which he fancied would enable him to shoot the bolts in silence, and procuring a chair at the same moment, conveyed it across the room to the door; then he listened in breathless attention, to discover if possible if anything threatened to interrupt his attempt.

Nothing stirred; the fire had blazed up now, and the whole room, in all its sordid and squalid poverty and disorder, was revealed to his eyes. There was the woman still sitting before the fire, and as he listened, his quick ear caught her calm and regular respiration; all sounds had long since died away in the street, for it was long past midnight now, and with a firm grasp the boy lifted the first heavy bar out of its socket, and laid it down noiselessly on the window sill beside him.

In doing so, he discovered to his great joy the ponderous key

* Continued from p. 301, vol. lii.

he had seen the woman take from the lock, soon after the men who accompanied Rudd had left the house. The formidable key grated with a dull, sonorous sound in the wards, and, scarcely trusting his own luck, he again paused, with a palpitating heart, lest this latter movement should have aroused the she-Cerberus beside him.

Re-assured by her quiescence that such was not the case, he again resumed his task, and succeeded, after a great deal of exertion, and not a little pain to his aching hands and wrists, in withdrawing the bolts. It was an easy task to remove the remaining bar, and then resting on the corner of the chair, he wiped the sweat from his brow, and took breath ere he ventured upon his flight.

Suddenly, a sound burst upon his ear: now, distant like the murmur of some far-away mountain stream that scarcely breaks upon the silence of a summer's day: and then, like the same stream swollen with winter rains. It grew, and grew as it approached. Sick with apprehension, the boy lifted the chair noiselessly away, and opened the door a little ajar. The noise grew louder in an instant. Ten—fifty—the tramp of a hundred men—broke upon his ear: he crept out a yard or two; it was as if a thousand men were approaching, with the speed of a whirlwind, the place he stood upon.

Then the whole neighbourhood awoke, as if by magic. The approaching multitude were sweeping down the narrow street, and meeting these came others rushing madly forward, some nearly naked, with their tangled hair giving a horrible ferociousness to countenances that were dark, and determined, and repulsive enough without: women with children in their arms, in their begrimed night-clothes, with inflamed visages and flashing eyes, the harpies of that den of crime and iniquity; men armed with bludgeons and crowbars, in every degree of age; all shouting, yelling, and swearing, and with a thousand evil passions stamped on every cut-throat visage, until the very stones beneath seemed to swarm up with life, as alley, and cellar, and blind streets, sent out their myriads of living men and women.

Lights flashed from every window, in every house within view; cries of terror, and threats of vengeance, were mingled in one horrible jargon, that almost made the blood curdle to hearken to; heads were thrust out at attic windows, dusky forms flitted to and fro along the crazy balconies, that still hung out like blackened shells of former grandeur, as they were at intervals around him; men hung over the parapets of the lower houses; and eager faces with flashing eyes, and sharpened chins, peered over upon the crowd below. The boy stood

rooted to the spot; strong as had been his desire for escape but a moment ago, he could not now have done so for the world. He forgot even himself in the wild, turbulent scene before him, and became as it were a participator in its tragedy.

The torrent—for such it might well be called—which had called from their lairs this teeming world of ruffianism and guilt, had now gained the spot where he stood, and then Herbert in some sort had the mystery solved for him. In front were the band of coiners, whose operations he had so singularly beheld at their secret calling in the base of the tower, all mixed wildly together, armed with bludgeons, the butt-ends of which now acted as their means of defence against a numerous body of night police, who were advancing in a compact and sufficiently formidable body upon them, armed with gleaming cutlasses, the deadly blades of which had already inflicted more than one visible wound upon the flying yet still fighting band, who had thus brought upon themselves the vengeance of the law.

Nothing could possibly be more exciting, and yet more dramatic than the appearance of the scene at this moment. Torches flashed and flickered as they were passed from hand to hand, now lighting up a group of wild, anxious faces, all pale with passion or fear; and anon in their fitful progress obliterating the strange picture, only to produce another at the next moment in another place; cutlasses and bludgeons rose up above the dark sea of heads, as their possessors strove to reach the scene of action. Stentorian lungs roared out threats of intimidation against the assailants; whilst others as vehemently cheered the small, yet determined band, in whose persons the whole neighbourhood thus saw themselves attacked. It was but an attack of the police upon a gang of thieves, carried into their very dens, and yet, how wild, and lurid, and striking was the picture Herbert had thus exhibited before him!

The police, well armed and disciplined as they were, were by no means secure of their victims. Hemmed in on every side by foes, with thieves swarming up around them, move where they would, they had need of all their experience of such adventures, and all their cold blooded disregard of danger, however imminent, to carry them through at such a moment. And thus on they came with drawn hangers, as closely packed as a regiment of soldiers, and then when the coiners found themselves thus suddenly reinforced, they also turned, and gave them battle.

As if by some preconcerted stratagem, the women, who had by no means formed the least lawless portion of the defendants, became separated from the men; and the latter variously armed

or unarmed, as the case might be, except with heavy cudgels, rushed forward towards the house of the man Grimes, which on this occasion formed the *point d'appui*, thus swelling the ranks of the coining gang. The herculean form of the reckless Rudd was in a moment seen to assume the direction of this augmented force, and with a loud cry for vengeance, led on by this savage ruffian, the whole posse flung themselves on their assailants.

For a moment the latter reeled beneath the shock, but the admirable discipline they were controlled by, came to their aid, and they in their turn swept upon the foe. Herbert, who had become entangled amongst the assailants was swept forward amongst the rest, almost in contact with the ruffian Rudd, whose herculean arm dealt terrible slaughter wherever he stirred. Crushed, and terror stricken, and almost dead with sudden pain, the boy presently felt himself carried back again, as the gang of thieves retreated before their assailants, and scarcely knowing how, knew that he was being swept into the dark room he had so recently escaped from, and then became insensible.

CHAPTER XXI.

And whilst Jasper Vernon weaves his subtle webs, to entangle Eleanor Clarendon in the meshes of love; whilst the proud old mistress of Leven watches over and fans the flame that is already kindling in the breasts of Norman and Eleanor; and whilst Herbert is hurried onward by his evil genius adown the yawning gulf, which reflects no glimmering star to warn him of the danger that lurks below; let us turn to another of the characters whose fortunes have in some measure been developed in these pages, and behold Cecil Clarendon's *début* in Paris.

Paris!—the gay, the flippant, the elegant, the abandoned! Paris, whose every-day life is but a scene from the last extravagant *vaudeville* of the *Opera Comique!* Paris, so theatrically

chivalrous, so refined, so gross, so licentious, a mixture of earth and heaven,—and hell!

And Cecil was in this scene of contrarieties. Cecil was in Paris. Dalton's princely house in the Chausse d'Antin was his home. Accompanied by Dalton, he visited all that was grand, and beautiful, and strange in this land of wonders. With Dalton, he lingered spell-bound in the princely Louvre, where France crowns herself in her artists. With Dalton, he went to the Chamber of Deputies, and beheld the patriots of France, the spume and offspring of twenty revolutions, quarrelling over the miserable wreck of her greatness. With Dalton, he wandered through the gardens of the Tuilleries, and the lovely alleys of Versailles. With Dalton, he went to the operas and the theatres, which are the true mirrors in which the Parisians glass themselves. He even pierced with this bold-hearted guide the myriads of wretched hovels in which want, and crime, and poverty conceal themselves; and, whilst relieving the misery he had there presented to his gaze, left those dreary receptacles of human degradation, with a heart chastened to adoration and love for that Almighty Being who had cast his lot so much more happily.

That house in the Chausse d'Antin, as if lit up into a brighter being by its master's presence, awoke, as if by magic, from the trance that possessed it, and became, almost in a moment, the rendezvous of all that was *distingué* in the world of fashion and of talent. The *salons* that so long remained with closed shutters, through which the grey light fell lingeringly on draped furniture, and statues, and reversed paintings, now glittered with lights, and rung with music and the busy hum of a hundred tongues. The old *porte-cochère* rang once more with the arrival of eager guests, as carriage after carriage drove up, and deposited their cargo of wit, and beauty, and breeding: for Dalton was a millionaire, and in Paris as elsewhere, or even more potently there than anywhere else, gold has the power of attracting to its magic neighbourhood all that is rare and priceless in rank, and birth, and talent.

And yet we are digressing. On the morning succeeding their arrival, a small party of four were lingering over a late breakfast in that portion of the house which, by an unusual arrangement, was more particularly under the control of Mrs. Dalton. The meal had been prolonged more than such meals usually are, partly because it is so pleasant to loiter over that idlest of meals, when the coffee is delicious and the rasped rolls are crisp, and partly because Dalton and Cecil were like pilgrims from a distant land to the two secluded females who were their companions.

Of the latter, the wife of Dalton claims the first introduction. Her grey hairs, and the subdued air of resignation that accompanied all her actions, would have pronounced her to be more advanced in the vale of years, than the exquisite fairness of her unwrinkled features, the bright, flashing eye, and the vivacity of her voice, would otherwise seem to indicate. And yet, when you glanced at her again, you felt that it must have been some great grief, some sudden and hidden sorrow, preying upon a mind of the loftiest order, that had mingled the white hairs amongst those tresses, black as the raven's wing, and cast an air of langour over that beautiful form. And then, when the cheery accents of the musical voice rang in your ear once more, you felt that she still was a woman whose life was in its prime, and you marvelled no longer at the bright eye and the fair skin.

On their first meeting, this estimable woman had folded Cecil in her arms, with all the long repressed affection of a mother who has not for years beheld an only son; and then, putting him from her once more, she surveyed him eagerly from head to foot, noting the manly grace of his figure, his features, his complexion, and then, embracing him once more, kissed his forehead and cheeks, and pressing Dalton's hand, murmured, "Let us thank God, my friend, for all his goodness."

During all this while, the charming Camilla, a lively *soubrette* of eighteen summers, stood pouting her dewy lip, apart, yet still close enough to make a fourth in the graceful group that surrounded Cecil Clarendon. Now, however, Dalton presented the young man to his daughter, saying as he did so, "Camilla, my love, I am sure you will reciprocate the affection Cecil already feels for you."

Camilla's dewy lip pouted as she said, in a musical voice, "That, Papa, would indeed be love at first sight."

"And why not, Camilla? I love Cecil almost as much as you, for he is the son of my oldest friend and benefactor."

"Mr. Cecil Clarendon is doubly welcome," said the beautiful Camilla, lifting for the first time her eyes from the ground, to fix them upon the young man's glowing and ingenuous countenance.

"Well said, Mademoiselle," rejoined Dalton, gravely; "I am sure, when you know him more intimately——"

Camilla made a mock curtsey, through all the pretended gravity of which Cecil could detect the lively grey eyes dart a sarcastic glance at himself, and ran out of the room, singing *La Charmante Gabrielle*, in a voice as fresh and musical as a bird's.

Dalton sat down to the table again beside his wife, who took

his hand in her own. The fond, yet faithful wife, gazed with a wistful eye on the stern, commanding brow and dark visage of him, whom, although linked to him by the tenderest of ties, she so little understood.

Dalton's stern brow was gathered into an ominous frown, and his usually abrupt, yet frank bearing was at once moody and sullen, as he turned from her silent, yet affectionate scrutiny, and eyed Cecil, who, quite unconscious of observation, stood in a graceful attitude at the long, narrow window, gazing upon the scene without. In another moment, the current of Dalton's thoughts seemed to change, and, assuming an air of gaiety, he said,

"Come, Alice, let us order the carriage, and drive round the Champs Elysées."

"So early, love?" was the gentle response.

"The earlier the better, I think," was the rejoinder. "Cecil will have a better opportunity of seeing everything as we go along, than when the crowd of idlers fills every nook and corner later on. So off with you, and bid Camilla change her dress with as little delay as possible."

With Mrs. Dalton, her husband's will was law; so she immediately arose and left the room to prepare for the excursion. Dalton then rang, and ordered the *maître d'hotel* to order the carriage. Precisely as the pendule of the clock over the chimney-piece struck the hour of eleven, Mrs. Dalton and her daughter entered the room, and at the same moment her carriage, drawn by four splendid greys, swept up to the door.

As Cecil went up to Camilla, to conduct her down stairs, he could not disguise from himself what a charming creature it was his good fortune to be thrown into the society of, at a time when his own country seemed to cast him off as an incumbrance. The airy little bonnet set with such fantastic coquettishness on the head, its light hue in such excellent keeping with its fair wearer's brilliant complexion: her lively features dimpling with smiles, and her mischievous grey eyes glancing in fifty different directions almost at the same moment, with her airy figure, as light and elegant as that of a fawn; made her altogether so fascinating, that Cecil soon found himself fairly bewitched by her spells, and in imminent danger of falling over head and ears in love with her, out of hand.

To fortify himself against such a danger, he recurred to the image of Eleanor, as she looked and moved on the morning of his departure from Delaval; but the contrast, whilst it made Eleanor's image the dearer to him, only brought out Camilla's vivacity and sprightliness in a stronger light, and thus matters grew worse and worse for our hero.

Truth to tell, Cecil and Camilla were left entirely to their

own society, for Dalton and his wife, occupying one seat of the open carriage, were already engaged in earnest conversation, which even Camilla did not dare to break; and as for Cecil, he felt too much fascinated by the society of his new friend, to wish to throw a colder barrier of reserve betwixt them.

"Were you ever in England, Miss Dalton?" said he, as they were returning home by the Faubourgs, anxious to see if she could converse on grave as easily and gracefully as on gay topics.

"Never but once," was the response; "and, singularly enough, I have forgotten every event of my visit but that of being taken by papa to Delaval, to see Colonel Clarendon."

"And you actually remember Delaval?" cried Cecil, in a delighted tone, gazing eagerly on the seriously playful face of Camilla; and then, as the recollection of that home of so many happy years, shut up and deserted, came across his mind, he added in a saddened tone, "ah! if you saw it now, you would not recognize it."

"Is it so much changed?"

"Very, very much. But you would be very young at the time, for I don't recollect your visit."

"It is a long time ago; but you were at school, I believe, at the time. But long ago as it is, the picture remains with me as vivid as if it happened only yesterday."

"She can be sad at times," thought Cecil, eyeing the half sorrowful expression of Camilla's countenance, as she said the last few words; and then, turning the conversation on other topics, he soon grew gay himself.

As he sprang out upon the marble steps, to hand Camilla and Mrs. Dalton into the vestibule, his eye fell upon the form of a young man, who seemed from that place to have been awaiting the return of the family. Cecil instinctively drew back, whilst Dalton cried out,—

"Ha, Melville! is that you, my boy? Glad to see you. How long have you been from Vienna?"

"Only a week," was the young man's rejoinder, as he handed Camilla from her seat. "I had dispatches from our ambassador, as you probably know, and didn't let the ground cool beneath me;" and then, with easy nonchalance, he entered into a lively dispute with Camilla, as they ascended the steps.

Cecil was yet too recently known to Dalton's daughter to feel jealous of this new opponent; even his habitual phlegm, however, could not prevent his noticing the evident satisfaction her countenance betrayed on discovering Mr. Melville, and his ears still rang with the eager tones with which the fair who preceded him, carried on the light and graceful persiflage which seemed to be a fit exponent of Camilla's versatile character.

Dalton seemed to read his thoughts, for, on regaining the house, he drew Cecil's arm within his own, and carried him off to the library. He had scarcely shut the door before, motioning the young man to a seat, he said in his own decisive manner,—

"My dear Cecil, I have never until this moment inquired how you were situated with regard to money matters, because, until this time, I thought myself vigilant enough to prevent anything of the kind being required of you. Excuse my now asking in one word, that you will do me the favour of being your banker until you come of age."

And so saying, Dalton placed a cheque-book in Cecil's hands.

His protector's words recalled to Cecil's recollection his own want of funds; but his natural pride and independence prompted him at once gracefully to decline such an offer.

"Your manner convinces me that I only anticipate your necessities, my dear lad," said Dalton, laughing gaily; "so come, do oblige me by such a trifling concession on your part."

"When I tell you frankly," said Cecil, grasping Dalton's sinewy fingers, which still strove to force the book upon him, "that, with the exception of a few notes I had by me at the time of my departure from Delaval, I set off from home totally unprovided for in a pecuniary point of view, you will, I am certain, quite absolve me from declining such an offer from any superfluity of cash."

"Then why, Cecil, do you refuse the proffer?" said Dalton, flinging himself back in his chair, and surveying the young man with a broad stare of incredulity; "do you really expect to live in such a place as Paris without cash?"

"Certainly not. And yet I feel strangely repugnant to taking what I have no right to, even when offered by you, Dalton."

"Then allow me to lend it," was the kind retort. "Draw upon me for any amount, and repay it when convenient to yourself, after you come of age. If it is not paid fifty years hence, I shan't grieve for it. Only take it, Cecil, in the way I offer it."

"To convince you that it is not a false pride which has induced me to decline such a generous offer so long," said Cecil, "I will take you at your word, and promise to use as much of your money as I want."

"And don't be afraid of punishing me, Cecil," said Dalton, slapping his *protégé* on the back, as he arose. "I can assure you, Paris is the very place for running away with one's *louis d'ors*; and I shouldn't like the son of my old friend to cut a shabby appearance, merely because he has the ill luck to have an old skinflint curmudgeon of a guardian, who grudges the

sons of the man who made him, a share of their own wealth. And now come and be introduced to Melville."

On returning to Camilla's boudoir, they found Melville on the point of taking leave.

"Do you not dine with us, to-day, John?" demanded Dalton, good-humouredly, placing himself in front of his retreating guest. "Come, we shall be a small party,—only Mr. Cecil Clarendon and ourselves."

"A son of Colonel Clarendon's?" exclaimed the other, turning full upon Cecil, with an eager expression of countenance.

"The very same: the eldest son," said Dalton, emphatically. "Your parents were friends in their youth, and though events in after life separated them, I know they always cherished a mutual affection for each other. So now there's another inducement for you to stay with us."

"And yet I must say no," rejoined his guest, dropping Cecil's hand. "I am engaged to the count, and must beg off to-day. Mr. Cecil Clarendon must believe that I shall take the first opportunity of renewing our acquaintance."

"Well, come to-morrow, then," said Dalton, patting him on the shoulder; and with that they parted.

"Deny us to every one, Dejars," said he to the groom of the chambers, as they crossed the gallery; "we wish to be alone, to-night," and the man bowed in a manner that showed his master's slightest wish was law with him.

It was a delightful night, that of Cecil's first glimpse of Paris. The luxurious room in which the gay little party sat, with its draperies of blue and silver satin, its exquisite exotics, and priceless pictures, and gems, and books, scattered about with the utmost profusion, all bespeaking the vast wealth and fastidious taste of its possessor; the charming figure of the lively Camilla, as she bent in a graceful attitude over her harp, and warbled a sprightly *ariette*; Dalton's wife, so serene and lovely in her beauty, like some fair planet in a cloudless night of June; and Dalton himself, usually so stern, and proud, and unbending, the gayest and wittiest of the whole; altogether formed a *tout ensemble* such as he had seldom or never witnessed before.

"And it was this man who could linger contented for weeks in a wretched wayside inn, to tend a poor sick fellow like me, when such a home as this awaited him!" was the grateful thought of the young man, as he eyed it all.

CHAPTER XXII.

NORMAN MACDONALD was one of those noble characters, at once strong in impulse, single hearted in principle, and daring in action, which seem to spring up like some rare and beautiful tree in the desert, in the very highways of the world, as a beacon to show men what God created man to be before the fall.

With a princely fortune, an ancient name, and a handsome person, he was the very antipodes of the creature whom Jasper Vernon would have selected as his tool, to work his ends by. Every thought, and word, and act, of such a being gave the lie to the plots by which the crafty relative of the Clarendons, was to rise to power, and rank, and wealth; and none felt this more than Jasper Vernon, himself, as he rolled on towards Jedburgh, in the crazy old chaise of which we have already made honourable mention.

Norman had lived to be twenty five, and had never yet experienced the mingled hopes, and pangs, and fears of love. True, many a scheming, wily mamma had angled for him with a skilfully disguised hook, under the hope that Norman Abbey, with all its fair wealth of wood and stream, would become, by connubial ties, the home of one of her own graceful yet worldly daughters; and though Norman flirted, and visited, and picnicked, and danced, and sang, with each and all, yet with none did he ever fall in love; and so Norman at last came to be looked upon as an unmarrying man, by all his acquaintances, though he was still occasionally persecuted by husband-hunting mammas and portionless sisters, but without effect.

Great, therefore, was the indignation that hovered over every fire-side within twenty miles of Lady Susan Clarendon's residence, when it was first whispered that Norman had actually proposed to Miss Clarendon, and within a week, too, of the ill-fated ball. Stranger still was the news that accompanied this startling discovery, that none exactly could decide whether Eleanor Clarendon had actually accepted him or not. Bets were laid, with heavy odds, on the subject; mammas discussed the pros and cons, and misses marvelled and wondered with pretty bewilderment; and yet the great question of all still remained.

Lookers on, they say, can tell how the game goes better than those who play: and therefore, dear reader, come with us into

Lady Susan's dressing-room, and peep over the stately old lady's shoulder, at the letter she is writing,—thank heaven, Lady Susan writes a truly aristocratic scrawl, with most legible pothooks, and therefore it is no difficult task to decipher every word.

Although it was past midnight, Lady Susan was still out of bed, with a shawl wrapped over her shoulders, in her night *deshabille*, which made her stern, determined features stand out in stronger relief than ever. She was sitting at her dressing-table, writing; two large wax candles were placed, one on either side, in strange juxtaposition with rouge pots, wigs, cosmetics, and the countless paraphernalia of an old belle's toilet.

The letter was addressed to Jasper Vernon, and ran thus:—

"Norman has proposed! so far your schemes have prospered. I say your schemes, Jasper Vernon, because I dare not link myself so far with you in the matter. A sinful old woman like me, with one foot in the grave, has enough to answer for to God, without daring to bring this great sin upon her head in her old age. Do not, I beg of you, believe from this opening that I mean to betray you. No, Jasper Vernon! the solemn promise I made you prevents my doing this. I will stand by you to the very last, as far as that vow goes; but as I hate and abhor the hellish schemes you have hatched, and which I am doomed to bring to maturity, I will not go farther; I will perform my bond, and no more!

"But I am wandering, and will return to Norman and Eleanor. A couple of days after the latter was convalescent, I contrived matters so that our Lothario should be her companion in the walk we are in the habit of taking every evening, pleading a bad headache, which I really had, as my excuse for not joining them. Eleanor was still weak from her recent illness, and so Norman offered her his arm; I watched them from the window until they were out of sight, and then went into my own dressing-room to await their return.

"In a quarter of an hour, I heard Eleanor crossing the gallery, and anticipating what had occurred, went out to meet her. Jasper! I wish you had seen her at that moment; the sight, I feel, would for ever have turned you from your devilish schemes. Her beautful black hair had escaped from beneath her bonnet, and streamed behind upon her shoulders, as she came swiftly towards me; her cheeks, that had been so pale before, were now flushed and feverish; her eyes sparkled with fire; a passionate determination, that became her beautiful face admirably, was stamped on every feature; her head was thrown partly back, so as to show the proud swelling of her exquisitely modelled throat; and her hands clutched convulsively the folds

of her heavy mourning dress, in a manner that was enough of itself to show the storm that was raging within her breast.

"I was thunder-struck! I was paralysed! and when with the port and air of a tragic queen, Eleanor passed me with her Medea-like countenance, it seemed to freeze me to stone. The tears were in her eyes; her cheek was wet with them, and as she passed, she darted one thrilling glance upon me, that spoke volumes of injured confidence and broken love.

"When you have read thus far, I expect you will throw down the letter, and declare me mad. Do so, if you choose; I have only written a plain, unvarnished tale of facts, and, as God is my witness, have only told the truth. If you disbelieve me, come hither yourself, and see and judge for yourself. An hour afterwards, on hearing Eleanor still pacing her chamber, I ventured to knock; no answer was returned, and not venturing to intrude upon her, I went away, and returned just before I went to bed, at twelve o'clock. She was then asleep; but the tears lay undried upon her cheeks, and the same angry flush lay crimsoning beneath them.

"In the morning, I sent for Norman; but the groom brought back word that he had left home suddenly. Since then, I have received a hurried note from him, merely desiring to know how Miss Clarendon is, and apologising for not calling to make his adieu before he went. Eleanor has since then been wayward and fitful, her humour changing almost with every hour. At one moment she is merry and cheerful; at the next, silent and constrained. Everything seems forced; and yet until Norman returns, I dare not attempt to solve the mystery. Once only, when she was more than ordinarily moved, she confessed that something had passed between Norman and herself; and then, as if jealous even of divulging so little as that, she drew herself up, and assuming her Medea-like countenance, stood like a marble statue, in her indignant beauty, beside me. And the mischief of it all is, that she looks so superb at such times, that I cannot do aught but gaze and gaze my soul away upon her, until I lose the very power of speaking.

"I cannot write more now; Eleanor's sullen fit has lasted all day, but Norman returns to morrow, and I shall then know all. Until then, adieu.

"Ever yours,

"Susan Clarendon."

ULLESWATER.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

Visions of silent lake and hill,
Through all my dreams ye haunt me still;
As lonely wand'ring, fancy free,
Once more my spirit leaps with glee,
To welcome back that glorious hour,
When, ravished with your bounteous dower
Of wooded gleu and bosky brake,
And mountains, mirrored in the lake,
Sweet fancy, in her magic glass,
Bids once again the pageant rise;
And forests wave and torrents pass
Once more before these weary eyes.

The lamb lone bleating on the crag,
The swift leap of the startled stag,
The merry linnet, on the thorn,
Trilling his woodnotes to the morn;
The cuckoo's mocking note of cheer,
There ever-constant through the year;*
The music of the leaping rill,
The wild wind murmuring round the hill,
The hunter-bee in glade and dell,
Rifling their sweets from cup and bell:
And the lark's gushing minstrelsy,
These are the sweetest notes to me!

And then from all these memories sweet,
My heart leaps up with quicker beat,
Dear friend, thy fancied form to greet,—
As memory lingering o'er the past,
Depicts thee as I saw thee last;

* The cuckoo is heard all the year round on the lake.

With eager look and beaming eye,
And voice of blithe hilarity;
As loitering now by crag or tower,
We blessed alike or sun or shower,
Secure that each would lovely show,
In different moods the lake below.
Now lying like a mirror bright,
Like diamonds glittering in the light;
Now darkling in the sudden night,
As clouds racked o'er the arch of blue,
That lately smiled upon our view.
How sweet was every breath that made
An incense round us as we strayed.
Lone brooding o'er her nest the dove,
Brought dreams perchance of home and love;
The squirrel on his rocking bough,
Nibbled his cones and peered below.
Whilst all beneath the woodbine flowers,
Of every glade made Eden bowers.

And oh, how glorious was the scene,
When up June's sky of sapphire hue;
Silent as dreams with brightening sheen,
The moon sailed up the welkin blue,
Whilst in the west, Eve's lonely star,
Glittered and bourgeoned from afar;
Fair had the prospect been before,
But now 'twas heaven the smile it wore,
The timid doe scarce turned to fly;—
The hare lurked still our foosteps nigh,
On lake and glen and mountain steep,
All darkling lay the shadows deep;
Whilst every promontory's brow
Reflected back the moonlight glow,
Through every cottage lattice bright,
Gleamed on the lake the evening light;
The balmy wind had sunk to rest,—
The weary bird had sought its nest,
And hushed was lake and glen and hill,
For earth with rapturous awe was still.

And then, as all the scene we eyed,
Each nearer sought the other's side;
And smiling at th' illusive theme,
Dared of our future lot to dream,

When manhood's ardent struggles past,
Midst scenes so fair to meet at last;
With children's children round our knees,
Let life run gently to-the lees.
How often, at the dawn of day,
Up to the hills we'd take our way;
Roam heath and glen and forest o'er,
And every hidden nook explore.
'Neath the green sycamores at noon,
List to the rivulet's gentle tune;
Hail day's last streak in western skies,
And o'er the lake the May-moon rise.

At night around the blazing hearth,
We'd make the rafters ring with mirth:
Each with a prattler on his knee,
Would catch from younger hearts his glee,
And strive the lineaments to trace,
Of buried love in some young face.
The girl her mother's smile would wear,
The boy his sire's gay laugh might share;
Each lisping babe would waft the mind,
Back many a buried year behind.
When the proud sire first heard with joy,
The faltering accents of his boy;
With voice more saddened in its tone,
Talk of our kindred past and gone,—
The young, the ardent, and the wise,
And musing think of brighter skies.

Haydon Bridge,
July 2, 1848.

THE INSPIRED POETESS.

BY C. A. M. W.,

Author of the "Fairy's Gifts," "The Requiem of the St. Evremonds," &c.

A FEW years ago, there came to reside in a pretty embowered country town, famed alike for its salubrity and dullness, a lady who was evidently a new made widow, bringing with her a daughter apparently about twenty years of age.

There was nothing remarkable in this lady's history, in short, it was an every-day one; her deceased husband had held an appointment of a few hundreds a year in a government office, and no pension being awarded to the widows or children of the employed, he had ensured his life for a trifling sum, leaving his wife and child totally dependent on its proceeds for subsistence; and they soon found that even their former small means were affluent when compared to this pittance.

Mrs. Forest was imbued, fortunately for herself at this juncture, with the most straightforward, business-like principles; so that she did not allow her grief to retard the necessary disposition of her affairs; but having some knowledge of the locality, she was induced from various circumstances to take up her abode in the before-named town, a small house being secured for her future residence, by friends residing in the vicinity; and the transportation of such articles of furniture as she needed to fill it, being all the expense incurred, the sale of the remainder, from the far grander home of her married life, served to defray the expense of removal.

But although Mrs. Forest's story was a common-place one, and she herself had nothing remarkable to characterise her, yet she exhibited one trait, perhaps not very much out of the common way either—only in her case it was carried to an excess; and this was, her overweening opinion of the excellencies, both of mind and person, displayed by her daughter. This young lady had received the usual education afforded to girls in her position and circumstances; but from whom she inherited the romantic propensities, and strongly marked desire to render herself an object of notoriety, by various eccentric and fanciful proceedings, it was impossible to guess: her deceased father having been one of the most plodding and quietly disposed sons

of the desk, with no thought or wish beyond the daily monotonous routine of social existence; and her mother's unbounded astonishment and admiration at the fair Laura's "sayings and doings," sufficiently evincing *her* simple and single-heartedness. She was indeed a worthy and kind soul, and the one pardonable weakness of her nature is sometimes very touching and sweet to behold, in a lesser degree, and when tempered with a proper degree of authority and judgment.

Miss Laura Forest's freaks had been displayed at an early age, when on being taken for the first time to witness a theatrical representation, she had expressed her incontrovertible and lasting decision of becoming an actress; not in the high tragic line, or the genteel comedy, but amid clouds and stars, angels and enchanted castles, to float earthwards in aerial dances, entwined by flowery bands, and enchaining all hearts. But after this fancy had actually lasted for some months, and her peaceful home had been often turned upside down, by ropes fastened across odd corners, to the staircases, or wherever they could be rendered eligible, for the purpose of the young lady practising her fairy-like descents, a sudden stop was put to the hallucination; for with crushed wings (paper ones, be it certified) and a bleeding, broken arm, she was picked up at the foot of the stairs, after an unpremeditated, and somewhat ungraceful flight downwards.

Yet the partial mother, albeit thankful that the matter ended here, and was no worse, the cure as to stage exhibitions being complete, whispered to some of her intimate friends, "That certainly her Laura bade fair to rival Taglioni, if her demonstrative genius had not received so decided a check!"

One fancy rapidly followed another; fits of musical enthusiasm, for instance—when she was seized with a passionate desire to make a pilgrimage on foot to Germany, for the purpose of gazing on the immortal Beethoven. Why could *she* not accomplish this feat? Elizabeth, in the "Exiles of Siberia," had done far more, and was not that true?

Long rambles and incessant sketching from nature came next in succession, when the imprudent artist caught a cold which nearly cost her her life, from sitting on damp grave stones in the early spring season, drawing the outlines of an old grey church. Mediocre in all, steadfast in none, the enthusiasm evaporated from natural causes, but the lurking vanity and unsettled mind remained, fostered and fed by the injudicious praise of the mother, who knew not that patient, arduous, and unremitting study, even where the bent of genius is decided, alone could procure for the wavering Laura, a moderate and just meed of praise.

But notwithstanding all these absurdities, Laura was a fond

daughter, with a cheerful temper, and a really pleasing exterior; and it was a pleasant sight to behold the increased affection of mother and daughter towards each other, when their fallen fortunes rendered the sweet solace so doubly welcome.

Domiciled in their humble dwelling, with one little servant maid to assist them, at the end of six months, despite all their pinching economy, and numberless privations, they found that they must still further reduce their expenditure, in order to make "both ends meet," and to avoid debt, which both these ladies had an especial dread of incurring, honest pride lending its aid to support them in executing their determination.

"If," sighed Laura, "I *could* but teach, but I am utterly incapable of *that*, for what can I teach mamma? I know nothing perfectly myself."

"Ah," thought Mrs. Forest, "genius like thine, my lovely one, is ever volatile, and never was intended for such drudgery." However, for once she had the wisdom to hold her peace. For a long time did Laura Forest speculate, as to what she could by any possibility achieve, to help her dear mother; here she was, healthful, willing and able to work, only just twenty years old, and yet obliged to remain a burthen to this widowed parent—ah! it was very sad. She tried fancy work, but having no taste for it, when the pretty gew-gaws were finished by dint of labour and real perseverance—they would not do, there was no sale for them.

About this time, a lady and gentleman came to reside in the neighbourhood, friends of the family at whose instigation Mrs. Forest had originally settled there; and this lady, to whom Laura became known, aroused in her bosom a train of perfectly novel feelings and ideas. Miss Davis was a poetess of some reputation, and a devotee of literature; her brother, with whom she resided, being a middle aged gentleman, rotund and staid in demeanour, "pornickitie" in his habits, and in short to all outward appearance, a confirmed egotistical bachelor. He enjoyed an ample fortune for all moderate purposes, and though Miss Davis also possessed an independence, yet she preferred a home with her brother, to seeking one elsewhere; and as *each* had their favourite pursuits, they agreed very well together; *she*, amid her books, composition, and correspondence; and *he*, dividing his time pretty equally between preparing his fishing tackle for fine weather, angling when the skies permitted, and strange to say, to this accomplishment, he added that of music; and though he had never learnt a note, and played entirely by ear, yet his execution was brilliant, and he sang with taste and expression. It is usually suggested, that poetry and music accompany each other, hand in hand; but certainly in this case,

all the poetry fell to the share of Miss Davis; her productions were never even read by her brother, and for an idle country squire, he treated the newspapers with undue contempt, and found it irksome to wade through an article. But he would sit for hours listening to his own music, enwrapt and delighted; and had Jenny Lind *then* arisen to astonish and gratify the world, it is very questionable whether Mr. Davis would have given up the pleasure of hearing *his own* voice, in order to listen to *hers*, for the siren's charm would have been rendered powerless by superior attractions.

Now it so happened, that Miss Davis, who was very fond of young people, took a liking to Laura Forest; whilst the latter, by the unbounded interest she expressed, and really felt (for the time) in all Miss Davis's pursuits, more fully cemented the intimacy between them. By and by a change was observable in the fair Laura, which caused her anxious mother much uneasiness; she became abstracted, sought solitude, apostrophized the moon, and frequently exhibited fingers stained with ink, and her dress showing evident tokens of the same, hinting a noviciate in its use.

But at last Laura would no longer resist awarding full confidence to her affectionate mother; and with some timidity and shame-facedness, unfolding her inspired purposes, and reading the poetical effusions of her brain, caused that enraptured parent to prophecy future fame and independence, and to designate her blooming daughter—a second Sappho! Mrs. Forest immediately placed the verses before Miss Davis, with no little triumph at heart, and exultation of manner; but that lady frankly assured her, they were too tame and common-place to suit *her* taste, and would not do for publication.

"And yet my mother calls me Sappho," thought poor Laura, "ah! I see how it is—the bright idea flashes across my bewildered imagination—I must be a Sappho in *reality*, and love unhappily to write well! For have not all poets and poetesses of any celebrity indulged in 'hopeless passions,' and immortalized their blighted hearts? Have they not learnt in sorrow what they taught in song?' There is Dantè, Petrarch, Byron, and a whole host of examples besides. I am *too happy* to write poetry—I see my error. But what shall I do? there is nobody to fall in love with?"

But her mother could afford Laura no assistance on this point, and became a little alarmed, thinking perhaps that *this* fancy might end rather more seriously than she altogether approved; but Laura had abundance of womanly delicacy and reserve, and would not single out any young gentleman, whom chaperons usually pronounce "eligible;" and though the

lawyer was a widower, and the clergyman was single, yet by no possible stretch of creative genius, could she pen a sonnet addressed to *them*.

Miss Davis was appealed to for advice and friendly assistance in this dilemma; and with a demure countenance, though inwardly enjoying the joke, she advised Laura by all means to yield her heart up immediately, a prey to blighted hopes and despairing love; of which her brother, the peaceful and unconscious Mr. Davis, was to be the ostensible object. She pledged her sisterly word, that Laura might be as unhappy as she liked with perfect impunity,—address her Sappho-like sonnets to him, and that he would prove invulnerable to all attacks, angling and singing, eating and drinking as usual, in however subtle or fascinating a guise the enemy to his peace approached.

So forthwith, Laura commenced operations in the most approved style she knew of; she sat perched upon a green bank, and watched the patient fisherman for hours together, screened by umbrageous foliage, and endeavouring to catch inspiration; when if the worthy gentleman chanced to observe her, which was rarely the case, she was rewarded for her devotion, by a finer dish of fish than ordinary being sent to Mrs. Forest, with "Mr. Davis's compliments." Then she would listen to his music for a whole long evening; and though not particularly appreciating or comprehending what she heard, yet with closed eyes, the falling cadence struck so sweetly on her ear, she could almost forget the performer was a fat, middle aged gentleman.

On this point alone was Mr. Davis in the least vulnerable; but here, there was a slight, a very slight loop-hole for attack; and when by chance he found a sonnet, on which he saw his own name inscribed, evidently addressed to himself, inspired by his charming melodies, and composed by Laura Forest, the thought suddenly struck him, that "really she was a blooming, good tempered, clever girl!" "*Really* talented" quoth he to his sister. Miss Davis smiled to herself, on hearing the latter encomium passed by her brother, for she had never heard him speak of *talent* before, as a desirable possession.

However, one day, Laura returned home hastily from a visit to Dell Lodge, so Mr. Davis's villa was named, and in a state of unusual excitement and agitation, exclaimed to her mother:—

"How provoking it is! all my plans are frustrated! No sooner am I hopelessly in love, and on the high road to fame, than this stupid man spoils all! Only think, mamma, instead of treating me with indifference as he *ought* to have done, Mr. Davis has actually made me a serious offer of marriage; and when I told him that it was impossible, that I had higher aims, and that he must marry some one else, and thus seal my misery

and achieve my renown at the same time, he actually stared, asked me what I meant, and talked about ill usage; for he says I have given him encouragement, but that he is a silly old fellow to let his vanity mislead him, and so on——; I could only urge him to wed another, for that would make me *really unhappy*, and *that* was just what I wanted, mamma."

"And would it my child?" asked Mrs. Forest, anxiously. "Well, if truth were freely spoken, I think it would," answered the half-weeping Laura; "but then you know, my dear mamma, that if by my suffering, I am the better enabled to win my way to fame; thereby, not only enabling me to contribute comforts to your old age, but to wreath my brows with an immortal crown, ought I to shrink from the sacrifice of my high calling?"

"My darling girl," whispered the now delighted mother, "I had far rather that you strove to gain an immortal crown, by becoming the dutiful and happy wife of that kind and worthy man—leaving fame, and poetry, and blighted hopes to those who have not such a chance as this offered to their acceptance. Who knows but that plenty, contentment, and happiness, may not bring inspiration, even as well, if not better, than poverty and despair?"

Two or three years after this conversation had taken place, between Mrs. Forest and her daughter, Miss Davis was in the habit of showing to her friends some pretty verses, addressed by her sister-in-law to her first-born, proving that Laura found her mother's words prophetically true; and to complete her gratification, her husband read them admiringly, asked for a copy, and after having set the words to music, placed it as a valued relic amongst the hoarded treasures of his fishing gear.

Laura hates the very name of Sappho now, and surrounded by an increasing family of blooming children, herself as blooming and joyous as any one of them, she has entirely given up the "poetry department" to her amiable sister, Miss Davis, whose acknowledged taste and genius enables her to fill it with grace and urbanity.

PALMYRA.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL;

AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED," ETC.

Day wakes—the trackless desert 'round us sweeps,
Where desolation pulseless silence keeps,
And dull-eyed melancholy broods alone,
And death triumphant sits on nature's throne,
The scene with solemn thought the heart may fill,
Expand the soul, and passion's tumult still.
Ah! let the city-dweller leave his sphere
Of narrow toil and care, and wander here;
Heaven's sapphire vault down-stooping to the plain,
The sands that shift like waves along the main,
No sign of life save where the ostrich stalks,
Or lurks the hyena on his stealthy walks,
While that blank wearying waste, so vast and lone,
Since earth threw off its flood, no change has known—
Placed on this spot, he feels his vauntings o'er,
Lord of the soil, and of the world no more!
He looks to heaven, and casts his straining eye
O'er the dread wild, and whispers—'What am I?
Less than the grain of sand beneath my feet,
My life, than yonder sun-flash, e'en more fleet.'

Deserted Tadmor!* Queen of Syria's wild!
Well may she fill with rapture fancy's child;
Baalbec's few graceful columns charm the eyes,
But here, like some vast wood, the pillars rise;
There trees and herbage deck the peopled plain,
Here all is sand, and silence holds her reign.
Yet not by day—too garish, harsh, and rude—
The eye should scan her fairy solitude;
But when the still moon pours its hallowing beam,
And crumbling shrine and palace whitely gleam,

* Tadmor or Palmyra; each name signifies a palm, indicating that this tree once flourished where now all is sterility.

Then pause beneath the lofty arch, and there
Survey the mouldings rich, and sculptures fair;
See how in giant groups the columns stand,
And cast long shadows o'er the yellow sand;
How the soft light on marble tracery plays,
And busts look life-like through that silvery haze;
Tread the long colonnade, where beauty's throng,
And queens of Yore, were wont to sweep along;
Through richly painted roofs, now cleft and riv'n,
The stars will shine, the changeless lamps of heav'n,
Ruin on ruin mouldering, still and lone,
Arch following arch, fane, massy wall o'erthrown,
And still beyond, some line of columns gray,
In long perspective stretching far away—
These will the moon in desolation show,
Shedding o'er all a soft etherial glow,
Till beauty scarce of earth around us beams,
And like the abode of spirits Tadmor seems;
Or half we think that Eastern story true,
Which tells of old his spell th' Enchanter threw,
And built by Genii, in one glorious night,
Those shrines of pride, and palaces of light.*

And are no dwellers here? no beings found
Within Palmyra's wide and haunted bound?
Yes, come and see—where Beauty, in old days,
Touched her sweet harp, and blushed at her own praise,
There rears the desert bird her callow brood,
And shrieks along the untrodden solitude.
Yes, come and see—where kings in council sate,
On ivory thrones, 'mid all the pomp of state,
There mopes the owl with shining, sleepless eye,
And growls the hyena, stealing slowly by.

Yet sweet, amidst these ruins, 'tis to trace
What yet survives a long-forgotten race;
Fair brook! that lift'st thy small and happy voice,
And like some sportive child dost here rejoice

* The Arabs, at this day, firmly believe that Palmyra was built by Genii, under the direction of their king, the great Magician Solomon. That the Hebrew monarch enlarged, if he did not found Palmyra, is certain, but the existing monuments are the works of the Greeks and Romans. The age in which they were erected has been a matter of dispute.

Untired by wearying ages, from thy spring
Up, up thou bubblest, like some fairy thing;
Cool is thy grot, and smooth thy bason's rim,
Though moss and ivy clothe the marble brim.
Sure Naiads watch thee with untiring care,
Lest aught pollute a thing so chaste and fair,
Defend thy low stone font from crushing years,
And on thy limpid bosom drop their tears;
Yet, pitying maids, they will not scare away
The desert wanderer, fainting 'neath the ray,
But smiling, view him stoop his thirsty lips,
And turn to nectar every drop he sips.
Thy playful bounding stream then quits the cave,
Palmyra's ruined walls and shrines to lave;
And now it chafes with columns prostrate thrown,
Its tiny rage in froth and murmurs shown;
Now, calm as holy dreams, it wanders by,
Gives back each ruin, and reflects the sky,
Till, tombed like some blest saint, its course is o'er,
And, lost mid sands below, is seen no more.*

* A spring rises at the foot of the hills west of Palmyra, in a fine grotto, whence it gushes into a stone bason, and the stream, after running part of its course in an artificial channel, loses itself in the sands east of the ruin.—*Vide Wood's Journey to Palmyra.*

MARMADUKE HUTTON;

OR,

THE POOR RELATION.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXXIV.*

WALTER'S companion noticed, as they stood at the door of the box, after rapping for admittance, that he had become all at once deadly pale; and surmising from the stern and fixed look that he preserved, that he was in reality suffering either in body or mind, did not venture to interrupt his musings.

At length, after knocking until his little stock of patience was entirely exhausted, the door was opened, and Walter, followed by Stephen, walked in. A momentary confusion, which was, however, immediately concealed by more than his usual coolness and audacity, marked his reception by Mr. Linton, who, conceiving that it was the safest way to put a good face upon the matter, welcomed Stephen with great apparent cordiality, and even shook hands with Walter as well.

"What has brought you up to London, nephew?" said he, in a loud tone, apparently with the intention of distracting Lord Cavendish's attention from Dinah. "Your mother, I hope, is quite well?"

"Quite well, thank you."

"A holiday, perhaps? Young men like to see the world," said Joseph Linton, with a good-humoured smile.

"Partly. My sister Lucy is married, and I have accompanied her husband and herself on their wedding trip," said Stephen, quietly.

* Continued from page 331, vol. lii.

"Lucy married!" exclaimed Mr. Joseph Linton, shaking his hand again, still more warmly. "That pretty, quiet girl, I admired so much when I was down at your house? I am delighted, my dear nephew, to congratulate you on such a happy event. And you probably intend staying some time in London, Stephen?"

"I can scarcely say," said the young man, as his eye wandered over the house. "We have never fixed any definite period to turn our faces homewards."

"Worse luck!" thought Joseph Linton, who foresaw in this an appalling vision of being pestered with these country cousins, heaven only knew for how long; but he did not say a whit the less pleasantly on that account, "Then I must insist upon having the pleasure of seeing you all very frequently in Baker-street. Now, no excuses, nephew. You must come, and very often, too," and he shook Stephen by the shoulder with a hug a bear might have envied.

"We shall certainly accept your invitation, my dear sir," rejoined Stephen, who began to think this new uncle of his not such a bad fellow, after all. "I think you said you lived in Baker-street. I shan't forget it," and Stephen began to watch the performance again.

Walter, in the meanwhile had stolen to the side of Dinah Linton, his heart throbbing violently in his breast, and a wild thrill of pleasure agitating his manly frame. He took her hand. How it trembled, as it lay in his own, that was hot and cold by turns! and although his rival stood in the back of the box, watching them keenly, he ventured to raise it to his lips, accompanying the action with a pressure which he certainly meant to be a declaration of his own passionate devotion to its fair mistress.

"Dear Dinah," he whispered, almost breathless with agitation, and scarcely conscious of what he intended to say, "we have been long and cruelly parted from each other. When I talked on that eventful night of setting forth upon the world to seek my fortunes, and you prompted my flagging resolution with your own brave and courageous forebodings of success, neither of us little dreamed that you would so soon leave the retirement of the Abbey Holme, for such a gay and fashionable sphere as I now see you moving in."

"Mr. Mordaunt," began Dinah, in a broken whisper, "pardon me if I do not call you Walter, as we used to do in those happy times of old."

"Oh Dinah!" burst in the young man, with impetuous warmth, "why not bless my ears with that old, familiar name? it is the one you used to give me in those happy times when

little of sorrow or care had damped our courage; and I fondly dared to worship you as some poor captive in his dungeon ventures to adore the sun that sheds one of his glorious rays even through the bars of his dreary prison."

"Dear, dear Walter!" murmured Dinah, looking wildly round, lest either her father or her hateful lover should overhear them; "you terrify me more than I can express by such language. My father will hear us, or Lord Cavendish, who is affecting to converse with Stephen, although his eye is very often fixed upon us."

"Dinah, I cannot, and I will not, control my feelings," murmured Walter, who felt himself quite carried away by them at this moment. "I have loved you long and passionately; I am poor and unknown, but I am young and hopeful; and the prospect of one day sharing my home, however humble it might be, with you, would nerve me to dare and bear much for your sake."

"But my father," said Dinah, stealing one of her terrified glances towards the omnipotent Joseph; "he will never sanction such a scheme, Walter."

"You are not bound, dearest, to regard him alone in such a case. He abandoned you from infancy to the care of good old Mrs. Harding, and never once troubled himself to inquire whether you were alive or dead, until the selfish thought entered his heart, that your beauty and talents might be turned to account."

Dinah gave an involuntary start as her lover said this, which was so fearfully true, and for which, however, Walter had no other foundation than his own suspicions. Walter, however, met her startled gaze with a look of such ardent love, that, as she bent her head again, the sweet tears of happiness and love filled her eyes, and she forgot for the moment her terrors for the future in her enjoyment of the present.

"Sorrow and joy alike make us very selfish, Walter," she said, more calmly, after a time, lifting up her beautiful eyes to his countenance, "or I should have asked earlier after dear Lucy and Dick, who, I see, are still sitting in the stalls."

"Lucy is now Mrs. Richard Burton," said Walter, glancing down to them as he spoke; "and they have come up to London partly to enjoy their wedding trip, and partly in the hope of discovering you, Dinah."

He then narrated how he had encountered the wedding party at Hereford, not omitting to paint his own despair on learning from Lucy that Dinah had not only left them, but that the actual place of her abode was entirely unknown to them, and that this news had terrified him so much that they had instantly

departed for London with all possible speed, and that they had already made several futile attempts to discover her concealment.

Dinah felt her heart brim over, as the picture of Walter's devotion rose up in her mind, with the remembrance of the neglect and scorn she was subjected to in her father's house. She sighed, however, as she remembered how her duty to her father compelled her to endure without complaint, the luxurious yet hateful existence she was doomed to, and to escape from which the future seemed to hold out but little hope.

Fortunately, by this time the curtain had fallen, and Dinah, drawing her shawl around her shoulders, rose to go. It seemed a perplexing question in every one's mind to discover who should lead her out; but Joseph Linton solved it, by drawing his daughter's arm within his own, and, followed by the three young men, led the way to the crush room.

"I will see you in the morning, Linton," whispered his lordship, as he slipped through the crowd to make his bow to a bevy of titled dames; and Linton, who fully understood the hint, turned gaily to the two young men, and insisted upon their accompanying Dinah and himself home to supper.

"You will certainly be unable to meet Lucy and her husband now, gentlemen," he said. "We leave the house by different streets, you see; and they will naturally conclude you have either accompanied us, or gone home at once to your hotel, so that they will be halfway there by this time."

Walter was so intoxicated, to tell the truth, by Dinah's vicinity, that he could have walked to the antipodes at such a moment, whilst Stephen was naturally very curious to see the residence of this rich and hospitable relative.

"This is my carriage, gentlemen; come, jump in," and placing his daughter on the side next himself, Mr. Linton motioned his companions to get in.

The luxurious equipage rolling so rapidly over the well-paved streets, had an extraordinary effect upon our village philosopher, who felt himself more and more attracted towards this *debonnaire* uncle. Walter, on the other hand, began to doubt and suspect that all was not as it appeared. True, Dinah was with him, and that alone made him feel in a transport; but then, how did it happen that this newly-discovered parent of hers, of whom they had never heard a syllable, revelled in all the luxuries that wealth could purchase?

Joseph Linton talked of the opera and the ballet, directing his conversation, in turns, to his daughter and Stephen. The latter agreed to every observation he made, with the utmost enthusiasm; the former sat silent, and constrained, and speaking but in monosyllables. Walter, from his dark corner, noted all,

—the noisy patronage of their host, the complaisance of the nephew, the abstraction of his mistress, and how entirely he was himself forgotten amongst them.

He would have attempted to have conversed with Dinah, if but only in a whisper, but their positions, removed at such a distance from each other, precluded this, and he was compelled to fall back upon his old reflections once more.

At length they stopped in a fashionable street; presently, the door of the house before which they had drawn up was flung open, and a flood of light poured out, standing out from which Walter could discover the forms of two or three servants in livery flitting about.

"Will you alight, gentlemen?" said the sonorous voice of Joseph Linton, breaking in upon his reverie.

Stephen, who had never seen such splendour in a private residence, felt perfectly dazzled as they ascended the stairs; but when Joseph Linton, with a careless indifference, that bespoke him quite at home in such a domain, kicked open the door of a small drawing-room, desiring them to enter, it was with the greatest difficulty he could restrain the exclamations of delight and astonishment that trembled upon his tongue.

"I wish we had had pretty Lucy and her husband here, nephew," quoth Mr. Joseph Linton, with a yawn, as he threw himself upon a couch. "John, let us have supper immediately," he added, turning to a footman; "I'm very hungry, gentlemen," he continued, with a haughty stare, to Walter.

Walter felt annoyed, but determined not to resent such behaviour, assented briefly to the remark. He felt glad now that his residence with the Courtenays had made all this pomp and glitter, which so bewildered Stephen, a thing of ordinary occurrence to him; and, resolved to show Joseph Linton that his grandeur was of little count to him, began to criticise his pictures rather sharply.

"That is not a genuine Berghem, sir," he said, pointing to one immediately before him, "although you have evidently bought it under the impression that it is."

"It—it is not, sir?" echoed Joseph Linton, angrily; "but I say it is, or I shouldn't have given six hundred guineas for it, as I did."

"I am sorry for you, then, Mr. Linton," said the young man, calmly, "for I saw the original in Sir Charles Courtenay's gallery, last week. Your Claudes, too, I'm afraid, are fictitious. But that little picture, there, in the corner, which you have hung so shamefully in the dark, as if you were ashamed of its possession, is at any rate a real Sir Joshua. Surely you do not know its value, or you would accord it a worthier place."

Joseph Linton bent his shaggy brows, and uttered a low, deep growl, like that of a baffled panther, as Walter continued thus to demolish his collection, whilst Stephen, who fancied that his uncle's pictures were all magnificently framed, and very brilliant, as well, could scarcely breathe at such temerity.

"Come and sit beside me, Dinah," said Walter, who seemed to have assumed a new character, the moment he entered Joseph Linton's house, as if the very atmosphere had rendered him more audacious. "You look so charming in that simple dress, that I can scarcely believe we are not once again at the Abbey Holme."

Again Joseph Linton's brows darkened, and again he restrained himself with a mighty effort, as Dinah, with a gentle smile, seated herself beside her admirer, who, on his part, darted a confident look all round the apartment.

"You have a magnificent instrument, there, Mr. Linton," said he, nodding carelessly in the direction of a grand piano; "but, if Dinah is the only performer, I fear it will be but seldom touched."

"Dinah's education has been so much neglected, sir," said Joseph Linton, with crushing dignity, "that we do seldom use that instrument in private. When I give an entertainment, however, and, as this is the height of the season, I generally do so just now at least once a week, I engage some eminent pianist to perform upon it. I gave a good round sum for it, so that it ought to be a good one, sir."

A satirical smile played around Walter's mouth, at the conclusion of this speech. He then turned to Dinah, who sat beside him, wondering at his behaviour, and entered into a subdued and eager conversation, which irritated Joseph even more than all the rest. Stephen's admiration and deference, however, almost made up for his disappointment on this head.

"Supper is served, sir," said the footman, throwing open the door, and leading the way to the dining-room.

"We shall see how he stands that," thought Joseph Linton, pettishly, as he arose; for he inwardly piqued himself upon having one of the most gorgeous dining-rooms in the metropolis: and he followed his daughter, who had taken Walter's arm, quite confident that the latter's astonishment would more than atone for his late triumph.

"Those statues are very much admired, nephew," said he, directing Stephen's attention, as they descended the staircase, to a Cupid and Psyche which graced a couple of niches. "I bought them in Rome, last year. Prince Castle Cicala and I—a delightful fellow, the prince—were travelling post at the time, and were forced, by the pole of our carriage breaking (we both

travelled in the same), to stay a day in the eternal city. The prince hadn't been there so often as I had.—How should he, when there wasn't a river, an amphitheatre, or an aqueduct, I hadn't explored fifty times?—And so he proposed to stroll through the *ateliers* of the sculptors, and see if there was anything new. Well, we went, and found a poor fellow of the name of L——, working away for bare life at that Psyche: he had finished the Cupid a short time before; and, as the poor wretch was short of cash, and the pair were perfect gems, I bought 'em then and there, and that's the story of them."

"I never knew you had been in Rome," said Stephen, who felt perfectly carried off his feet by the offhand way of his host.

"Know! why, how the plague, my dear fellow, should you?" cried Joseph Linton, slapping him on the shoulder, "when for years and years I was a dead man to all of you. But you shall know the next time I go, for I'll take you with me, my boy, and so that's a bargain."

"You are very good; but—my mother," stammered Stephen.

"Pho! pho! none but children talk about their mothers," cried Joseph Linton, with a hoarse laugh. "But come; supper waits," and he marched with the air of a duke into the dining-room, expecting to feast his eyes upon Walter's astonishment and awe.

That young man, however, had evidently never noticed the change, for he was seated by Dinah's side, with his head resting on his breast, still engaged in the eager conversation that had been commenced upstairs. Joseph Linton almost felt asphixiatized at such audacity; his breath almost forsook him at the contempt thus exhibited by so young a man, at a scene which few, even of his ordinary guests, were not loud in praise of.

"Do you think this room neat, Mr. Mordaunt? At any rate, I flatter myself those Landseers will exact a word of praise from such a fastidious connoisseur," he condescended to say.

"It is well enough," said the young man, scarcely looking up. "Dinah, do you remember the Shaws, where you and I—" and his voice sank into an inaudible whisper.

"What will you take, nephew?" said Joseph Linton, turning in despair to Stephen. "I always think, until the twelfth of August comes in, that a supper-table never looks thoroughly furnished," and he glanced round with epicurean contempt at the loaded and smoking board. "By the bye, have you any good shooting down in Herefordshire?"

"Pretty fair," said Walter, who had his mouth full of pigeon pie. "Do you shoot, Mr. Linton?"

"I do, sir," said that gentleman, in an annihilating tone.

"I should have thought from your bulk, sir," said the pro-

voking jackanapes, coolly, "that it was a feat you seldom indulged in;" and he glanced very unmistakeably at the gold chains that glittered upon Joseph's waistcoat, as if he thought them a rather singular appendage to a dog and gun.

Joseph Linton looked daggers at him, as he declared himself a very keen sportsman indeed. When the time came, they might chance to take the moors together, and then he would see whether he could stand the fatigue or not.

"I accept the challenge with all my heart," said Walter, quietly, "and in the meantime, I pledge you in a glass of this delicious hock," pouring out a glass of Joseph Linton's rarest wine, with a careless grace that won even his host's admiration.

Walter's behaviour was so little in accordance with the habits to which Dinah and Stephen had been accustomed to see him display, that they both felt considerably puzzled by his present demeanour. The latter, however, put it down to the score of the company he had lately been keeping at Sir Charles Courtenay's; whilst Mr Linton, who did not yet feel himself foiled, returned to the charge, by asking his opinion of the wine he was drinking.

"It is delicious, my dear sir," cried Walter, examining it with the eye of a connoisseur against the chandelier.

"It is Houbigant's best," was the more complaisant reply, and satisfied with this, Joseph Linton did not trouble him with another question, the whole of the remainder of the evening.

"It is getting very late," said Walter, at length referring to his watch, "and early folks like Stephen and I, who are up with the lark, ought to keep good hours. Come, Stephen, my boy," and he slapped his bewildered friend gaily on the shoulder.

"We shall see Lucy to-morrow," said Dinah to the latter.

"Ay, tell her to come early, and Di will give her a long morning," said Mr. Linton, graciously, "I am going out of town on business, so that my little girl will be entirely alone."

He felt Walter's searching glance upon him, as he said this, and with great composure added, "but my absence, I hope, need not deter yourselves, gentlemen, from accompanying my quiet niece to Baker-street; so come and have an early dinner by yourselves, and I will perhaps drop in towards night."

"We will not promise," said Walter, quietly, "but Lucy at any rate will come."

Joseph Linton looked disappointed, but did not say anything, and the two young men presently took leave.

When they were fairly quit of the house, Stephen burst out upon his companion with, "What the mischief, Wat, are you

about? Do you intend insulting Mr. Linton, by the way you undervalue his house and furniture?"

Walter laughed gaily, and then patting Stephen on the back, whispered into his ear, "My dear Stephen, uncle, or no uncle, Mr. Joseph Linton is——"

"Well," retorted Stephen, angrily, on seeing that he paused, "an impostor—a black-leg—that's all!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

People must eat, even at a wedding or a funeral; I name these two ceremonials together, because in my own mind I am not quite certain whether the former is not the more awful ordeal of the two to go through, and Marmaduke Hutton's guests were no exception to the rule—rather the reverse in fact, for all, with the exception of the unhappy bridegroom, who could not eat, even including Marmaduke Hutton, eat with the voracity of tigers.

There was something very repulsive in the joy the old man seemed to affect this morning, that made even Mr. Pestlepolge himself recoil from him with disgust, although he did not show it. His withered, wrinkled face, so yellow, so sinister; his shaggy brows, beneath which flashed eyes as keen as those of a wolf; his emaciated figure well nigh bent double with age,—were in the strongest contrast possible with the eager, happy faces, and merry conversation around him.

And now there is a hurry and bustle, for the breakfast is over, and the "happy pair,"—what mockery there is in the term!—rise from the table, and Doctor Yellowchops, leading his bride to the door, consigns her there into the care of her attendants, and returning to the table, gulphs down in quick succession two or three glasses of wine. In a few minutes more she returns, and there is again another scene with the old crocodile her father, who blesses and kisses her, *usque ad nauseam*, in the midst of an immense shaking of hands, and wishes of pleasant journeys, and so forth; and then crack goes the whip, round roll the wheels, and away drive Doctor and

Mrs. Yellowchops on their wedding tour, leaving Mr. Hutton and his guests to feast and revel as they like till midnight.

The carriage—for she had insisted upon having one, in preference to taking a *coupé* in the train to Hereford,—was filled so completely with her trunks, that it was with the utmost difficulty the doctor could squeeze himself into one corner, where, at every lurch, a particularly sharp-pointed umbrella made a playful dig at him in the ribs, at one side, whilst in front, a huge trunk, which had been insecurely fastened, made an aggravating descent upon his shins, whilst his amiable partner sat watching his agony, with the most lofty indifference.

"You can sit farther this way," said she, at last, in no very gentle voice, from her own comfortable place.

"Thank you, my love, I am very comfortable where I am," answered the now thoroughly miserable Doctor Yellowchops, as he mentally contrasted his first wedding-trip with his present one, which was certainly rather different, as in the first he had been the tyrant, whilst in this he was the hen-pecked victim. And he thought of the jolly honeymoon he had had on that occasion, caring never a snap of the fingers for the withered old idiot he had promised to love and cherish till death; whilst, in a perpetual state of semi-intoxication himself, she used to sit moping by herself, in her bed-room at the inns, comforting herself three or four times a day with a good cry, and then shuddering with terror, when she used to hear him reeling up to bed from his unhallowed orgies, with wild, inflamed visage, and the temper of a savage.

What a change had come over this reputable gentleman now, when we find him, spruce, clean, and respectable, sitting beside the gentle Penelope, whose merest look or word subdued him. The wolf had been changed into a lamb in the most miraculous manner, without changing essentially his nature, for the doctor was still, at bottom, the same low, sneaking, needy rascal, we have always seen him to be.

"Shall I order the man to drive to a quiet hotel, my dear?" he asked, deferentially, as they reached Hereford, about noon; "we had better avoid show and expense as much as possible."

"Oh, indeed!" she cried, with a shake of the head, and a flashing eye; "something in the cheap and nasty way, I suppose! no indeed, sir! order the post-boy to drive us to the first inn in the city! It shall never be said that you took me to a third-rate hotel, the day I honoured you with my hand."

"It was only prudence, my love, that dictated my proposition," he ventured to say, in exculpation; "you know, now that we are beginning the world," (with a sickly attempt to look jocose,) "we must look to the main chance, Penelope."

"Pray don't prate away in that strain, Doctor Yellowchops—to think of taking me to a third-rate hotel on my wedding-day!" she reiterated, with spiteful vehemence; "this is an indignity, forsooth!"

When they did arrive, Mrs. Yellowchops, whose appetite had grown very whimsical in an incredibly short space of time, ordered the most extravagant delicacies she could discover in the bill of fare, and when the doctor ventured to remonstrate, snubbed him before two waiters and a chambermaid, by asking him if he always intended to interfere with her department in this way, or not; plainly intimating, that if he did so, he was welcome to take the whole business on his own shoulders, and allow her a separate establishment at once.

This made him so savage, that he almost was on the point of discovering everything to her, and by telling her that debt and a jail was the probable end of the affair, before very long, at once extinguish her passion for this new-born extravagance. The words, however, died on his lips, and he felt that he could sooner go through fire and water, than do so.

Before night, Penelope had sufficiently shown him how deep were the feelings of scorn and contempt with which she endured him. There was nothing he ventured to do, no matter how trifling, at which she did not cavil, and which she did not thwart, without the slightest idea of concealment, or apology for the part she was acting. The following day, she told him he had better ride on the dickey, with the driver, and send Kitty in to her, and as this promised a short respite from his troubles, the doctor gladly acquiesced, and smoking a cigar as he rode, forgot for a while the miseries that had grown upon him.

In the meanwhile, Penelope and Miss Noggles had a very merry time of it, inside, and with the aid of an abundant supply of sandwiches and curaçao, and an immense deal of laughing and small-talk, managed to get to their journey's end very pleasantly, when they were handed out by the landlord, Doctor Yellowchops being much too stiff, and cold, and dismal, to get down from his perch in time enough to render them that service.

"A private room, if you please, and let us have supper as soon as ever you can," was her first order.

"Certainly, ma'am!" answered the obsequious landlord; "bill o' fare, John, for the lady, immediately."

"See that all my luggage is right, Doctor Yellowchops," said his lady, running her eye hurriedly over the interesting document, "stewed eels and asparagus, cold fowl and peas, a *cotelette de maintenon*, and currant tart, will do quite well enough, sir," this, with a sweet smile to the host, who bustled

away to execute the command; "come Kitty, child, we must arrange our dress a little," and with a haughty bow to the chambermaid, she ascended to her chamber.

When, this momentous affair being finished, Mrs. Doctor Yellowchops came down stairs again, she found her spouse gloomily awaiting her at the bottom of the table. Most women would either have endeavoured to win their husband from dispiriting thoughts, at such a time, or have wisely taken no notice of it, but, not so Mrs. Yellowchops, who having already buckled on her connubial armour, was burning to achieve a victory at the outset.

"You pay me a very high compliment, sir," she said, with a sour smile, "to carry that funereal face about with you, on your wedding-day."

"I cannot help it, ma'am," retorted the doctor, who was recklessly indifferent now, to what he said; "when people feel that they have committed a great mistake, and have suffered a heavy misfortune, it is scarcely to be expected that they can look merry,—much less feel so, ma'am."

The withering contempt with which she heard the poor idiot say this,—his forced courage oozing out with every word, until at length, the speech died away in a hollow whisper, were in the strongest possible contrast.

"I feel obliged to you for such a compliment, just now," she said, in her usual tone, though she was deadly pale, as she heard him; "and as you dare me to the struggle, I will not flinch from it; I need scarcely tell you, Doctor Yellowchops,—for unless you are even blinder than I give you credit for,—that this ill-assorted match of ours was not of my seeking."

The doctor sat mute and crestfallen, listening to her, without even once looking up; he was, in fact, the very picture of misery.

"If there should be any shortcomings on my part, sir, you have no one but yourself and Mr. Pestlepolge to thank for it; you knew that, when I married you,—and now, our confidence, short and fleeting as it has been, is over, and for the time to come I steel my heart against you. I know your temper and disposition even better than you do yourself; your sordid, truckling parsimony, your mean and pitiful economy shall have no advocate in me, sir! As long as I remain at the head of your establishment, I will not permit any interference with my discretion on these points; in marrying you—I tell you it plainly,—I did so, only to escape from the hateful dependence, I was subjected to, in Mr. Hutton's house, and I will scarcely consent to continue the same miserable vassalage, now that I have a claim upon you, sir!"

"Were I as rich, my love, as I deserve to be," stammered the doctor.

"Pray don't have the hypocrisy to use such transparent falsehoods, sir," she said, with a scornful smile; "for my own part I hate you too cordially, to reciprocate such endearments, and have no wish to hear you bestow them; as for your merits—."

"Well my dear," faltered Doctor Yellowchops, a transient feeling of his old tyranny getting the mastery over his terrors; "Well, madam!" he reiterated, almost sternly.

"And well, sir!" she retorted, rapidly, as she shoved the plate, she had been filling for him, towards his hand; "as for your merits, when I discover them, I may subscribe to your lamentations, for their being so badly recognised and remunerated; until then, I must be permitted to hold them in contempt."

And without deigning to notice his abject humility, this charming bride continued her meal, displaying to her discomfited spouse, an appetite, the keenness of which was probably rendered more acute, by the triumphant encounter she had just been engaged in.

"You had better give me your purse," she said, as if a sudden thought had struck her, as they arose from the table; "every husband who confides in the prudence of his wife, entrusts her with that."

"But, madam, the trouble," he cried, in desperation.

"I care nothing for that, sir; if you repose that confidence in your wife, you ought to do," and she seemed to tremble with conscious virtue, as she spoke, "you would give it to me instantly; but you do not believe in female honesty," and with a scornful gesture, she swept past him, and made her little preparations for retiring for the night.

With a mighty sigh, the unhappy Yellowchops drew his tolerably well-filled purse from his pocket, and handed it to her, with reluctant and unwilling fingers.

"Have you counted it?" she demanded, balancing it daintily on her finger.

"Counted it, my love!" he reiterated, with an air of astonishment.

"Yes, sir, I said counted it!" she retorted, standing before him, terrible as a Medusa, and almost petrifying him to stone. "I asked you if you had counted it, Doctor Yellowchops."

"N—o—, my love," he said, gulphing down the lie, "It had been my amusement," and his voice faltered as he said it, and he even ventured to look sentimental through all his misery, "during our courtship, to lay aside whatever I saved from my professional earnings, to stock that purse against this time."

Heaven help him, poor fellow! with all his coarse vulgarity, I could almost pity the poor wretch, as I imagine him adding with a sort of mental agony to himself, "little imagining as I did so, what a being I was saving these bright guineas up for!"

She heard him with a sneer that froze the sentiment that was lingering about his purple visage, as rapidly as the summer lightning scorches the green bough it smites, and turning away, sought her nuptial couch, with none of those tender endearments we bachelors, in our happy ignorance, imagine brides are in the habit of bestowing upon their transported better-halves, merely warning him to come early to bed, and on no account to venture to disturb her slumbers.

The miserable feeling that weighed him down was so strong within him, that he could not even summon up sufficient resolution to assume a gay demeanour whilst the waiter was removing the supper things, but sat with a newspaper before him, mentally recalling all that had passed between them since they had entered the room. On chancing to approach him, the man noticed that the paper was upside down, and venturing to peep over the top, he perceived that the doctor's face was leaning on his breast as if he was asleep; he was not, however, for had he been ever so weary and exhausted, there was a demon tugging at his heart, that would have effectually driven away the repose he stood so much in need of.

When the man had gone, he got up and opened the door, for in his present state he felt as if he was smothered for want of air; and then sitting down again in the draught, fell into another painful reverie. Upon my word I pity the poor, ugly, vulgar, deluded vagabond his feelings at such a moment, but the truth must be told, and I dare not flinch from narrating what occurred in the sequel.

Doctor Yellowchops was thinking of many things: of his first wife, and his treatment of her; of his second, and her treatment of him—how his ears tingled as he thought of all she had just been saying; of his marriage, and his debts; all were mingled together in a confused mass in his brain, for he was just in that state when a man cannot think clearly, let him even strive his hardest,—when his attention was caught by a peculiar sound in an adjoining room, and he looked up and listened.

The sound had caught his ear from the first, for it was sufficiently loud and singular; but in the pre-occupation of his mind, he had never noticed it until now. He listened, at first, carelessly, then more keenly, for he was beginning to feel interested in the sharp clink and clicking rattle that invariably preceded the deep curse, the low, strange buzz, and the uproarious shout of delight.

Then changing colour as he did so, and looking hurriedly round, lest she should see him—although there was little fear of that, for Medusa was already in bed, priming herself for the curtain-lecture she intended favouring him with—he began to grope eagerly in his pockets, clutching nervously, as he did so, at a couple of coins, which he drew up with trembling fingers, and carried to the light, for his eyes were so dim with apprehension, that he could not be certain they were gold until he had done so.

Then putting on his hat, and buttoning his coat, with the two gold pieces still lying in his damp, hot hands, he stumbled out of the room.

He was so nervous at what he was about to do—for the doctor was not a gambler at heart, and nothing but that bad woman's infamous behaviour, and his own utter misery and despair could have driven him to it—that he lingered in the passage for several minutes after he had taken his resolution, and was at length only driven into the gambling room, by hearing one of the waiters approaching.

Amongst the crowd of eager men that flocked about the table, there was little fear of any one scanning the appearance of a new comer very rigidly, and the doctor for some minutes got hustled about from one end to the other, in rather a rough manner. They were playing *rouge et noir*, and for some time there was employment enough for him, in watching the different effects the game had upon those with whom he found himself so abruptly thrown in contact.

Here, a spare, thin man, with a flat chest, and wild, bright eyes, was staking his last shilling, with silent despair, upon the red, his lips moving inaudibly, as he watched the progress of the game,—but whether in prayer or malediction, who but himself could tell?—there, a stout, jovial-looking fellow, with a loud oath, and a hateful chuckle, was shovelling a heap of gold into a capacious pocket, eyeing every idle hand that came within his grasp with a glittering eye of jealousy.

"I always bet upon the black," he cried, exultingly; "always on the black, gentlemen," and having secured his winnings, he gulphed down at a draught a large glass of brandy.

"A sovereign on the black," said Doctor Yellowchops, in a hoarse whisper, laying down one of his coveted coins, which had surely been placed in his pocket on this eventful evening by some demon, to work his ruin; "I back the black."

"You'll win, sir; I drink to your success," cried the stout gentleman, nodding to him; "here, waiter! a glass of brandy to this gentleman," pointing to our friend.

"You always back the black, don't you?" said the doctor, in

the same hoarse whisper, with his eye rivetted on the table; "always the black! always the black!"

"Always the black, sir!" echoed his new acquaintance, thrusting the glass of brandy into his hand, and scanning his coarse, purple visage, lit up with two small bloodshot eyes, and thinking how ugly he looked with that large, loose mouth and pendulous double chin; "but come, drink, my dear fellow, to your own luck!"

"The black's a winner again!" cried a dozen voices, some eager, and some savagely disappointed in their tones.

"There, take up your winnings and stake again," whispered the doctor's new friend, with rather a scornful glance at the solitary sovereign the banker threw towards our friend. "Black again, against the field."

"The doctor staked again, soon—won twice, thrice, many times, in quick succession. His new friend had plied him so industriously with brandy, that he very soon became very tipsy, but not, however, before he had still sense enough left to retire from the *rouge et noir* table, the winner of twenty pounds. What happened after that, he had not the most distant perception of, for he was, to confess the truth, very drunk indeed.

There were others there who were quite as much intoxicated as he was, and who had lost into the bargain; so that he was not to be pitied so much, after all.

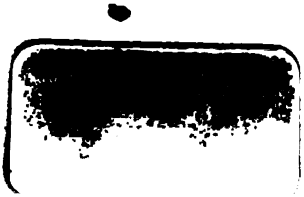
I LOVE TO SEE A MERRY BAND.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I LOVE to see a merry band
  Beneath the good old tree,
That grows upon my father's land,
  The land he left to me.
His heart it was a kindly one;
  He'd bow his locks of snow,
To be the playmate of his son,
  In days long, long ago.

There *was* a time, a happy time,
When this old heart was young,
And wed an angel in her prime,
More fair than bard has sung.
But she, like earth's most precious things,
Soon left a world of woe,
And therefore 'tis, the old man clings
To days long, long ago.

The young, the gay, oft laugh to hear
The old man tell his tale;
And wonder at the furtive tear
That wets his cheek, so pale.
But they, in time, like me, will weep
The change from joy to woe,
And in their hearts, as jewels, keep
The days long, long ago.

I love to see a merry band
Beneath the good old tree,
That grows upon my father's land,
The land he left to me.
There's pleasure, mixed with sadness, too,
It makes my bosom glow;
To do as he himself would do,
Who died long, long ago.

Grand National St. Leger Sweep.—Those of our sporting and other readers, who may be desirous of making a large fortune by risking the very small sum of a guinea, are recommended to lose no time in applying to *Messrs. Drummond, Greville* and *Co.*, the eminent Sporting Printsellers and Publishers, of 72, Princes-street, Leicester-square, who have issued a Prospectus of "Grand National Sweeps for the Great Doncaster St. Leger," in which it is stated that the fortunate winner of the first horse will be entitled to the princely sum of *Five thousand guineas!* We understand that these gentlemen promptly paid every demand upon them in connection with their late Derby Sweeps.